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THE LITTLE FIDDLER.

Jonas. I had tied up all my money in the handkerchief, and was going to undo the knot, when he snatched at it. I guessed his roguery. So he pulled one way and I another, when all at once seeing where my fiddle lay on the ground, he stamped on it with both his feet.

THE

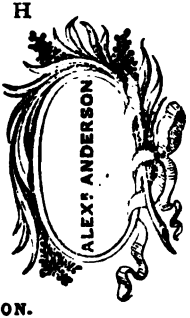
CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

TRANSLATED

FROM THE FRENCH

OF

M. BERQUIN.



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THE

CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

THE LITTLE FIDDLER:

A DRAMA IN ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

MR. MELFORT.
CHARLES, ... *his Son.*
SOPHIA, ... *his Daughter.*
GODFREY, ... *his Nephew.*
AMELIA RICHMOND,
CHARLOTTE RICHMOND, . . . *Friends of Sophia.*
JONAS, ... *the Little Fiddler.*

Scene, Mr. Melfort's House.

SCENE I. *Charles and Godfrey.*

Charles. HARK ye, cousin. You must do me a favour.

Godf. Come, let us see what it is? You have always something or other to ask of me.

Charles. It is because you are the cleverer of the two. You know the translation of that fable of Phædrus, that our tutor has given me for a task.

Godf. What, have you not finished it yet?

Charles. How do you think I should have finished it when I have not begun it?

Godf. You have not had time then to do it from twelve o'clock till four!

Charles. You shall see now whether that was possible. At eleven o'clock I could not help taking a turn or two in the garden, in order to get an appetite for my dinner. We were at table an hour. Then to sit down and study immediately after one's meals, you know how dangerous papa's doctor says that is. So, as I had made a hearty dinner, I had occasion for a good deal of exercise to digest it, you know.

Godf. Well, now at least you have had exercise enough; and before dark there is more time than you want, to finish your task.

Charles. You do not consider that just now I must go to my writing.

Godf. But since your writing-master is not come——

Charles. I shall wait for him. It would be spoiling every thing, to confound my hours of business.

Godf. Well then, after your writing, you have still some of the afternoon and the whole evening.

Charles. I shall not have a minute. My sister expects the two Misses Richmond to come to see her.

Godf. It is not on your account that they come.

Charles. No. But then I *must* help my sister to entertain them.

Godf. What will hinder you when the young ladies go away?—

Charles. O yes, indeed! to work by candle-light, and spoil my eyes! Yet my translation must be ready by to-morrow morning.

Godf. Well! whether it is or not, what is that to me?

Charles. And would you see me, then, reprimanded by my tutor and my papa?

Godf. You always know how to get the better of me. Come, let me see, where is this task?

Charles. Above stairs in my room, on the table. I will go for it; or rather come along with me.

Godf. Do you go first. I shall follow immediately. I see your sister coming this way. She wanted to speak with me.

Charles. But don't you tell her any thing of this; you understand me.

SCENE II. *Sophia and Godfrey.*

Soph. Well, cousin, what have you and my brother been conversing about. He has certainly been playing you one of his old tricks.

Godf. No, but he has been making me one of his old requests. He wants me as usual to perform his task for him against to-morrow.

Soph. And is my papa never to be informed of his idleness?

Godf. I shall not undertake that office. You know that ever since your mamma's death, my uncle's health has been so precarious, that the least emotion makes him ill for some days. Besides, his

generosity supports me ; and he might think that I wished to hurt your brother in his esteem.

Soph. Well then, I shall talk to my brother the first opportunity—But do you know what I had to say to you? The Miss Richmonds are coming to see me to-day, and you must assist us in our amusements.

Godf. O, I shall certainly do my best, cousin.

Soph. Ah, here they are!

Enter Amelia and Charlotte Richmond.

Soph. How do you do, my dear friends? (*They salute each other, and curtsy to Godfrey, who bows to them.*)

Char. It seems an age since I saw you last.

Amelia. Indeed it is a long time.

Soph. I believe it is more than three weeks. (*Godfrey draws out the table and gives them chairs.*)

Char. Do not give yourself so much trouble, Master Godfrey.

Godf. Miss, I only do my duty.

Soph. Oh! I am very sure Godfrey does it with pleasure. (*gives him her hand*) I wish my brother had a little of his complaisance.

Enter Charles.

Charles (*without taking notice of the Miss Richmonds.*) This is very pretty of you, Godfrey, to let me wait so long while you are playing the fine gentleman.

Godf. I thought I should be the *last* person in

the company to whom you would direct your compliments.

Charles. O do not be angry, ladies; I shall be at your service presently.

Amelia. O pray do not hurry yourself, Mr. Charles. (*Charles takes Godfrey aside, and while the young ladies converse together, draws a paper from his pocket, which he gives him.*)

Charles. There it is; you understand me.

Godf. Six lines! a great task indeed! are you not ashamed?

Charles. Hist! hold your tongue.

Godf. Ladies, if you give me leave, I will just step out for a few minutes.

Char. We shall expect your return with impatience.

Soph. Since you are going out, cousin, pray bid Jenny bring in tea.

SCENE III. *Charles, Sophia, Amelia, Charlotte.*

Charles (*throwing himself into an arm-chair.*) Soh! I shall take possession of this.

Soph. I think it would have been civil to ask leave.

Charles. Your leave, perhaps?

Soph. I am not the only person here.

Char. I see your brother counts us as nothing.

Amelia. He thinks certainly that he does us a great deal of honour in keeping us company.

Charles. O, I know you could do without my company; but I could not so easily deprive myself of yours.

Soph. There is at least the *appearance* of a compliment. Though, I believe, to say the truth, the tea should come in for the greatest part of it.

Charles. You are very right, my dear sister, in not thinking that I stay, at least, on your account.

Soph. O as to that, I have too humble an opinion of my own merit. All that I *should* take pride in, is, that I am sister to so polite a young gentleman. (*Jenny brings the tea and sets it before Sophia.*)

Charles. Let me pour it out, pray do.

Soph. No, no, that is my business; you are a little too awkward. If you want to do something, hand these ladies their cups.

Amelia. Not so much sugar for me.

Soph. Help yourself, my dear, to your liking. (*Hands her a cup and the sugar basin. Charles takes a cup for himself, and gets hold of the sugar.*) Charles, you have got three great lumps already.

Charles. Why, that is not too much. I like it pretty sweet. (*Takes several bits one after another, till his sister gets the basin out of his hand.*)

Soph. Are you not ashamed, brother? You see there will be none left for us.

Charles. Well, don't you know the way to the sugar-canister?

Soph. My brother would think he had done wrong, if he saved his sister any trouble.

Charles. No; but if you went for it, I should have the pleasure of being alone with these ladies.

Amelia. Do you hear that, Sophia? Now will you say that your brother is not perfectly polite?

Soph. (*having collected all the cups before her, and filled them again.*) Charles, hand Amelia this cup. (*Charles takes the cup, and in handing it to Amelia, spills the tea upon her slip.——They all rise hastily.*)

Soph. There's an instance of his politeness. (*Aside to Charles.*) I dare say, you ill-natured creature, that was done on purpose.

Amelia. O dear! what will mamma say, and what shall we do.

Char. This is only the second time she has worn this slip. Make haste, a glass of clean water.

Soph. No; I have heard that it is better to rub it with a dry linen cloth. Here is a handkerchief quite clean. (*They go to assist Amelia, Charlotte holds her slip, and Sophia rubs it. Meantime Charles remains at table, quite unconcerned, drinking his tea.*)

Char. There, it begins to disappear, you must let it dry.

Amelia. By good luck, it is in a fold, where one will not think of looking.

Charles (*aside.*) That's not my fault.

Soph. There, look now, Charlotte, I do not think it will be observed.

Char. If I had not seen the spot before—

Amelia. Very true. However, Mr. Charles, another time I shall beg you to spare yourself the trouble of waiting on me.

Soph. Come, ladies, let us take our places again. (*Going to pour out the tea, she finds the teapot empty, looks angrily at Charles.*) Well, this is a

piece of ill manners that I could not have imagined. Would you believe it, ladies? while we were so much concerned, he has taken all the tea. However, stop a moment, I will go and order more.

Char. No, there has been quite enough; I could not drink another drop.

Amelia. The misfortune to my dress has taken away my thirst.

Charles. But I beg you will make no ceremony. They can soon bring us more.

Amelia. Really I think you should have known beforehand that your brother was to be one of the company.

Soph. Those who are not invited should at least wait until it were their turn.

Char. Let us say no more about it. It does not give me the least concern.

Soph. Well, what shall we do now? Ah, here is our friend Godfrey. He will help us to fix on some amusement.

Charles (*mimics her.*) Our friend Godfrey!—— But, ladies, I must speak to him before you. (*Goes to meet Godfrey, while the young ladies converse together.*)

Enter Godfrey.

Charles. (*to Godfrey.*) Well, have you done it?

Godf. There, take it, and blush for your idleness.—Well, ladies, have you fixed upon any amusement?

Amelia. No, we waited for you to determine us.

Godf. I have got a little musician b[illegible] stairs

at your service. If you give me leave, I will call him up to sing you a song, or to play, if you choose to dance.

Soph. A little musician! where is he? where is he?

Char. We must own that master Godfrey knows how to amuse his company.

Godf. At the same time that we amuse ourselves, we shall do an act of charity; for the poor little fellow has no livelihood but his violin.

Charles. And who will pay him, master Godfrey? He talks and acts as if the king were his cousin, and he has not a farthing all the while.

Soph. Are not you ashamed, brother?

Godf. Let him go on, cousin, he does not offend me. It is no crime to be poor. I am the like[illegible] my little musician, who is, for all that, a very good boy. I will give him sixpence that I have remaining in my purse; and he has promised to play for that all the evening.

Char. We will make a collection to pay him.

Amelia. Yes, yes; we shall club.

Godf. Shall I go for him? he waits below at the door.

Soph. By all means, my dear cousin, and make haste. (*Godfrey goes out, mean time Jenny brings in a cake upon a plate.*)

SCENE. *Amelia, Charlotte, Sophia, Charles.*

Charles. (*going to take the plate from Jenny, Sophia prevents him.*) I was only going to cut it up.

Soph. I shall save you the trouble; you would cut it up so well, I suppose, that we should have no more of the cake than we had of the tea. (*She divides it and hands it round.*)

Charles. (*after taking his share.*) Who is to have the piece that is left?

Soph. What! is my cousin to have none?

Amelia. I would rather give him my part.

Char. And I mine.

Charles. (*with a sneer.*) He is exceedingly happy.

Soph. Can you see nothing but his cake to envy him?

Enter Godfrey, leading in Jonas by the hand, who has his violin under his arm.

Godf. Give me leave to present you my young performer.

Charlotte & Amelia. He is a smart little fellow.

Soph. Where do you come from, my man?

Jonas. I come from the wolds of Yorkshire, ma'am.

Amelia. La! what has made you come thus far?

Jonas. Because my poor father is blind and annot work. So we travel the country, and I support him with my fiddle.

Soph. Well, will you give us a specimen of your performance?

Jonas. That I will, with all my heart; but my skill is not very great.

Godf. Play your best; at any rate it will be well enough for me, and these ladies will be so good

as to pardon you if you should play a little out of tune. (*Jonas tunes his violin. Amelia in the mean time taking the plate, presents the remainder of the cake to Godfrey. He bows, takes the plate, and holds it in his hand without touching the cake, while he listens to Jonas. The latter begins by playing the air of the following song; then sings.*)

I.

Pity the early hardships of a boy,
Whose tender hands maintain a helpless sire;
Alas! no other means can he employ,
But that compassion which their wants inspire.

II.

Pity their lot who would not importune,
Chill penury implores a scanty boon;
Long years of toil have dimm'd the father's eyes,
The other's weakness that resource denies.

III.

O let their hardships touch the bounteous breast,
Relieve the aged sire and helpless boy;
A little bread were wealth to the distrest,
Alas! 'tis all their pressing wants enjoy.

Godf. (*giving him his hand.*) Poor child! then you are both in great distress?

Jonas. Alas! we are so; but with my fiddle I hope we shall never be destitute. If we should be sick, God will take care of us; and if we die, we shall want nothing but a little spot of earth, which may be had any where.

Godf. But, my poor little boy, perhaps you are hungry. Hold, here, take my cake.

Jonas. O no, my pretty master, eat it yourself; a bit of bread serves me.

Godf. No, you shall have this; I can eat bread as well as you.

Jonas. Well, sir, I thank you; but I will not eat it now. I will share it with my poor father; he is not used to such good things.

Soph. Your poor father, say you? here; you shall give *him* my part.

Char. And take mine too.

Amelia. And mine.

Jonas. O no, no; keep your cakes, my sweet young ladies. One piece is enough for me. We are not used to eating sweet things.

Charles. (*ironically.*) He is right, that would spoil his fine voice.

Soph. Nobody has asked you for yours.

Charles. O, I have despatched that long ago.

Godf. Come, my man; will you taste your cake first?

Jonas. O no, master. Since you are so good as to give it me, allow me to wrap it up in my handkerchief, and take it home.

Soph. Stop a moment, I will give you a piece of linen cleaner than that, and meantime you may lay your cake in the window.

Jonas. I will, my good young lady. I come here to play upon the fiddle, not to eat.

Amelia. I should wish to dance a minuet with master Godfrey. Can you play any?

Jonas. Whatever you please. A minuet, a jig, or a country dance.

Amelia. Let us have the minuet first. (*Godfrey takes Amelia by the hand to dance.*)

Char. Why cannot we both dance, (*advancing towards Charles,*) Mr Charles?

Charles. Excuse me, miss, I can't dance.

Soph. Yet he has learned full two years.

Charles. I am not in a capering humour to-day.

Char. (*curtsying to him.*) So then, I am refused.

Soph. Come, cousin, lend me your hat. (*To Charlotte*) I shall have the honor, ma'am, to be your squire.

Amelia. Then if we were to dance a double minuet?——

Godf. Miss, I am at your service, (*They dance a double minuet, after which Charlotte goes to take out Godfrey.*)

Char. Mr Godfrey, now I will dance with you.

Godf. I shall be happy, miss, to have that honor.

Amelia. And now, Sophia, I will be your squire.

Sophia. As this goes, I find I must lose my cousin; however, these ladies have the first title to your complaisance. (*They dance another minuet, during which Charles goes to the window, takes Jonas's cake, and slips out of the room.*)

Soph. (*to Godfrey, who wipes his face.*) Ah! you give it up; you must own that we have stronger feet than you gentlemen.

Godf. It is because you are much nimbler.

Amelia. (*to Godfrey*). If your cousin had been as complaisant as you, we should soon have overmatched you; for then one of us could take breath while the other two danced. (*They all look round for Charles.*)

Char. He is gone; so much the better.

Jonas. Shall I play another tune or two?

Godf. No; that is enough; unless, ladies, you would choose more. The poor little fellow will be glad to go and earn something elsewhere. I have already told you how little I have in my purse; and Charles has gone off without paying.

Char. We will all contribute as well as you.

Amelia. Certainly, we mean it. (*Takes out her purse.*) There, master Godfrey, is my purse.

Char. And here is mine.

Soph. Hold, cousin, here is a shilling: keep your money, and this will do for us both.

Godf. No, no, Sophia, I have a right to pay first. (*They gather the money and give it to Jonas.*

Jonas. I will never take all that; this young gentleman promised me only six-pence.

Godf. Take the whole, my man; we are very happy to be able to do you a service.

Jonas. God reward you. (*To Sophia.*) Now, miss, if you would please to give me a piece of old linen to wrap up the cake you have made me take.

Soph. I had quite forgot it. (*Runs to the drawer and takes out a handkerchief.*) There; it is a little worn, but it will do very well for your purpose.

Jonas. May heaven repay you for your generosity. (*Goes to the window for the cake.*)

Jonas. (*sorrowfully.*) It is not here.

Soph. What a sad boy is that! he certainly has taken this poor child's cake.

Jonas. Do not be concerned, my sweet young

lady. I am only sorry to lose it on account of my poor father.

Godf. If Charles were not your brother, his greediness should cost him dear; but Jonas' father must not be a loser however. My dear Sophia, lend me that six-pence which you were going to pay for me just now.

Soph. No, cousin, I will have the merit of it all myself. (*To Jonas.*) There, my lad, is six-pence; buy another cake for your father. (*Charlotte and Amelia feel their purses.*)

Char. Hold, here are some more pence.

Amelia. Take this too.

Jonas. O dear! no; this is too much.

Godf. (*taking him by the hand affectionately.*) How unhappy I am not to have any thing more to give you! But I am an orphan, and subsist, like you, upon the generosity of others.

Jonas. (*to Godfrey.*) I wish that you had not brought me here, or that you would take back your money.

Godf. Do not be uneasy as to me. Farewell. Go and try to earn something elsewhere.

Jonas. (*to Sophia as he is going.*) But take your handkerchief, my good young lady.

Soph. No, keep it, if you have any occasion for it.

Jonas. May heaven preserve you all in good health, and make you still more amiable than you are. (*goes out.*)

SCENE IV.

Sophia, Charlotte, Amelia, and Godfrey.

Soph. Can you imagine any thing more shameful than the behaviour of Charles?

Amelia. He should not play these pranks if I were his sister.

Char. I am sorry that he has destroyed all the pleasure we had, in doing service to this poor little boy.

Amelia. However he is not ill off at present; the cake has been pretty well made up to him.

Godf. Very true, thanks to your generosity. But that does not justify the behaviour of Charles. Beside, poor Jonas might have had one without losing the other.

Soph. It is you, cousin, who have suffered most upon the whole. You have deprived yourself of your share, that my good-for-nothing brother might eat it. (*A knocking is heard at the door.*)

Enter Jonas.

Godf. Here is our little fiddler again. What is the matter, my man?

Jonas. (*crying.*) O dear! O dear! Help! I am ruined. (*The children gather round him.*)

Soph. What has happened to you, then?

Jonas. The whole of my poor subsistence—all that I had to maintain myself and my father—see, see here—my little violin—it is broken all to pieces, and your handkerchief and your money—all is gone—he has taken it all from me.

Godf. Who has broken your violin? Who has taken your money.

Jonas. 'Twas he—'Twas he who took my cake.

Soph. What, my brother? Is it possible?

Godf. Charles?

Char. It cannot be.

Amelia. O the wretch!

Jonas. Yes, it was he, it was he. As I was going out at the street door, he came up to me, and asked if I had been paid for my playing, as otherwise he meant to pay me. O, yes, that I have, said I, and even over-paid. How came they by so much money? says he. Let me see what they have given you. So I, silly fool that I was—should have remembered the cake; but I thought no more of that, I was so overjoyed to carry home so much money to my father. Besides, I had not counted it, and was desirous to know the sum. So I laid my fiddle down on the ground, beside me, and took out the handkerchief. See here, said I to him, what I got more than was promised me at first; one of the young misses gave it me. I had tied up all my money in the handkerchief, and was going to undo the knot, when he snatched at it. I guessed his roguery. So he pulled one way and I another, when all at once seeing where my fiddle lay on the ground, he stamped on it with both his feet. I loosed my hold, and let go the handkerchief, and so he got it from me and ran away. Both my fiddle and the bow are broken, and now I have neither handkerchief nor money. O my father! my poor father! What will become of us?

Soph. Why really I don't know.—I have nothing more in the world. O cousin!

Char. Here are some few half-pence. It is all that I have about me.

Jonas. My sweet miss, I thank you; but that will not buy me a fiddle. O my poor father! he had it more than fifteen years.

Amelia. Take this too. It is the very last farthing I have.

Soph. (*runs to her drawer.*) Here is my thimble; it is gold. Run and sell it, my poor little man. I have an ivory one that will serve me.

Godf. No; keep your thimble, cousin. Stop, my boy, I can extricate you. (*Takes out his buckles, and gives them to him.*) I have another pair of pinchbeck. You will certainly get twelve shillings for these. I can give them away, for they are my own. My godfather made me a present of them for my birth day.—(*Sophia offers him her thimble, and Godfrey his buckles. Jonas hesitates.*)

Jonas. No; I will have none of them. My father would think that I had stolen them.

Soph. Take my thimble, at least.

Godf. Won't you take my buckles? You will make me angry. Take them, I say.

Jonas. O dear! would you have me deprive you of your ornaments?

Godf. Do not be uneasy about that. God will repay me, perhaps, more than I give you. Your father wants bread: I have no father to maintain.

Soph. Go, go, and take care of yourself.

Jonas. At least take back your thimble.

Soph. No; it is not mine now.

Char. If you ever pass our way, I will do something for you.

Amelia. 'Tis in Green Square; any body will show you Mr. Richmond's.

Jonas. Oh! great folks seldom ask me into their houses. I am sometimes, perhaps, taken down into the kitchen.

Soph. Well, enough of this. Your father, probably is uneasy on your account, and ours may return very soon.

Jonas. How, miss! your papa? Do you expect him soon?

Soph. Yes, go your ways, else the rogue who took your handkerchief and money may take this from you too.

Jonas. But I hope you are very sure not to be scolded.

Godf. No, no, never fear. Good by.

Jonas. (*as he goes out.*) The good natured little souls.

SCENE V.

Sophia, Charlotte, Amelia, Godfrey.

Char. I am very sorry you have deprived yourself of your buckles, master Godfrey.

Amelia. You have set us a good example.

Godf. I only followed that of Sophia. I should be happy in the opportunity of doing a good action, if it had not been furnished by the mean behaviour of Charles. With what pleasure I shall now look at my pinchbeck buckles!

SCENE VI.

Mr. Melfort, Sophia, Amelia, Charlotte, Godfrey, Jonas.

(*The children get close together. Sophia and Godfrey cast a side look at Jonas, and whisper each other.*)

Mr. M. (*to the Misses Richmond.*) Your servant, ladies! I thank you for the honour you have done my daughter. But give me leave to hear, in your presence, what this boy has to say. He was waiting for me upon the stairs, and cannot leave me, he says, until he has spoken to me before you. —(*To Jonas.*) Come, what have you to say?

Jonas. (*to Sophia and Godfrey.*) My good young master and miss, I beg you not to be angry with me: but I cannot help speaking, and it would be ill done of me to keep what you have made me take, without the consent of your papa. I know very well that children have nothing of their own to give away.

Mr. M. What is all this?

Jonas. I am going to tell you, sir. This young master called me from his window to come in and play upon my violin for these ladies. There was another little gentleman too along with them, very handsome, but a very ill-natured rogue.

Mr. M. What! my son?

Jonas. I beg pardon. That word escaped me. Well; I played my best, what tunes I knew, and this good little company were so kind as to give me a piece of cake with a handkerchief to wrap it

up, and almost a handful of money besides. I do not know how much.

Mr. M. Well?

Jonas. Well, that ill-natured little gentleman took away the cake which I was intending to carry to my poor father, who is blind. That I should not have minded; but he slips out of the room, and when I was going away, quite overjoyed with my little bundle, he watches me in the passage, takes the handkerchief with all the money from me by force, and breaks my violin in pieces. Look, there it is, (*crying*)—All my riches, that supported me and my father.

Mr. M. Is it possible? Such a malicious ill-natured action!—What! my son?—

Char. His behaviour in every thing else makes this very probable. Ask Sophia herself.

Mr. M. Go, my man; do not let it afflict you; I will indemnify you. But is this all?

Jonas. No, Sir; only hear me. Being in such trouble, I returned to tell these good little gentlefolks the whole affair. They had not money enough to pay for the damage: so this pretty miss gives me her gold thimble, and this young gentleman his silver buckles. I could not possibly keep them: my father would have thought that I had stolen them. I knew you were coming home, so I waited to return them to you, and here they are.—But I have no fiddle now. O my fiddle! O my poor father!

Mr. M. What an account you have given me!

Is it you, or you, my generous children, whom I should most admire? Excellent boy! in extreme indigence, to lose all; and yet, from the fear of doing wrong, to run the risk of letting a father whom you love, perish with hunger.

Jonas. Is it so great a matter not to be a rogue? No, no; one never thrives on ill gotten bread. It is what my father and mother have often told me. If you would only please to buy me another fiddle, that would make amends for all. Whatever more the thimble and buckle would have brought, God will repay me.

Mr. M. Your father and you must be endowed with extraordinary uprightness of heart not even to suspect the depravity of others! God will make use of me as an instrument to impart his blessings to you. You shall stay here, and for the first you shall wait upon Godfrey. Afterwards we will see what we can do better for you.

Jonas. What! wait upon this little angel of a gentleman! O, I should be delighted (*bows to Godfrey.*) But, no (*sorrowfully*) I cannot leave my father all alone. Without me, how would he do to live? What should I be in abundance, and he die for want? O no.

Mr. M. Excellent child! and who is your father?

Jonas. An old blind laborer, whom I supported by playing on the fiddle. It is true, he seldom eats, nor I neither, any thing else but a piece of bread with some milk. But God always gives us enough for the day, and we take no care for the morrow: he provides for that also.

Mr. M. Well, I will take care of your father, and, if he chooses, I will get him into an almshouse, where old and infirm people are well maintained. You may go and see him there whenever you please.—(*Jonas, after an exclamation of joy, runs about the room quite transported.*)

Jonas. O goodness! What, my dear father! No; that will make him die with joy. I cannot stop any longer, but must go for him, and bring him here.—(*Runs out. Sophia and Godfrey take Mr. Melfort's hands.*)

SCENE VI.

Mr. Melfort, Sophia, Amelia, Charlotte and Godfrey.

Mr. M. O my dear children! how happy would this day have been to me, if, while I admire the generosity of your sentiments, the idea of my son's unworthiness did not intervene to poison my happiness! But no, it should not affect it. God has given me another son in you, my dear Godfrey. If you are not so by birth, you are by the ties of blood, and by congenial worthiness of heart. Yes, you shall be my son.—But where is Charles? Go, seek him, and bring him hither to me immediately. (*Godfrey goes out.*)

Soph. It is almost an hour since we saw him. While the little boy was playing a minuet to us, he disappeared with his piece of cake.

Godf. (*returning.*) He was seen going into a confectioner's not far off. I have told John to go for him.

Mr. M. Children, step into my study. I wish to know what answer he will have the assurance to make me. When I want your testimony, I shall call you.

Char. and Amelia. Then we shall take our leave.

Mr. M. No, my dears! I will send word to your papa and mamma, that you will spend the rest of the evening with us. Probably the generous little Jonas and his old father will be our guests also. I have occasion for something to assuage the cruel wound that Charles has given my heart, and I know of nothing more salutary than the conversation of such amiable children as you.

Soph. (*listening.*) I think I hear Charles coming.—(*Mr Melfort opens his study-door. The children withdraw.*)

SCENE VII. *Mr. Melfort.*

I have long dreaded a discovery of this disagreeable nature, but could never have suspected him of any thing so horrid. It is, perhaps, still not too late to correct his vices. Alas! why am I obliged to try a desperate remedy.

Enter Charles.

Charles. What are your commands, papa?

Mr. M. Where have you been? Were you not in your chamber?

Charles. Our tutor is gone out. Godfrey was below stairs. So, after having studied all the afternoon, I grew tired of being alone.

Mr. M. Why did you not go, as well as Godfrey,

and join the little company that I found with your sister?

Charles. And so I did: but those misses treated me so ill—

Mr. M. How? You astonish me.

Charles. At first they drank tea, but without asking me to have a drop. On the contrary, they showed me all the spite in the world. Then Godfrey picked up a little beggar brat in the street, and brought him to play the fiddle to them. He gave him some of the cake that was brought up to them, and me not a bit. They danced, but not one of the ladies would dance with me, though there were three of them, and no gentleman but Godfrey. What could I do here, I went down to the door to look at the people passing by.

Mr. M. Only to the door? What was it then that passed at the corner of the street, between a little fiddler and you? I have been told that you beat him, and broke his violin, and that he went away crying.

Charles. Yes, that is true, papa, and if I had not been very good-natured, I should have got a constable to put him in bridewell. You shall hear, Sir. When I saw him go out, I said to myself, I must give this poor creature something too for his trouble, for I knew that Godfrey had nothing of his own, and a beggar is but ill paid with only a morsel of cake. So I took some money out of my purse, which I gave him, and he drew out a handkerchief to put it in. I perceived that it was one of my sis-

ter's handkerchiefs; you may see the mark. I begged him, very civilly, to return it, which he would not. So I took him by the collar, and we struggled together, and by accident I put my foot upon his fiddle.

Mr. M. (*with indignation.*) Hold your tongue, base liar! I cannot bear to hear you.

Charles. (*drawing near him and going to take him by the hand.*) Why, my dear papa, what makes you angry?

Mr. M. Begone, wicked creature, out of my sight! you shock me. (*He calls the children from the study.*)

Enter Sophia, Amelia, Charlotte, Godfrey.

Mr. M. Come hither, my children, I will see none but those who merit my affection. As for you, quit my presence for ever. But no, stop. You shall receive your sentence first. (*To Sophia and Godfrey.*) You have heard his charges against you.

Soph. Yes, papa; and if it were not necessary for our own justification, I would say not a word against him, for fear of increasing your anger.

Charles. Do not believe any thing that she will tell you.

Mr. M. Be silent. I have already had a proof of your detestable falsehood. Lying is the high road to theft and murder. You have already committed the first crime, and perhaps want only strength to attempt the other. Go on, Sophia.

Soph. In the first place he has done no business

at all this afternoon. It was Godfrey who wrote his translation for him.

Mr. M. Is this true?

Godf. I cannot deny it.

Soph. Then he spilt a dish of tea upon Amelia's dress; and while we were busy in wiping it, he remained at table, and emptied the tea-pot. There was not a drop left for us. These young ladies are witnesses (*pointing to the Misses Richmond.*) As to the cake——

Mr. M. That is enough. All your baseness is discovered. Go up to your chamber for this day: to-morrow morning I will put you out of the house. I will give you time enough to amend before you return, and if that experiment does not succeed, there are not wanting methods to dispose of incorrigible reprobates who disturb society by their misdeeds. Godfrey, tell John to see that he keeps his room. You will give orders in the mean time, that your tutor be sent to me as soon as he returns.

Soph. and Godf. (*interceding for him.*) Dear papa!—Dear uncle!

Mr. M. I will not hear a word in his favour. He who is capable of taking from the poor, by force, the earnings of his industry, of breaking the instrument of his livelihood, and of seeking to justify such actions by falsehood and calumny, should be turned out of the society of men. I thank God that he has left me still two such excellent children as you. You shall be my consolation henceforward, and with you, I will endeavour to make myself as happy this evening as the father of so unprincipled a son can be.

MY DEAR SON,

Do not let the news, which I am going to communicate, afflict you too much: I wish I could conceal it from you; but I cannot. Your father is dangerously ill; and, without a miracle in his favour, we must lose him. O heavens! my heart is ready to burst when I think of his situation. For these six days I have not closed my eyes, and am now so weak that I can scarcely hold my pen. You must come home instantly. The servant who delivers you this letter will return with you. Your father desires earnestly to see you. "Maurice, my dear Maurice, if I could embrace him before I die;" he has repeateed a hundred times in the day. Would to heaven that you were here now! However, do not lose a moment in packing up your clothes; and I have ordered the man to make all possible expedition. Every moment will be an age of anxiety to me, until I clasp you in my arms. Adieu, my dear child, may the Lord protect you from all dangers on your journey! I wait your return with the greatest impatience, and am

Your ever affectionate mother,

CECILIA LAVINGTON.

Oxford.

....

Dear Cousin,

I have now no other friend but you, to apply to, and from you alone I can hope for comfort in a

misfortune too weighty for me to bear. Heaven has deprived me of what was dearest to me on earth, my beloved husband. You know how sincere and tender an affection I bore him. This day se'night he desired me to send for our son from school. When Maurice was brought up to his bed, he stretched out his hand to him, and had scarcely given him his blessing, before he expired. With him is gone all the satisfaction and happiness of my life. You now see me in a situation the most distressful and afflicting to a woman, and a mother. Yet, if I suffered alone, I could bear it; but my poor son sighs by my side. He is not yet sensible of the misfortune of being an orphan. It wounds my heart to see him look up to me with tears in his eyes, while he presses my hand, and speaks of his father. None but a mother can have an idea of so afflicting a sight. I think at those times that I read in his looks these melancholy words: "It is you alone, my dear mother, that must maintain me now." Wherever I go, he is at my side, and wipes the tears from his little eye, with my gown. Sorrow stops my voice when I would comfort him, for the very sight of my child renews all my affliction. How shall I maintain him? My poor husband has left me nothing, and my hands are too feeble to work. To whom then shall I look for assistance, but to you? On you alone I rest all my hopes. Heaven, I doubt not, will dispose your heart to relieve a destitute and forlorn widow, and to prove that the ties of blood, which unite us, are sacred. I give

up my son to your care. Whatever kindness you show to him, I shall receive as performed for my sake and for the memory of a man who loved you. All the strength and spirits that I have left, I will exert, to gain myself a livelihood by working: but to bring up my son properly, is beyond my power. I give him up therefore to you entirely. However severe it may be to part with my child, I must yield to necessity. In the mean time I comfort myself in the reflection, that I rely on the favour of a merciful God, and the kindness of a worthy relation. Be to him as a father, and enable him one day to soften my afflictions. I am unable to proceed. My tears, which wet my paper, show sufficiently what my heart feels. You have it in your power to determine my happiness, and the well-being of my son. God will forever bless your liberality; he will reward you, even in this world, for your kindness to two unfortunate relations.

I am, dear cousin,

Your disconsolate kinswoman, &c.

CECILIA LAVINGTON.

Oxford.

....

Madam,

Yours of the 7th inst. in which you inform me of your huband's death, has given me the sincerest affliction. You may be assured, I partake of your grief, and feel still more for your loss than for my own. Yet I must confess, I cannot help being a good deal surprised that you think of ap-

plying to me alone for assistance. Is it absolutely necessary that your son should have the education of a scholar, and add another to the number of half-learned smatterers that are already in the world? Are there not many other professions in which he may render as great services to society, and labour to more advantage for his own interest? Consider with yourself, how will he be able to advance himself, without fortune or friends? You know the world too well, to make it necessary for me to show that such an attempt would be impracticable. On the other hand, it would be unpleasing to yourself to see him chargeable to strangers. You speak of the ties of blood; but my own family, which is very numerous, puts me more forcibly in mind of them; and I beg you to believe that it is with great difficulty I can maintain them in a suitable manner. To load myself with an additional burden, is absolutely out of my power: and I am convinced, that upon more mature reflection, you will dispense with my doing so. All that I can do, is, to put your son apprentice to a mercer at Rochester, a Mr. Durant, with whom I have concerns in business. I promise you, he shall be well treated there. You may send him upon trial for some time; and if approved, he will take him without a fee. Consider maturely of my offer, and let me know your determination and your son's. If he resolves to go to the university, it is absolutely out of my power to maintain him there. I request you to accept the enclosed order for four guineas, as a proof of my

concern for your present distressed situation, and to believe me, Madam, &c.

London.

....

Dear Sir,

I cannot forget the care that you and Mrs. Masters took of me while at your academy, though I have at present scarcely strength to write you these lines of acknowledgment. But my mother who sits by me crying, is unable through grief, to take pen in hand, and has laid that task on me who am so unfit for it. However, from remembering your constant kindness to me, I find some satisfaction in writing to you, though I may succeed but indifferently. You are already informed, I suppose, of my father's death. Ah Sir, what you foretold me, is not come to pass. You bid me not be uneasy; that I should, perhaps, when I came home, find my father out of danger. But, alas! he is dead. My mother is now a poor widow, and I an orphan. I dreaded no less, as I came near our house. I had fallen asleep in the chaise, and dreamed that my father was in heaven; and that he took me by the hand, and spoke to me. At this I awoke, and in waking, seemed to hear the passing-bell toll. Yet we were not near the house, and had more than three miles to go. At last, when I arrived, my mother was at our door waiting for me, all in tears. She kissed me, and took me up stairs to my father, who was in bed, and almost speechless. When I kissed him, oh dear! how I cried and sobbed. At this he

opened his eyes, and seeing me, laid his hand upon my head, and gave me his blessing; but in so faint a voice, as scarcely to be heard. Ah! you cannot imagine how my mother and I cried. All his neighbours and acquaintance were in tears too at his funeral; but mother and I more than any body. I begin to eat and drink a little, but my mother has absolutely taken no nourishment, so that she is as pale as death; and I beg of her continually not to die, for then I do not know what would become of me in this world. Ah! dear Sir, you may imagine how great a trouble it is to mother and me, that I am not able to continue my education. But it cannot be otherwise, and I must be content. My mother has written to her cousin in London, who is a rich merchant, to request him to maintain me at school; but he will not, and he says that I shall be no better than a half-learned smatterer. For my part, I think, I might have learning enough, if my mother had the tenth part of his money. But no; I must go apprentice to Mr. Durant, the mercer, at Rochester. I cannot tell you how much that grieves me. Mother strives to comfort me, and tells me that it is a reputable line of business, and that I may make a fortune, by following it with application. But what does all this signify, when one dislikes it? You know, dear sir, that learning was all to me; I wished to be as good a scholar, and divine, as my father. Before, I had always a book in my hand; now I shall be employed measur-

ing silks with a yard. But I must hold my tongue, since it cannot be otherwise. Dear Sir, I wish you happiness, and shall always think of you. I hope, too that you will not forget me; and thank you again for your kind treatment of me. I suppose Mr. Durant will sometimes take me to London, so that as I pass there in my way to Rochester, I shall go and see you and Mrs. Masters; and if ever I get into great business, you shall take whatever you please in my shop, without paying me a farthing. Only try. You shall see. Mean time I am, and ever shall be,

Dear Sir, (as you used to call me) your little friend, MAURICE LAVINGTON.

SCENE I. *Oxford.*

Maurice, Mrs. Lavington.

Mau. Ah, mother! the stage is ready to set off.

Mrs. L. (*in tears*) My dear child, are you going then to leave me?

Mau. Pray, mother, do not cry so, I shall be dull all the journey. Where are my gloves? O, they are on my hands. I do not know what I am doing.

Mrs. L. What pain it is to part with you! I will accompany you, at least a little way out of town.

Mau. Nay, dear mother, you are already so ill, and so weak!

Mrs. L. It is but half a mile, my dear.

Mau. But you know, the doctor says that you must take care of yourself. If you were to come home worse, and be obliged, like my father, to

take to your bed, and die, I should be the cause of it. No, you must not stir out, or else I'll not go.

Mrs. L. Well, my dear child, then I will stay.

Mau. Yes, mother, do not move out, and when I am gone, lie down and try to sleep.

Mrs. L. O, I wish I could.

Mau. Good by, good by, mother.

Mrs. L. God bless you, and watch over you, my dear child. Be good, honest and industrious, and make your mother happy.

Mau. You shall see, mother; you shall see I will make you happy.

Mrs. L. Write to me regularly, at least once a fortnight.

Mau. Yes, every week, mother; and will you write to me too?

Mrs. L. Can you ask that? I shall now have no other pleasure upon earth. But shall we ever see each other again in this world?

Mau. O, yes; we shall see each other again. I will take care to behave so well that I will get leave to come and see you in six months. But, mother, the stage is going off. I must leave you.

Mrs. L. One kiss more, my dear child, Farewell. (*They wave their hands until out of sight.*)

SCENE II. *Rochester.*

Mr. Durant, Maurice.

Mr. D. What do you bring me there, my little gentleman?

Mau. A letter, Sir. My name is Lavington. I suppose you know what it concerns.

Mr. D. O, you are little Lavington. I am glad to see you. I like your face very well. Have you a taste for business?

Mau. (sighing.) Why yes, sir.

Mr. D. You have been some time at school; can you read?

Mau. Yes, sir, I could read when I was only five years old; and now I am ten.

Mr. D. Then your father must have begun pretty early with you. Can you write, too, and cast accounts? How much is six times 8?

Mau. 48; and six times 48 make 288; and 6 times 288 make—stop a moment—make 1728: and add 103 to that, it makes 1833, exactly the present year of our Lord.

Mr. D. How? why you cast accounts like a banker. I shall be glad to have so clever a little boy behind my counter.

Mau. I hope, sir, I shall give you satisfaction.

Mr. D. According as you behave yourself.

Mau. Sir, I ask no better.

Mr. D. I have no doubt but we shall be good friends.

Mau. O sir! you shall never have reason to find fault with me. I love my mother too well to run the risk of grieving her.

Mr. D. Come then, I will introduce you to my wife and children. I have two, much about your age.

Mau. I hope, sir, to gain the regard of all your family.

SCENE III.

Lady Abberville, Maurice.

Mau. (*carrying a piece of satin rolled up.*) Your servant, madam. Mr. Durant gives his respects to your ladyship, and sends the twelve yards of satin, of the pattern that you showed him. You know the price, madam?

Lady A. He asked me thirteen shillings at the first word. That is something dear.

Mau. Have you a measure in the house, madam?

Lady A. Mr. Durant is an honest man. I never measure after him. How much does it come to?

Mau. 7*l.* 16*s.* madam.

Lady A. That is a good deal of money. Has he ordered you to receive it?

Mau. That is as your ladyship pleases.

Lady A. Well, there are 7*l.* 16*s.* I shall call on him for a receipt; but if I was disposed to cheapen, cannot you abate me something?

Mau. Yes, madam. Mr. Durant told me that I should abate a shilling a yard.

Lady A. Well, my little boy, that is very honest. I am perfectly well pleased with your sincerity. Let me see; that makes twelve shillings.

Mau. Yes, madam; I have twelve shillings to return you.

Lady A. Keep them yourself, my little friend. This is my birth-day, and I will make you a present of them.

Mau. Madam, I beg pardon, I cannot take them.

Lady A. You must, it is my property, and I give it you.

Mau. Perhaps Mr. Durant would take it amiss.

Lady A. That is my concern. I shall make that up.

Mau. Madam, I return you a thousand thanks. This money shall not stay long in my pocket. I will send it off directly to my mother, and mention your ladyship to her in my letter. I shall go and write it immediately.

Lady A. No, no; I must not let you go so fast. I see that we have a good deal to say to each other. Tell me in the first place who is your mother, and where does she live?

Mau. Ah! my poor mother is widow to a clergyman of Oxford. My father has been dead these two months. He was too charitable to the poor to leave much money behind him. He kept me at school for three years near London; but I was sent home a little before he died, because he wished to see me once more. And as it was not in my mother's power to continue my education, her kinsman sent me to be apprentice to Mr. Durant the mercer. I am with him upon trial. But if my relation, who is so rich, had thought proper, I should have gone to the university and taken my degrees. I should have been happy to follow my studies, and to become one day a great scholar. I was always the foremost in my class, and my masters were very fond of me. The next time that your ladyship shall have occasion for any thing

from us, I will show you a letter from our head-master, that I received a week ago. You will see by it how fond he was of me. Aye, and he says he will be fond of me as long as he lives.

Lady A. I do not doubt it, my good child. You have already made me very fond of you, though this is the first time that I ever have seen you. But tell me; would you be glad to go from behind the counter, and return to school?

Mau. Would it were possible. But my mother cannot do it; she has not money enough, and schooling is expensive.

Lady A. Yes: but if your mother has not, there are many people in the world that have more than enough. What would you say if I were to send you to a gentleman who should examine you, to see if you have made good use of the time that you have spent at school, and are likely to make a progress, if you should return thither?

Mau. O madam, how happy should I be! pray send me to the gentleman directly. You shall see what he will say of me. And then I may learn what I have not yet had time to know.

Lady A. Do you know the principal academy of this town?

Mau. O, yes, madam. I have often sighed as I passed by the door.

Lady A. Well; stay a moment. (*She sits before the bureau, writes a letter, and gives it to Maurice.*) There, run to the academy, and ask for the master. You must speak to himself. You will

give my compliments to him, and request him to send a line in answer to my note.

Mau. But, madam, I am in a hurry to send these twelve shillings to my mother.

Lady A. You can wait till to-morrow. Perhaps you may have still better news to send her.

Mau. I will first, madam, carry your letter, and then hasten to Mr. Durant, who waits for me.

Lady A. Take care not to go astray.

Mau. O, I shall find my way. I wish your ladyship good morning. In less than half an hour the master of the academy shall have your letter. I shall fly to him like a bird.

SCENE IV. *Rochester.*

The Master of the Academy, Maurice.

Mau. Sir, I have a note for you from Lady —— O dear, I have forgot her name. But I will run back to her to know it.

Master. There is no occasion for that, child. I suppose the lady's name is to the note. (*He opens, and looks at the bottom.*) Lady Abberville! O, it is a hand that I know very well. (*Reads.*)

"Sir, The child that I send to you is a poor orphan. His father is lately dead, and his mother has been under the necessity of taking him from school, in order to put him apprentice. He seems, however to have a strong desire for learning; therefore I beg, as a favour, that you will have the goodness to examine him, and if you form any hopes of him, I shall charge myself with his educa-

tion. This being my birth-day, puts me in mind of the duty to which we are born, that of doing good to our fellow creatures; and this child seems to have been sent by heaven to be the object of it. I request you to give me your opinion of him, and am, sir, &c."

Take a seat, my little man. I shall be at leisure in a minute. I am in haste to finish a letter.

Mau. O sir, what fine books you have there! it is a long time since I have looked into any. Will you please let me open one while you write?

Mas. With all my heart, my dear.

Mau. Ha! this is Homer. But it is in Greek. It is too hard for me. I never read it, but in English.

Mas. What, have you read Homer? And what do you think of him?

Mau. He is full of fine passages, and especially of beautiful similes. Only I wish that Achilles had not been so passionate and stubborn.

Mas. What instances of passion and stubbornness do you find in him?

Mau. Was it well done of him to leave the Greeks in distress? Was it their fault, if he quarrelled with Agamemnon? They had done *him* no wrong. Should not he have suffered himself to be persuaded, when the deputies came to make submission to him in his tent? But no, he remains immoveable as a rock. I should not have let them entreat *me* so long. I should have followed them at the first word.

Mas. Then you are very good-natured.

Mau. We should be so towards all men, and especially to our countrymen. O you have a Sophocles too. The tragedy of Philoctetes, I believe, is by him. I have read it in English. It is a very moving play. But I'll tell you, sir, what I liked best in it.

Mas. I should be glad to know.

Mau. It is a young Grecian—What is his name?

Mas. Neoptolemus.

Mau. Yes, yes; Neoptolemus. It is when he comes back and brings Philoctetes his bow and arrows. I think that I should have done the same. But I beg pardon, sir; perhaps my talk grows tiresome to you.

Mas. Not at all. I listen to you with pleasure. Besides, my letter is finished.

Mau. Then, sir, I beg you will tell me what fine book of prints that is, that lies open on your desk?

Mas. It is a collection of engravings from the finest paintings in the gallery at Florence.

Mau. That is Jupiter; I know him.

Mas. How do you like him?

Mau. I like his picture very well, but not Mr. Jupiter.

Mas. Why not?

Mau. Because he was an odious character. I do not know how the Greeks and Romans could be such fools as to worship him. He was quite a libertine, and always quarrelling with Juno. Is that acting like a god?

Mas. You are right. He was an improper and contemptible object of worship. However, noth-

ing has been handed down to us concerning him, but the imaginations of the vulgar; and you know that the people have always been blind and superstitious.

Mau. Why our *peasants* now-a-days have more sense. Only imagine, sir, the clergyman of a parish going into the pulpit, and preaching that God has a wife, whom he deceives and scolds every day. His parishioners would not believe a word of it.

Mas. How comes it that the vulgar are now more sensible than in former times?

Mau. From the light of the gospel. There every thing shows a just and good God. If I had lived in Greece, and had possessed such a book, they would never have worshipped any other than the God we worship.

Mas. Give me your hand, my boy; what is your name?

Mau. Maurice Lavington.

Mas. Indeed, my dear Maurice, it would be a pity that you should pass your life behind a counter. You must apply yourself to learning again.

Mau. I should like that very well, if it was in my power.

Mas. I will give you my answer to Lady Aberville.

Mau. Sir, I shall take it with pleasure. But she requests you, sir, I believe, to have the kindness to examine me.

Mas. I have done that already. I can judge of your understanding, and your heart. Perhaps I

may have the pleasure of contributing to procure you a more happy lot. Amuse yourself in looking over these prints, while I write my answer.

Mau. Or rather, sir, oblige me with a pen and some paper. I will write too.

Mas. To your benefactress?

Mau. No, sir; to another person.

Mas. May not I know to whom?

Mau. When my letter is finished, sir, you shall see it.

Mas. I long to have a view of it. (*They both sit down. Maurice writes the following letter.*)

"Dear sir, I thank you a thousand times for your kindness in taking notice of me, and in writing to Lady Abberville. I should be very happy to return to my former school, where every body loves me; but since you will be the occasion of my happiness, I shall be glad to enjoy it under your eye. If I am so lucky as to be admitted into your academy, I will love you with all my heart. I hope I shall be diligent and well behaved, and learn every thing that you will be kind enough to teach me. I hardly dare hope that it will be so. That depends on the will of Providence, and yours. But if I remain with Mr. Durant, you will not refuse me the pleasure of coming to see you now and then, and of conversing a little with you, and reading your fine books; otherwise I shall soon forget all that I have learned at school, and I should be sorry for that, though it is not much. I hope, dear sir, you will have the goodness to oblige me, and I will let my mother know it, to comfort her sorrows; for she is

very fond of me, and I too of her. Perhaps one day or other———"

Mas. Well, Maurice, is your letter finished?

Mau. No, sir, not quite. I have more to say than you have. But there, sir, read it, such as it is.

Mas. How is this? Why it is addressed to me! Well, this is charming. No, my good little Maurice, you shall not remain at Mr. Durant's, but shall come to me, if you like it better. You will go now to Lady Abberville. Give her this note, with my respects, and let me know what she says.

Mau. O dear! shall I be so happy!

Mas. Go, and heaven befriend you!

Mau. O, I shall run, and be back again directly! (*Bowing to the master.*) Your servant, Sir.

SCENE V. *Rochester.*

Lady Abberville, Maurice.

Lady A. Well, Maurice, do you bring me an answer?

Mau. Yes, madam; here it is.

Lady A. I am curious to know what it says; nothing very favourable, I am afraid.

Mau. O, nothing unfavourable to me, madam, I am sure.

Lady A. (*Reads to herself.*)

"Madam, you could not give me more sensible pleasure than I felt in the conversation of this amiable child. His looks, full of ingenuous innocence; the lively spirit that appears in his eyes, and

animates his discourse, have warmly attached me to him. To shine as a man of letters, is more suitable to his genius, than to pursue the line to which his father's death and the poverty of his family had destined him. I congratulate you, madam, that you chose, for the object of your generosity, a child of so fair hopes. Heaven seems to have thrown him in your way for that purpose. I am strongly persuaded that his behaviour and sentiments will never give you cause to repent, and shall esteem myself very happy, if, by my cares, I can promote your generous intentions.

I have the honour to be, &c."

Lady A. The master seems to be only half satisfied with you.

Mau. O, madam, he is quite satisfied. He told me so, and I can see it in your eyes.

Lady A. Aye? can you see it there, my little cunning man? But to speak seriously, if there was a person that would take the charge of your maintenance and education, what would you do for that person?

Mau. What would I do? I hardly know. I can do nothing of myself, but I would pray for that person from the bottom of my heart, both day and night.

Lady A. Then you shall pray for me, my dear child, as for your second mother.

Mau. Will you be my mother?

Lady A. Yes, I will. Your father is dead. I will fill his place, and do every thing for you that

he would. You shall go to your learning again, and nothing shall be wanting to your education.

Mau. O dear, my good mother, I can hardly speak for joy.

Lady A. If you love me, you will never call me any thing but mother, remember.

Mau. O, yes, mother. I am as happy as a king.

Lady A. Come, be composed, and let us take a walk in the garden. I have something to say to you of your mother.

SCENE VI. *Rochester.*

Mr. Durant, Maurice.

Mr. D. Where have you been, so long?

Mau. O, Mr. Durant, if you knew—.

Mr. D. Knew! I know that you should not be so long on an errand. Don't let this be the case another time. What! could not you find Lady Abberville at home?

Mau. Yes, sir, I found her, and I found her a second mother to me.

Mr. D. What stuff is this? Are you mad?

Mau. No, sir, but I am going to my learning again. I shall be put to an academy in a few days, and my mother, Lady Abberville, will come to-morrow, and speak to you about it.

Mr. D. What, do you not choose to stay with me, then?

Mau. Why, sir, I like learning and study better than business.

Mr. D. So, then, you are only come hither, to go away again. You have deceived me.

Mau. No, sir, I should be very sorry. I had not a thought of going, and could have staid here contentedly. But suppose yourself in my place for a moment. If my father had not died, I should not have quitted school to live here. A worthy lady acts to me like a parent, and offers to put me to school again: is it a fault in me to accept her ladyship's offer?

Mr. D. Well, you are only upon trial here, it is true, and your choice is free. You are very right. However, I wish I had never seen you, for I began to be fond of you, and now I shall grieve to part with you. (*Goes out.*)

Mau. Mr. Durant is something blunt, but a very worthy man. I shall be sorry to leave him. But I must write to mother. O, how happy will she be on reading my letter! I wish that she had it now in her hands, and that I were by her side the next moment. (*He begins to write.*)

"Dear mother, Joy! joy! you are now free from all trouble, and I too. Do not, however, let tears of joy hinder you from reading my letter. This is the story of my happiness. Mr. Durant sent me this morning to carry some satin to Lady Abberville. Oh! an excellent lady! Ah! if you were here now! but you do know, mother, that you are to be here before a week? she will give you an apartment in her house, and you will live with her and I shall go to school, and shall come to see you whenever you choose. Oh! that will be a happiness! You remember for all that, how you cried

when I was leaving you? You said that you kissed me, perhaps for the last time. I hope now, you will never have that to fear again. My mother is to send you money for the journey, for she is as much my mother as you are, and I am very sure that you will not be angry at that. All the money, however, that you receive in this parcel, is not from her, there are twelve shillings from me. She gave them to me, and I send them to you. Make haste to get every thing in readiness for your journey hither; the sooner you come, the happier we shall be. I have spoken so well of you to the lady, that she wishes to see you almost as much as I do. Set out, set out; I shall watch the coming of every stage, to tell you the whole story, before you see her, though I suppose she tells it to you herself in the letter that she writes to you to-day. I have not time to add more, for I should be afraid that my letter would be too late, if I wrote all that I have to say.

I am, dear mother, &c."

....

"Madam, how shall I find words to express to you my joy and gratitude! Gracious heaven! my misfortunes are then at an end, I am happy, and my child also, and to you we owe that we are so. How shall I be able to bear so sudden an elevation from an abyss of misery to the summit of joy! I have only tears to express what I feel, and am sorry that I cannot give you even this testimony of my gratitude, personally, at this moment. You

have wished to be a mother, therefore you may, perhaps, form an idea of my happiness; as for me, I want words to express it, and I shall want them perhaps, still more when I for the first time see my son placed between us both, and our arms intermingled in embracing him. But you will understand my silence, which the ardor and sincerity of my attachment to you shall perfectly explain every moment of my life.

Oxford. I have the honour to be, &c."

THE PARRICIDE.

What dreadful weather! I perish with cold, and have no shelter against the bitter winds, no bed to warm my benumbed limbs. I am old, and my strength is exhausted by labour. Unnatural son! I gave you life; I nourished you, and took care of your weak and sickly infancy. When I saw you suffer through illness, my tears fell upon your cheeks. You loved me at that time, and would say, while you caressed me, "Papa, what makes you cry? I am not sick now. Do not be troubled. See, I am quite well." You raised yourself up in your bed; your little hands would play in my hair, and you would say again, "Do not grieve any more, I am cured." And as you spoke the words, you would fall down again through weakness. You would strive to speak but could not.

At last, however, your body grew strong; you became hale and robust, and you should have been the prop of my old age. I laboured all my life for you, and now you shut me out of your house in the midst of wind and snow. "We cannot live together any longer, father," said you to me in your fury. And why not, my son? What have I done to you? I have exhorted you to virtue, that is all my crime. When I saw you spend in intemperance the earnings of sixty years' labour, the fortune of which I willingly stripped myself to enrich you, I pointed out your danger to you. God is my witness, that I was more anxious on your account than on my own. Was I not silent long enough, for fear of troubling you? But my silence and my sorrow, which I strove to hide, made no impression on you. I was then obliged to speak. I thought it my duty then to resume the prerogative of a father; yet my authority was tempered with mildness. My discourse was tender as it was earnest. I spoke to you of your mother, who died through grief on account of your disorderly life; I spoke to you of myself, whom the same cause would probably send to my grave. I showed you my aged cheek, furrowed with the tears that you have made me shed. I showed you my grey hairs, made so through anguish and sorrow. I opened my arms to invite you to my bosom. I should have fallen on my knees to you, if your father even in that humble posture, could have softened you. And you, my son—I can scarcely believe it yet—you came towards me with a threat-

ening air; your arm was stretched out, and your gate shut against me.

You my son! You are no longer so. Why do my bowels still feel the yearnings of a father towards you! I am tempted to wish that I could curse you: but no, I dare not breathe even my complaints aloud. I fear lest heaven should hear them, and lest this house, which you have shut against me, should fall upon your head. I will lay myself on the stone before your door. To-morrow you cannot come out without seeing me, and I hardly think that your heart will not soften when you see what I shall have suffered during this dreadful night. But if the severity of the season, if my exhausted old age, and still more, the sorrows that wound my heart, should occasion my death, then shudder at your crime; weep for me, and for yourself still more. Ah! I should think my death a fortunate circumstance, if it could produce your reformation.

Such were the complaints of this old man. But the north wind all the live-long night carried away his sighs unheard. The tempest filled the air with dreadful whistlings; the shattered trees of the forest were bent down; and all nature seemed to shudder with horror at the crime of his son. The next morning the old man was found dead upon the stone. He had his hands clasped together, and his face turned towards heaven. The name of his son was the last word he had pronounced. He had prayed to the very last moment for the parricide.

VANITY PUNISHED.

Mick. Well, I'll show you that I know more than all your Tellymacks. Crack! there's a fire already!

VANITY PUNISHED.

A DRAMA IN ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

MR. WALLER.
MRS. WALLER.
VALENTINE, ... *their Son.*
MR. RAY,
MR. NASH, ... *Friends to Mr. Waller.*
MICHAEL, ... *a Country Boy.*
MARTIN, ... *a Gardener.*

SCENE I. *A Garden.*

Mr. Waller, Mrs. Waller.

Mr. W. YONDER is our Valentine walking in the garden, with a book in his hand. I am very much afraid that it is rather through vanity, than from a real desire of improving himself, that he always appears to be busy reading.

Mrs. W. What makes you think so, my dear?

Mr. W. Don't you remark that he casts a side-look now and then, to see if any body takes notice of him?

Mrs. W. And yet his masters give a very flattering account of his diligence, and they all agree that he is very far advanced, for his age.

Mr. W. That's true. But if my suspicions are right, and if the little he can know has made him

vain, I would rather a hundred times that he knew nothing, and were modest.

Mrs. W. That he knew nothing?

Mr. W. Yes, my dear. A man without any great extent of knowledge, but upright, modest, industrious, is a much more estimable member of society, than a learned man, whose studies have turned his head, and puffed up his heart.

Mrs. W. I cannot think my son is of that description.

Mr. W. Heaven forbid. But while we are here in the country, I shall have more opportunities of observing him; and I am resolved to take advantage of the first that shall offer, to clear up my doubts. I see him coming towards us. Leave me alone with him a moment.

SCENE II.

Mr. Waller, Valentine.

Val. (*to Michael, whom he pushes back.*) No; leave me. Father, 'tis that little fool of a country boy, that comes always to interrupt me in my reading.

Mr. W. Why do you call that good-natured child a little fool?

Val. Why, he knows nothing.

Mr. W. Of what *you* have learnt, I grant you; but then he knows many things that you do not, and you may both inform each other a good deal, if you will communicate what you know to each other.

Val. He may learn a good deal of me, but what can I learn from him?

Mr. W. If ever you should have a farm, do you think that it would be of no service to you to have an early notion of the labors of the country, to learn to distinguish trees and plants, to know the times of sowing and harvest, and to study the wonders of vegetation? Michael possesses these different parts of knowledge, and desires no better than to share them with you. They will, perhaps, be hereafter of the greatest use to you. Those, on the contrary, that you could communicate, would be of no service to him. So that you see, in this intercourse, all the advantage is on your side.

Val. Well, but papa, would it become me to learn any thing from a little country boy?

Mr. W. Why not, if he is capable of instructing you? I know no real distinction among men, except that of useful talents and good manners; and you must own that, in both these points, he has equally the advantage over you.

Val. What, in good manners too?

Mr. W. In every station, they consist in treating all persons as our duty prescribes to us. He does so, in showing a particular attachment and complaisance to you. Do you do the same? Do you make a return of mildness and good will? And yet he seems to merit them. He is active and intelligent, I believe him to be possessed of good-nature, spirit, and good sense. You ought to think yourself very happy in having so amiable a companion, with

whom you may at once amuse and improve yourself. His father is my foster-brother, and has always had a remarkable affection for me. I am pretty sure that Michael has the same for you. See how the poor little fellow lingers about the terrace-walk, to meet you. Take care to use him with civility. There is more honour and integrity in his father's cottage, than in many palaces. His family too have been our tenants for some generations, and I should be glad to see the connexion continued between our children. (*He goes out.*)

Valentine. (*alone.*) Yes, a fine connexion indeed! I think father is joking. This little country boy teach me any thing! No, I will surprise him now so much with my learning, that he will not think of talking to me of his own, I'll warrant him.

Enter Michael.

Mich. You won't have my little nosegay, then, Master Valentine?

Val. Nosegay? Pshaw! neither ranunculus nor tulip!

Mich. Why, it is true, they are only field-flowers, but they are pretty, and I thought you might like to know them by their names.

Val. A great matter, indeed, to know the names of your herbs. You may carry them where you found them.

Mich. Well now, if I had known that, I would not have taken the trouble to gather them. I was resolved not to go home yesterday evening, without bringing you something, and as I came back from

work: though it was rather late, and I had a great appetite for my supper, I stopped in our fields, to gather them by moonlight.

Val. You talk of the moon! do you know how big it is?

Mich. Heh! Fegs! as big as a cheese.

Val. Ignorant little clown! (*struts with an air of importance, while Michael stands staring at him.*) Look here. (*shewing him his book.*) This is Telemaque. Have you ever read it?

Mich. That is not in the Catechism: our schoolmaster never talked to me about that.

Val. No, it is none of your country books.

Mich. Nay, how should I have read it then? But, let us see it.

Val. Do not think of touching it with your dirty hands! (*holding one of them up.*) Where did you buy these tanned leather gloves?

Mich. Gloves! it is my hand, master Valentine.

Val. The skin is so hard, one may cut it into shoe-soles.

Mich. It is not with idleness that they are grown so hard. You know how to talk very well, I dare say, and yet I would not change conditions with you. To work honestly, and offend nobody is all that I know, and it would be no harm if you knew as much. Good by, sir.

SCENE III.

Valentine, alone.

I think the little clown had a mind to make game of me. But I see company coming on the terrace-

walk. I must put on a studious air before them. (*He sits down seeming to read in his book with great attention.*)

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Waller, Mr. Ray, Mr. Nash.

Mr. W. What a fine evening! Would you choose, gentlemen, to take a walk up this slope, to see the sun setting?

Mr. R. I was going to mention it. The weather is delicious, and the sky perfectly without a cloud in the west.

Mr. N. I shall be sorry to go far from the nightingale. Do you hear her charming melody, madam?

Mrs. W. I was absorbed in thinking. My heart was filled with pleasure.

Mr. R. How can any person live in town during this charming weather?

Mr. W. Valentine, will you walk up the slope with us to see the sun setting?

Val. No, I thank you, father. I am reading something here that gives me more pleasure.

Mr. W. If you speak truth, I pity you, and if you do not———Come, gentlemen, there is not a moment to lose. Let us continue our walk. (*They continue their walk up the hill.*)

SCENE IV.

Val. (*seeing them at a good distance.*) There, they are almost out of sight: I need not be under any constraint now. (*Puts the book in his pocket.*) What an opinion these gentlemen will have of my

diligence! I should like to be a bird and fly after them, to hear the praises that they are giving me. (*Saunters about, yawning and listless, for near a quarter of an hour.*) I am tired, after all, of being here alone. I can do better! The sun is set now, and I hear the company returning. I will slip into the wood, and hide myself, so that they shall scarcely find me. Mother will send all the servants to look for me with lights. They will talk of nothing else all the evening, and will compare me with those great philosophers that have been known to go astray in their learned meditations, and to lose themselves in woods. My adventure will make a fine noise! Now for it. (*He goes into the wood.*)

SCENE V.

Mr. and Mrs. Waller, Mr. Ray, Mr. Nash.

Mr. R. I never saw weather more pleasing, nor a more charming scene.

Mr. W. Gentlemen, my pleasure has been doubled, by enjoying it in your company.

Mr. N. The nightingale too still continues her song. Her voice seems even to grow more tender as night comes on. I am sorry that Mrs. Waller does not seem to listen to it with as much pleasure as before.

Mrs. W. It is because I am anxious about my son. I do not see him in the garden. (*She calls him.*) Valentine!—He does not answer. (*Perceiving the gardener, she calls him.*) Martin, have you seen my son?

Mar. Yes, madam, about ten minutes ago I saw him turn towards the grove.

Mrs. W. Towards the grove! Bless me; if he should lose himself! Pray run after him and bring him in.

Mar. Yes, madam. (*Goes out.*)

Mrs. W. Mr. Waller, won't you go with him?

Mr. W. No, my dear, I am not uneasy, for my part. Martin will be able to find him.

Mrs. W. But if he should take a different way? I am much frightened!

Mr. N. Make yourself easy, madam. Mr. Ray and I will take the two sides of the wood, while the gardener will take the middle. We cannot fail of finding him.

Mrs. W. Ah, gentlemen, I [redacted] dare to ask it of you, but you know the feelings of a mother.

Mr. W. Gentlemen, do not give yourselves so much trouble, I'd rather you would not.

Mr. R. Do not take it amiss that we comply with Mrs. Waller's request, rather than yours.

Mr. W. I must confess it is against my inclination.

Mr. N. We will receive your reproaches at our return. (*Mr. R. and Mr. N. walk towards the grove.*)

SCENE VI.

Mr. and. Mrs. Waller.

Mrs. W. Why, my dear, whence comes this indifference about your son?

Mr. W. Do you think, my dear, that I love him

less than you do? No, but I know better how to love him.

Mrs. W. And what if he could not be found?

Mr. W. I should be very glad of it.

Mrs. W. What, that he should pass the night in a gloomy wood? What would become of the poor child? and what would become of me?

Mr. W. You would both be cured. He of his vanity, and you of your injudicious fondness, that [redacted] him in it.

Mrs. W. What do you mean, my dear?

Mr. W. I am just now convinced of what I only suspected in the morning. The boy's head is filled with excessive vanity, and all his reading is but ostentation. He has only lost himself on purpose to make us look for him, and to appear absent and forgetful through intense study. It gives me more pain that his mind should wander from a right way of thinking, than if his steps really went astray. He will be unhappy all his life, if he is not cured of it in time, and there is nothing but a wholesome humiliation that can save him.

Mrs. W. But do you consider—

Mr. W. Yes, every thing. He is eleven years old. If he can profit at all by his natural sense, or his learning, the light of the moon and the direction of the wind, may guide him sufficiently to clear the wood.

Mrs. W. But if he has not that thought?

Mr. W. He will then better see the necessity of profiting by the lessons that I have given him upon this subject. Besides, we intend him for the army,

and looking up.) Tell me, my little wise man, how big may the moon be just now?

Val. Nay, spare me, I beg of you, and guide me out of this wood.

Mich. You see, then, master, that one may be a dirty little country boy, and yet be good for something. What would you give to know your way, instead of knowing how big the moon is?

Val. I own my fault, and I promise never to show any pride for the future.

Mich. Well, that's clever. But this repenting, through necessity, may only hang by a thread. It is not amiss that a young gentleman should see what it is to look upon a poor man's son like a dog, and play with him according to his fancy. To show you that an honest clown does not bear malice, I will pass the night with you, as I have passed many a one with our sheep on the downs. To-morrow morning early, I will take you home to your father. Here, then, I'll share my bed-chamber with you.

Val. O, my good Michael.

Mich. (*stretching himself under a tree.*) Come, sir, settle yourself at your ease.

Val. But where is this bed-chamber of yours?

Mich. Why here. (*striking on the ground.*) Here is my bed; take your place. It is wide enough for us both.

Val. What, must we lie here under the open air?

Mich. I assure you, sir, the king himself has not a better bed. See what a fine ceiling you have over your head; how many bright diamonds adorn

it; and then our handsome silver lamp. (*pointing to the moon.*) Well, what do you think of it?

Val. O, my dear Michael, I am ready to die with hunger.

Mich. I dare say I can help you there too. See, here are some potatoes. Dress them as you know how.

Val. Why they are raw.

Mich. It is only to boil or roast them. Make a fire.

Val. We want a light to kindle one! and then where shall we find coal or wood?

Mich. (*smiling.*) Cannot you find all that in your books?

Val. O no, my dear Michael.

Mich. Well, I'll show you that I know more than you and all your Tellymacks. (*takes a tinder-box with flint and steel out of his pocket.*) Crack! there's a fire already! now you shall see. (*he gathers a handful of dry leaves, and putting them round the tinder, fans with his hand until they take fire.*) We shall soon have a blazing hearth. (*he puts bits of dry wood upon the lighted leaves.*) Do you see? (*lays the potatoes close to the fire, and sprinkles them with dust.*) This must serve, instead of ashes, to hinder them from burning. (*having laid them properly, and covered them once more with dust, he turns the fire over them, then adds fresh wood, and blows up with his breath.*) Have you a finer fire in your father's kitchen? come, now, they will soon be done.

Val. O, my good friend, what return can I make to your kindness?

Mich. Return? Pooh! when one does good, it pays itself. But stop a moment, while the potatoes are roasting, I will fetch some hay for you. I saw a good deal lying in one part of the wood. You can sleep upon that like a prince. But take care of the roast while I am away. (*goes out singing.*)

SCENE VIII.

Val. Fool that I am! how could I be so unjust as to despise that child. What am I, compared to him? How little am I in my own eyes, when I examine his behaviour and mine; but it shall never happen again. Henceforward, I will not despise those of a lower condition than myself. I will not be so proud nor so vain. (*he walks about and gathers up dry sticks for the fire.*)

Enter Michael, dragging in a large bundle of hay.

Mich. Here is your bed of down, your coverlet and all. I will make you a bed now, quite soft.

Val. I thank you, my friend. I would help you, but I don't know how to set about it.

Mich. I don't want you. I can do it alone. Go warm yourself. (*he unties the bundle, spreads part of it on the ground, and reserves the rest for a covering.*) That's finished. Now let us think of supper. (*takes a potato from the fire, and tastes it.*) They are done. Eat them while they are warm, they are better so.

Val. What, won't you eat some with me?

Mich. No, thank you. There is just enough for you. *Val.* How? do you think?—

Mich. You are too kind. I won't touch them. I am not hungry. Besides, I shall have as much pleasure in seeing you eat them. Are they good?

Val. Excellent, my dear Michael.

Mich. I dare say you never tasted sweeter at your papa's table.

Val. That's very true.

Mich. Have you finished? Come, then, your bed is ready for you. (*Valentine lies down. Michael spreads the rest of the hay over him, then takes off his jacket.*) The nights are cold; here, cover yourself with this too. If you find yourself chilly, come to the fire; I'll take care that it does not go out. Good night.

Val. Dear Michael, I shall never be easy until I make amends for treating you ill.

Mich. Think no more of it; I do not. The lark will awake us to-morrow morning at break of day. (*Valentine falls asleep, and Michael sits up close by him to keep the fire in. At break of day Michael awakes him.*) Come, master, you have slept enough. The lark has opened her song already, and the sun will soon appear above the hills. Let us set out and go to your father's.

Val. (*rubbing his eyes.*) What, already? so soon? Good morning, my dear Michael!

Mich. Good morning, master Valentine! How did you sleep?

Val. (*rising.*) As sound as a rock. Here is your jacket. I thank you a thousand, thousand times. I shall never forget you as long as I live.

Mich. Do not talk of thanks. I am as happy as you. Come, walk with me. I'll guide you. (*They go off.*

SCENE IX. *A room in Mr. Waller's house.*

Mr. and Mrs. Waller.

Mrs. W. In what terrors have I passed this whole night! I fear, my dear, that some accident has happened to him. We must send out people to look for him.

Mr. W. Make yourself easy, my love; I will go myself. But who knocks? (*the door opens.*) Look here he is.

Enter Valentine and Michael.

Mrs. W. (*running to her son.*) Ah! do I see you again, my dear child?

Mich. Yes, madam, there he is, ifegs! a little better mayhap than before you lost him.

Mr. W. Is that the case?

Val. Yes, papa. I have been well punished for my pride. What will you give him that has reformed me?

Mr. W. A good reward, and with the greatest cheerfulness.

Val. (*presenting Michael to him.*) Well, this is he to whom you owe it. I owe him my friendship too, and he shall always share it.

Mr. W. If that be so, I'll make him a little pre-

ent every year of a couple of guineas, for curing you of an intolerable fault.

Mrs. W. And I will make him one of the same sum, for having preserved my son to me.

Mich. If you pay me for the satisfaction that you feel, I should pay you for what I felt. So we are clear.

Mr. W. No, my little man, we shall not depart from our words. But let us all four go to breakfast. Valentine shall relate his adventures of the night.

Val. Yes, papa; and I shall not spare myself, though I should be turned into ridicule for it. I blush for my folly, but hope I shall never have to blush for the same behaviour again.

Mr. W. My dear son, how happy you will make your mother and me, by proving that your reformation is sincere, and will never suffer a relapse.

Valentine takes Michael by the hand. Mr. Waller gives his to his lady, and they all go into the next apartment.

THE LITTLE GIRL DECEIVED BY HER MAID.

Mrs. Barlow, Amelia.

Ame. MOTHER, will you give me leave to go and see my cousin Henry this evening?

Mrs. B. No I do not wish it, Amelia.

Ame. And why not, mother?

Mrs. B. I have no occasion, I suppose, to tell you my reasons. A little miss ought always to obey her parents, without asking them questions. However, to satisfy you that I have always a reasonable motive, whenever I order or forbid you any thing, I shall tell you. Your cousin Henry can only set you an indifferent example; and I should fear, if you saw him too often, that you would imitate his levity and indiscretion.

Ame. But, mother—

Mrs. B. No reply, I request. You know that my orders must be followed punctually.

Amelia retired to hide her tears; and soon after, her mother being gone out, she sat down in a corner, and gave her grief full vent. Just then, Nancy, who had lately come into Mrs. Barlow's service, entered the room. "How, Miss Amelia," said she, "are you crying? What is the matter? May I know what troubles you?"

Ame. Leave me, Nancy. You cannot comfort me.

Nan. Nay, why not? There was miss Sophy, at my last service, always came to me whenever any thing ailed her. "My dear Nancy, she would say, you see what has happened to me; tell me, what must I do?" And I had always good advice to give her.

Ame. I do not want your advice. I tell you once more, that you can do nothing for me.

Nan. Give me leave, at least, to go for your mother. She will, perhaps, be better able to com-

fort you. I do not like to see so pretty a miss as you in trouble.

Ame. O yes, mother indeed!

Nan. I cannot believe that it was she who grieved you. *Ame.* Who should it be, then?

Nan. I could never have thought it. I should always suppose you so reasonable, that your mother could not refuse you any request. There, if I had a child so well disposed as you, she should be her own mistress. But your mother loves to command, and for a whim, would oppose your most innocent wishes. How can one have so amiable a child, and take pleasure to thwart her! I cannot express how I suffer to see you in this situation.

Ame. (*beginning to cry afresh.*) Ah, it will break my heart.

Nan. Indeed I fear it will. How red and swelled your eyes are! You are very cruel to yourself, not to let those, who love you sincerely, try to give you some comfort. If miss Sophy had been in half your trouble, she would not have failed to open her heart to me.

Ame. I dare not mention mine to you.

Nan. Not that, for my part, I care much about knowing it—O, it is perhaps, because your mother makes you stay at home while she goes to the play.

Ame. No: she has promised me not to go there without me.

Nan. Well, what is it, then? Your trouble seems to increase. Shall I go for your little cousin? You may play along with him to divert you.

Ame. (*sighing.*) Ah ! I shall not have that pleasure any more.

Nan. It will not be hard to procure it for you. A young miss should have some company. Your mother has not a mind to make a nun of you.

Ame. I am not allowed to see him.

Nan. Not to see him ? I do not know what your mother thinks. Miss Sophy's was just the same. She would never let her have the least intimacy with little Semple. But how we contrived to deceive her !

Ame. How was that ?

Nan. We watched the moment when she went out to visit : then either miss Sophy went to Semple, or Semple came to her.

Ame. And her mother did not know it ?

Nan. It was I who guarded against that.

Ame. But if I were to go to see my cousin, and mother should ask, where is Amelia ?

Nan. I would tell her you were in the garden : or, if it was a little late, I would tell her that you were gone to bed, and fast asleep ; and immediately I would run to find you.

Ame. And if I thought that my mother would know nothing of it—

Nan. Trust me for that : she will never suspect it. Will you take my advice ? Go and pass the evening with your little cousin. Never trouble yourself about the rest.

Ame. I have a mind to try it for once. But you promise me at least that mother—

Nan. Go ! never fear !

Amelia in effect did go to see her cousin. Her mother came home a short time after, and asked where she was. Nancy answered, that she had been tired of sitting all alone, so had eaten a good supper, and was gone to bed.

In this manner Amelia deceived her unsuspecting mother, several times. Ah! much more did she deceive herself. Before this, she was always cheerful, and took pleasure in being near her mother, and would run with joy to meet her, whenever she had been absent a moment. But now, what was become of her cheerfulness? She was ever saying to herself, "O dear! if mother knew where I have been!" and she trembled whenever she heard her voice. If at any time she saw her look a little serious, "I am undone!" she would cry. "Mother has discovered that I have disobeyed her." But this was not all that made her unhappy. Nancy would often cunningly tell her how generous miss Sophy had been to her; how often she would give her sugar and tea; and how freely she had trusted her with the keys of the cellar and closet. Amelia took pride in deserving from Nancy the same praises for confidence and generosity. She stole sugar and tea from her mother for Nancy, and found means to procure her the keys of the cellar and closet. Nevertheless, she felt the reproaches of her own conscience. "I am doing wrong," she would say to herself, "and my tricks will be found out sooner or later. I shall lose the friendship of my mother." She then went to Nan-

cy, and protested that she would never give her any thing again.

"Just as you please, miss," answered Nancy; "but take care, you may, perhaps, have reason to repent it! Stay till your mother comes home, I will tell her how obediently you have followed her orders."

Amelia cried, and did every thing that Nancy desired her. Before, it was Nancy who obeyed Amelia, now it was Amelia who obeyed Nancy. She suffered every sort of rudeness from her, and had no one to whom she could complain. The wicked girl came to her one day, and said, "You must know I have a fancy to taste the pie that was locked up in the closet yesterday: besides that, I want a bottle of wine. You must go and look for the keys in your mother's drawer."

Ame. But, dear Nancy!—

Nan. We are not talking about dear Nancy! do you mind what I ask of you.

Ame. Why, mother will see us; or if she does not see us, God will see us, and punish us.

Nan. He saw you all the times that you went to your cousin, yet I never observed that he has punished you.

Amelia had received good instructions in religion from her mother. She was strongly persuaded that God has always an eye upon us; that he rewards our good actions, and has only forbidden us what is evil, because it is hurtful to us. It was through mere thoughtlessness that she went to see her cousin, contrary to her mother's orders. But

it always happens, that from yielding to one error, we fall immediately into another. She found herself obliged to do every wrong thing that her servant ordered her, for fear of being betrayed by her.

It may easily be imagined how much she suffered in this situation. She one day withdrew to her chamber to weep at leisure. "O," cried she, "how much am I to be pitied, who am so disobedient! Unhappy child that I am! slave to my own servant! I can no longer do what is my duty, but am forced to do what a wicked maid orders me. I must be a liar, a thief, and a hypocrite! Lord have mercy on me!" Saying this, she held up both hands to hide her face, which was drowned in tears, and began to reflect what steps she should take. At length, she suddenly rose up, crying, "I am resolved, and though my mother were not to let me come near her for a month; though she were to—But no, she will be reconciled to me; she will call me once more her Amelia. I depend on her fondness. But how dear it will cost me! How shall I bear her looks and reproaches? No matter; I will confess the whole to her."

She then immediately ran out of her chamber, and seeing her mother walking alone in the garden, flew towards her, and embracing her closely, covered her cheeks with her tears. Grief and confusion stopped her speech.

Mrs. B. What is the matter, my dear Amelia?

Ame. Ah! mother—

Mrs. B. What is the meaning of these tears?

Ame. My dear mother!

Mrs. B. Speak, child! what occasions this agitation?

Ame. If I thought that you could pardon me!—

Mrs. B. I pardon you, since your repentance appears so lively and sincere.

Ame. My dear mother, I have been a disobedient girl; I have gone several times to see my cousin Henry contrary to your orders.

Mrs. B. Is it possible, my dear Amelia? you, who formerly feared so much to displease me!

Ame. I should not be your dear Amelia, if you knew all.

Mrs. B. You make me uneasy: but trust every thing to me. You must have been deceived. You never gave me cause of complaint until now.

Ame. Yes, mother, I have been deceived. It was Nancy, Nancy—

Mrs. B. What! was it she?

Ame. Yes, mother: and that she might not tell you, I have often stolen the keys of the cellar and closet. I have stolen for her I know not how much sugar and tea.

Mrs. B. Unhappy mother that I am! Do I hear this shocking account of my own daughter! Leave me, unworthy child! I must go and consult with your father how we should treat you.

Ame. No, mother, I will not quit you. Punish me first, but promise me that your love for me will one day return.

Mrs. B. Unhappy child! you will be sufficiently punished.

Mrs. Barlow, at these words, left Amelia quite

disconsolate, and went to seek Mr. Barlow, and they concerted together the means of saving their child from ruin.

Nancy was called up. Mr. Barlow, after the severest reproaches, ordered her to quit his house immediately. It was in vain she wept and pleaded for a less rigorous sentence. In vain she promised that nothing of the same sort should ever happen again. Mr. Barlow was inexorable. You know, answered he, how mildly I have treated you, and what indulgence I have shown to your faults. I thought that my kindness might induce you to second my wishes as to my child's education, and it is you who have led her into disobedience and theft. You are a monster in my sight! Leave my presence, and be careful to reform, unless you wish to fall into the hands of a more terrible Judge.

It was next Amelia's turn. She appeared before her parents in a situation worthy of pity. Her eyes were swoln with crying; all the features of her face were changed; a frightful paleness covered her cheeks, and her whole body shuddered as if in the convulsions of an ague. Unable to utter a word, she awaited in mournful silence the judgment of her father.

"You have," said he, in a severe voice, "you have deceived, you have offended your parents. What could incline you to follow the advice of a wicked servant rather than of your own mother, who loves you so tenderly, and desires nothing in the world so much as to make you happy? If I punished you as much as your behaviour deserved;

if I banished you from my sight, as I have the companion of your faults, who could accuse me of injustice?"

Ame. Ah, papa, you can never be unjust towards me. Punish me with all the severity you shall judge necessary, I will bear the whole: but take me once more to your arms; call me once more your Amelia!

Mr. B. I cannot embrace you so soon. I am willing to omit all punishment, on account of the confession that you have made; but I shall not call you my Amelia, until you have deserved it by a long repentance. Pay great attention to your conduct. Punishments always follow faults, and it is you who have punished yourself.

Amelia did not as yet fully understand what her father meant by these last words. She did not expect so mild a treatment; she went up to her parents with a heavy heart, and curtsying, repeated afresh her promises of the most perfect submission. In effect, she kept her word: but, alas, her punishment followed very soon, as her father had told her. The wicked Nancy spread the most infamous stories concerning her. She told all that had passed between her and Amelia, and added a thousand falsehoods beside. She said, that Amelia, by the humblest entreaties, and by the force of presents which she had stolen from her parents, had laboured so long to corrupt her, that at length she suffered herself to be persuaded to procure her secret meetings with her cousin Henry; that they saw each other every evening, unknown to their pa-

rents; and Amelia often came home very late. These things she related with circumstances so odious, that every one conceived the most disadvantageous ideas of Amelia. She was obliged to suffer the most cruel mortifications on this subject. Whenever she entered a party of her little friends, she saw them all whisper each other, and look at her with an air of contempt, and an insulting smile. If ever she staid somewhat late in a company, they would say, "It is plain, she waits here until the hour of her appointment." Had she a fashionable riband, or an elegant dress, they would say, "Whenever any body gets her mother's keys, she may buy what she pleases." In short, upon the least difference between her and any of her companions, "Don't talk, miss!" they would say. "Thinking of your cousin Henry confuses your ideas."

These reproaches were so many stabs to the heart of Amelia. Often, when she was quite overwhelmed with grief, she would throw herself into her mother's arms, and seek for comfort there. Her mother generally answered her, "Suffer with patience, my dear child, what your imprudence has brought on you. Pray to God to forget your fault, and to shorten the time of your mortifications. These reproofs will be of service to you all your life, if you can profit by them. God has said to children, *Honour your father and your mother, and submit in all things to their will.* This commandment is meant for their happiness. Poor children! you know not the world yet. You cannot foresee the

consequences that your actions may draw after them. God has committed the care of guiding you, to your parents, who love you as themselves, and who have more experience and reflection to ward off every danger from you. This you did not choose to believe; but you now experience how wisely God requires of children submission to their parents, since you have suffered so much by disobedience. My dear Amelia, let your misfortunes serve for your instruction! It is the same with all commandments. God prescribes to us only what is advantageous: he forbids only what is pernicious. We act therefore to our own hurt whenever we do what is wrong. You will often find yourself in circumstances, when it will be impossible to foresee how much vice may injure you, or how much virtue may profit you. Recollect then what you have suffered by one single fault, and regulate all the actions of your life upon this unerring principle: *Every action which is contrary to virtue, is contrary to our own happiness.*

Amelia punctually obeyed the wise advice of her mother. The more she was obliged to suffer the consequences of her imprudence, the more reserved she became, and attentive to her own behaviour. She profitted so well by this disgrace, that through the prudence of her conduct, she stopped the mouths of all who inclined to speak ill of her, and obtained the name of the *irreproachable Amelia.*

THE LITTLE NEEDLEWOMEN.

Clara, with Leonora her sister, are discovered working in their room: Lucy stands by Clara; and Lucinda enters to them.

Lucinda. Hard at work! How melancholy you all look! I thought of nothing more than finding you at play upon the snow. Come, come, and see the trees: they're powdered just for all the world like —what d'ye call 'ems.

Clara. No: we would not leave our work for any pleasure you could name us.

Lu. O, I frequently leave mine for nothing— But you have not long, I hope, to sit here moping.

Leo. We were moping, as you call it, all yesterday; and have again been at it ever since the clock struck seven.

Lu. My stars! I was not up till ten: and in the name of goodness! what possesses you, to work at such a rate?

Clara. If you knew, Lucinda, who we're working for, I'm sure you'd willingly make one among us.

Lu. No, no, Clara, were it even for myself.

Clara. Yourself! I should not work, thus late and early with such spirits, for myself: nor you I fancy, Leonora.

Leo. No, indeed.

Lucy. Guess who 'tis for.

Lu. Not for yourself, you say. It must be for your dolls, then.—I have guessed it, have I not?

Clara. (*showing the clothes before them.*) Yes, yes; look here, and see if these will fit a doll.

Lu. How! how! Why here's a dress complete; and which of you is going to be married?

Leo. Did you ever hear the like? a jacket to be married in! The girl has nothing in her head but weddings, and will never guess.

Lucy. Well, then I'll tell you who 'tis for. You know those two poor children who have nothing on but rags?

Lu. What? that poor woman who has lately lost her husband, and can't get a bit of bread?

Clara. Yes, yes; 'tis her poor children we are hard at work for.

Lu. But you know that your mamma and mine both sent her money.

Clara. So they did; but there were debts to pay, and bread to purchase. As for clothes——

Leo. We've taken that upon us.

Lu. But, my dear, why not much rather send them some of your old clothes! You would, in that case, spare yourselves a deal of trouble.

Clara. How you talk! As if our clothes were fit for such small children!

Lu. That I know: they would have been too big, and dragged upon the ground at least a quarter of a yard; but then, their mother might have made them less herself.

Clara. She cannot.

Lu. And why not?

Leo. (*looking steadfastly upon Lu.*) Because her parents never taught her to use a needle.

Clara. Now, as we are rather ready at it, we desired mamma would let us have some dimity, with other stuff, and cut us out the necessary patterns, promising to do the rest ourselves.

Leo. And when the whole is finished, we shall visit the poor woman with it, that her children may be dressed a little warmly this cold weather.

Clara. Now, my dear, you know the reason why we won't go and play upon the snow.

Lu. (*with a stifled sigh*) I'll work a little with you.

Clara. Aye, I said so.

Leo. No, no; we have almost done.

Clara. But why deprive her, Leonora, of so great a pleasure? Look here, my friend: complete this hem: but you must sew it carefully.

Lucy. If not, my sister will undo it; I am sure of that.

Lu. What, you must speak too, Miss Whippersnapper; just as if you knew what's going forward.

Clara. How, Lucinda? Lucy, I assure you, has assisted us surprisingly. 'Twas she that held the stuff while we were cutting it, that handed us the pincushion, that picked up our thimbles when they fell. Hold here, my little heart, the scissors: Leonora wants them.

Lu. Look, dear Clara, have I done this right?

Leo. (*laying hold of the work*) O fie! these stitches are a mile too long, and all awry.

Clara. 'Tis true they would not hold. But stay;

I'll give you something else.—Here, pass this bobbin through the jacket collar.

Lu. Aye, aye; this I shall succeed in better.

Leo. (*looking over her*) See! see! how she sets about it.

Clara. Ah, that's all my fault, that I did not tell her how it should be done. See here, my dear Lucinda—in this manner.

Lu. I was never taught to do so much as you; and that's the reason why I'm so awkward.

Leo. (*with a sneer*) O, I easily believe you.

Clara. But don't vex her, sister: she has done the best she could. Hold! let me look a little. How? you've passed the bobbin through already. Look you, Leonora.

Leo. (*pulling the bobbin*) What a pity it will not stir. A mighty clever needle-woman, truly! she does nothing else than make us work.

Lu. (*sorrowfully*) Alas! I know no better.

Clara. Don't afflict yourself, my dear: you have the best of wills; and we have nothing more to boast. It shall be quickly put to rights. I'll do it for you. There: the matter's settled. Have *you* finished; Leonora?

Leo. Only one more stitch:—And then to cut the thread off.—There, now I'll make up the parcel (*She is preparing to do so, when Mrs. Greenfield enters.*)

Lucy. Here's mamma.

Mrs. G. Well, my dears; how do you go on? Perhaps you wish for my assistance.

Clara. No, mother; we've finished.

Mrs. G. Have you? Let me see a little.—Very well indeed!—What, my Lucy! I'm afraid you thought the time tedious.

Lucy. O, not I, mamma: I've always had some little thing to do; ask my sisters.

Clara. Yes, indeed: we should not have so quickly ended, but for her assistance. She has never quitted us.

Mrs. G. I'm very glad. O here's our little neighbour too, Lucinda. She must have helped you a good deal.

Leo. (*with a sneer*) She tried; but——

Clara. We had almost finished when she came.

Lucy. She made a stitch or two, but she hardly knows more than I: had you but seen, mamma, how crooked——

Clara. Silence, Lucy!

Mrs. G. Come; since you've been so very diligent, I've joyful news to tell you.

Lucy. What, mamma?

Mrs. G. The two poor children and their mother are below. I'll send up the little ones, that you may dress them, and enjoy the astonishment their mother will be in, when she observes them so much altered.

Clara. Ah! mamma, how you increase our pleasures!

Lucy. Shall I go and fetch them up?

Mrs. G. Yes; follow me; and you shall come back with them. In the mean time I'll have a little conversation with the mother, and contrive how she may find out some employment for the time to

come, and earn a little money. (*She goes out with Lucy.*)

Clara. Stay here with us, Lucinda: we shall want your help; and you must have some business at our toilet.

Lu. (*embracing Clara*) Ah, my friend, you have a good heart! I see that plainly.

Leo. I have had a fling or two at you, Lucinda. Clara makes me blush, and therefore I entreat your pardon.

Lu. (*embracing Leonora likewise*) Yes, with all my heart.

Clara. I hear the children coming up.

Lucy enters, bringing in the little children, Madge and Joan.

Lucy (*whispering to Clara.*) They'll wonder much. I have not told them any thing about it.

Clara. You did well: their pleasure will be the greater, and ours likewise.

Leo. I'll take Madge.

Clara. I Joan.

Lu. And Lucy and myself will hold the pincushions. (*They begin to undress them.*)

Madge (*crying.*) We are cold enough already. Will you take away the little clothes we have left?

Clara. Don't be afraid, poor thing! Come hither. You shall see. A little this way towards the fire. You seem very cold.

Madge. Are these new fine clothes for us?

Joan. O bless me! what will mother say? She'll take us for your sisters, we shall be so fine?

Clara. And you shall be our sisters for the time to come: so never call us otherwise.

Madge. O, good young lady, we are your servants.

Clara. Let me have your arm—The other.—But how short it is! it only reaches to her knees. Well, harebrain, (*to Leo.*) this is like you! Don't you see you've handed me the little jacket?

Leo. So I have, indeed; for my part I was puzzled likewise. Madge's feet were covered, and I could not see her head. We need but change. There's Joan's.

Clara. Let's be as quick as possible; and in the mean time, Lucy, do you run and ask mamma to come up.

Lucy. I'm gone. (*She goes out*)

Clara. Ah, now all's right. Turn round.—Once more. That's well; now take each other by the hand, and walk across the room before us. (*The children do so, and survey themselves with pleasure.*)

Lu. How extremely well they're fitted! they're quite pretty; and there's only one thing wanted; a handkerchief. What else? their hair.

Leo. A comb, to untangle it, would not be amiss. I'll do that, Clara.

Lucy (*runs in jumping*) Here's mamma. (*Mrs. Greenfield and the mother of the children enter.*)

Mother. O, heavens! what's this I see? are these my children? O, my generous lady!

Mrs. G. My good friend, 'tis not to me you are indebted for this happiness. My children wished to make a trial of their skill in needle-work, and I

permitted them to do so. (*Examining the children's jackets*) Not so bad, considering 'tis the first attempt; you might almost set up for yourselves.

Mother (*to Clara and her sister.*) My charming ladies, let me thank you. God will recompense your kindness, for I cannot. (*Perceiving Lucinda at a distance*) Pardon me, my little lady; for I did not see you; otherwise I would have paid you also my acknowledgments.

Lu. (*sighing*) No, no. I had no hand in this day's business.

Mrs. G. Do not, upon that account, afflict yourself, my child. By sighing, you'll get nothing; but by steadfastly resolving, every thing. However, tell me, don't you think it useful and delightful for a young lady, like you, to accustom herself early to work of some sort or other?

Lu. Certainly I think so.

Mrs. G. Of what real pleasure, even at present, are you not deprived, by having hitherto neglected an employment, so adapted to your sex and age?

Mother. Dear little lady, learn betimes, if you would be considered provident or prudent, to love work; or it will very soon be too late. I should be very happy now, had any one but given me such a lesson in my childhood. I could now have got my bread, and been of use to those dependent on me for support, instead of being burthensome to worthy people.

Mrs. G. Truly, my good friend, it would have been much happier for you, I must own, although I should have lost the pleasure of assisting you,

But you are yet full young enough to make up for lost time, by application to some honest labour. Children, you must know, I have procured her some employment at a weaver's in the neighbourhood; and when she happens to have nothing to do there, she is to come and work here in the garden.

Lucy. I am very glad of that; for I'll go too and help her, if I am but able.

Mrs. G. With respect to Madge and Joan, I mean my house shall be their school; and you have (*to Clara and Leonora*) both deserved to be their mistresses in work and reading.

Lu. And may I be their assistant, madam?

Mrs. G. Willingly, if your mamma consents; in which case you and Lucy shall endeavour to outdo each other. (*To the woman*) My good friend, are you contented that matters should be as I have settled?

Mother. Contented? My benevolent and generous lady, I shall owe you all my happiness, and that, too, of my destitute and friendless children. Dear good angels, give God thanks for having blessed you with so careful a mother, that trains you thus betimes to diligence. You see it is the source of comfort to yourselves and to us too.

THE LAMB.

Little Flora, the daughter of a poor countryman, was seated one morning by the side of the

road, holding on her lap a porringer of milk for her breakfast, in which she sopped a few slices of coarse black bread. Just then a farmer was passing the road, who had in his cart about a score of lambs that he was going to sell at the market. These poor creatures, crowded one upon the other, with their feet tied together, and their heads hanging down, filled the air with plaintive bleatings, which pierced the heart of Flora, but were heard by the farmer with an ear of unconcern.

When he was come up opposite to the little country girl, he threw down before her a lamb, which he was carrying across his shoulder.—"There, my girl, said he, is a good-for-nothing beast, that has just died, and made me five shillings the poorer. Take it, if you will, and make a stew of it."

Flora quitted her breakfast, laid down her porringer and her bread, and taking up the lamb, began to examine it with looks of compassion. "But," said she immediately, "why should I pity you? To-day or to-morrow, they would have run a great knife through your throat, while now you have nothing more to fear."

While she was speaking thus, the lamb, revived by the warmth of her arms, opened its eyes a little, made a slight motion, and cried *baa* faintly, as if it was calling its mother. It would be difficult to express the little girl's joy. She covered the lamb with her apron, and over that with her petticoat, bent her breast down to warm it still more, and blowed with all her force into its nostrils and

mouth. She felt the poor animal stir by degrees, and at each of its motions, she felt her own heart throb. Encouraged by this first success, she crumbled some soft bread into her porringer, and taking it up in her fingers, with some difficulty forced it between its teeth, which were shut fast. The lamb, which was dying only through hunger, felt itself a little strengthened by this nourishment. It began now to stretch its limbs, to shake its head, to wag its tail, and to prick up its ears. It had soon strength to support itself upon its legs, and then went of its own accord to Flora's porringer, who smiled to see it drink up her breakfast. In short, before a quarter of an hour was past, it had already played a thousand little gambols.

Flora, transported with joy, took it up in her arms, and, running to the cottage, showed it to her mother. Baba (so she named it) became from that moment the sole object of her care. She shared with it the little bread which was given her for her meals, and would not have exchanged it singly for the largest flock in the neighbourhood. Baba was so gratefully sensible of her fondness, that she never quitted Flora for a single step: she would come to eat out of her hand, would frisk round her, and whenever she was obliged to go out without her, would bleat most pitifully.

This was not the only recompence with which Providence repaid Flora's humanity. Baba brought forth young lambs, and these, others, in their turn: so that in a few years after, Flora had a pretty

flock that nourished her family with good food, and furnished them with comfortable clothing from their wool.

THE BUTTERFLY.

Butterfly, pretty butterfly! come and rest on the flower that I hold in my hand!

Where go you, little simpleton? See you not that hungry bird that watches you? His beak is sharpened, and already open to receive you. Come, come then, hither; he will be afraid of me, and he will not then dare approach you.

Butterfly, pretty butterfly! come and rest on the flower that I hold in my hand!

I will not pull off your wings, nor torment you: no, no, no; you are little and helpless, like myself. I only wish to look at you nearer. I want to see your little head, and to examine your long body, and your spread wings, mottled and speckled with a thousand different colours.

Butterfly, pretty butterfly! come and rest on the flower that I hold in my hand!

I will not keep you long; I know you have not long to live. When the summer is over, you will be here no more; but I shall only then be six years old.

Butterfly, pretty butterfly! come and rest on the flower that I hold in my hand! you have not a moment to lose from enjoying this short life, but you may feed and regale yourself all the time that I look at you.

VETERAN DISMISSED WITH HONOUR.

Bertram alone, sitting for a little while profoundly thoughtful on the trunk of a tree, then getting up and walking. "Why should he desire to set papa a singing?"

THE VETERAN DISMISSED WITH HONOUR.

A DRAMA IN ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

LORD CORNWALLIS.
OFFICER, *attending him.*
CAPTAIN HARLOW.
MRS. HARLOW.
BERTRAM,
CECILIA,
HELEN, *their Children.*

The SCENE *is at the entrance of a grove, before the house of Captain Harlow, somewhat distant from the road.*

SCENE I. *Bertram and Cecilia.*

Cecilia is discovered sitting on a fallen tree, picking strawberries. Bertram brings her others, and both hats that hold the strawberries are neatly lined with leaves.

Ber. LOOK, sister, we shall quickly have enough.

Cec. I don't know, Bertram, how I shall dispose of mine; my hat is too full already.

Ber. It can't be long before Helen brings the bushel! and indeed she might have gone into the house, found one, and returned in much less time

than this. However, in the interval, Cecilia, put them in your apron.

Cec. Yes, yes; that would make a fine business indeed. To spot it all from top to bottom! What do you suppose mother would say? and therefore I have thought of something else. Your hat is biggest; so I'll add my strawberries to your's, and you shall gather more, while I am picking these.

Ber. Well said, indeed; and in the interim, Helen cannot fail to come, and then we shall have enough.

Cec. When they are all together, we shall see.

Ber. What's over when the baskets are filled, we'll take ourselves.

Cec. I think we shall not have much appetite to taste them afterwards. Ah, brother! 'tis the last time we shall eat with our father this year, and who can tell that we shall ever see him more!

Ber. O don't be dejected, sister. In a battle it is not every one that's killed.

Cec. O frightful war! if men were not so wicked, but would love each other, as we do——

Ber. Mighty fine, indeed! And don't we quarrel every day for trifles? We each think we're in the right; and frequently it would puzzle one to find out which is. 'Tis just the same among grown men.

Cec. They ought at least, then, to be friends again as soon as we are. Our worst quarrels never come to bloodshed.

Ber. No; because our parents settle them: but men, Cecilia, are not children; and won't let them-

selves be governed, if they have fire arms. However, should we suffer any one to do us wrong without resisting?

Cec. You are always talking like a soldier!

Ber. A good reason why, because I am to be one. Look ye, sister; notwithstanding any thing you say against it, war is a very charming thing. Without it how do you imagine we should live? for would the little our father has, be sufficient to support us? But don't weep. You grieve me.

Cec. Let me weep, dear brother, while we are alone. I would much rather do so here, than in the presence of father, it would afflict him.

Ber. Come, come; dry your eyes, and set to work for some amusement. I'll go fill your hat.

Cec. Go that way; for we have left none hereabouts. (*Bertram goes out*) I would I were but learned enough, that I might pray to God, for he would hear me. Or at least, if I were big enough, I would, in that case, go to court, and fall before the king; and he, I'm sure, would grant me my father's dismission, when I begged and prayed him to oblige me. He has served his country long enough, I think. (*She sets about picking strawberries.*)

Enter Lord Cornwallis, and the Officer.

Lord C. (*whispering the officer*) Yonder is the house we were directed to, where Captain Harlow lives. But what charming little girl is that? I'll stop and have some conversation with her, please not address me by my name. (*To Cecilia, tapping*

her upon the shoulder) Why you are very hard at work, I see, my pretty child.

Cec. O, sir, you've frightened me.

Lord C. I ask your pardon then, my dear. I did not mean to do so. And for whom are you preparing all those strawberries? They cannot but be very good, I fancy, being picked by such a plump and snowy hand.

Cec. (*holding out the hat*) I beg, then, you will take some, sir. Don't be afraid; for they are very clean. I only wish I had a better plate to put them in. (*Lord C. takes two or three, as well as his attendant.*)

Lord C. I never tasted better: do you sell them, my dear?

Cec. No, sir; though you were to give me — I can't tell how much.

Lord C. You are in the right; they are above all value, being gathered by so sweet a little hand.

Cec. Fie! how you talk, sir! but 'tis not for that: they should be at your service, were they not intended for my dear papa (*wiping her eyes*). We have not gathered any for him yet, this season; and perhaps these will be the last he is to eat.

Lord C. What, my dear, he's ill then? and you think he'll not live?

Officer. It is to be hoped, his illness is not yet desperate, since he thinks of eating strawberries.

Cec. No, not that. 'Tis true, indeed, he has been troubled with the rheumatism all last winter, to a very great degree; and is not yet quite cured. But cured or not, he must set out to-morrow.

Lord C. And why, pray? is his departure so needful?

Cec. O, because his regiment then goes through the village; and he must join it on the march.

Lord C. His regiment?

Cec. Yes, my Lord Cornwallis's, that's going to America.

Lord C. (*aside to the officer*) This must be one of Captain Harlow's children.

Cec. (*having heard him*) Yes, that's my father. And do you know him?

Lord C. Know him? Why this gentleman and I are his comrades.

Cec. What! and is the regiment then so near?—Will it go through the town to-day?

Lord C. No, no; not till to-morrow. We are come, my dear before it; and—and (*aside to the officer*) What excuse can I invent to serve my purpose?—And a wheel belonging to our carriage being broken hard by, we thought to get a little shade here while it was mending. And now every thing, I fancy, must be set to rights. This path, I take it, leads directly to the road again?

Cec. No, sir; it takes you to the village.

Lord C. And the village, I suppose, belongs to your father?

Cec. Belongs to him? I wish he were so rich: no, he has nothing but a little cottage, with a garden, this small grove, and yonder meadow. When he's not from home, he passes all his time here with us.

Lord C. He was ill then, in the winter?

Cec. Yes, indeed, sir, to our sorrow; and he

could not move a limb. Besides, a wound which he received many years ago, below the temple, has broken out afresh. And now that he is almost well he must go again to meet with new misfortunes.

Lord C. Why, in such a situation, does he not sell out? He might procure sufficient attestations from the surgeon.

Cec. O, mother did that in private for him; but her letters never yet were answered. Certainly the king refuses to believe her; or perhaps, *that* Lord Cornwallis who commands the regiment is so cruel———

Lord C. Truly, I believe Lord Cornwallis would not like to lose so good an officer as your father, by whose instructions myself and all the younger officers may learn so much.

Cec. And yet, you don't appear so very young; but are your father and mother still living?

Lord C. (*a little disconcerted*) Do you doubt it?

Cec. O I warrant you, they cried at parting with you. How could they consent to lose you? I remember how much grief it caused mother and us, when first my eldest brother went abroad to study; and that's nothing in comparison with war.

Lord C. I can't tell that; I have left them, after many separations: in which case 'tis nothing to leave one another. And besides, when first I went to camp, my father went with me.

Cec. Did he? O, those fathers, that are soldiers themselves, are a little hard, I can tell you, but yet that's not the case with my father. He's very indulgent! Why, a child is scarce so gentle! 'Tis

on the point of honour only he can never be persuaded; so that after all, I fancy he is to blame, and no one else, for still remaining in the service.

Lord C. Aye, indeed! how is that?

Cec. Because he never asked for dismission. He is ever saying, people would imagine him a coward, should he quit the service during war. He only wishes he may always have strength enough to sit on horseback; and then says he'll part with every drop of blood he has, to serve his country. Well, he will be satisfied some time or other; but then we poor children shall be without a father.

Lord C. Recollect, your father has been hitherto preserved from danger; and why should he not still continue as safe? It is not every musket that hits.

Cec. But those that do, commonly kill their man; and in the number, may there not be one that will reach papa?

Lord C. That's true indeed: but what sweet little lady is this?

Cec. My sister Helen.

Enter Helen.

So, Helen, you are come at last, I see: and where have you been staying?

Helen. Why, mother would make me help her do up father's portmanteau.

Cec. Where's the basket? let me have it, sister.

Helen. Have you gathered strawberries enough to fill it?

Cec. You shall see. (*emptying the hat*) Your pardon, gentlemen.

Lord C. O, don't mind us. (*Whispering the officer.*) What lovely children!

Helen. (*whisperingCecilia*) Who may these be?

Cec. (*whispering Helen.*) Officers in Lord Cornwallis's regiment.

Helen. Do they come for papa?

Cec. No, no: they are before the regiment, which will not go through the town till to-morrow, as papa expected.

Helen. Ah, I wish all the officers, together with the regiment, at Jericho.

Cec. Speak lower, Helen. If the gentlemen should hear you——

Helen. Let them hear me,if they like it. What! they come to take away papa, and shall not we have leave to make complaint?

Lord C. (*whispering the officer*) Methinks we are not looked upon too favourably here.

Officer. Why then, my lord, don't you disclose yourself, and mention the good news you bring their father?

Lord C. No. Their openness delights me; as well as the affection they evince in favour of their parents.

Cec. (*to Helen*) Poor Bertram's hard at work, while we are chattering here, without once thinking of him. I'll be gone, and help him. Helen, stay you here, and take care how you speak before these gentlemen.

Helen. Go, go; I know what's proper.

Cec. Here's my sister Helen: I present her to you, gentlemen.

Helen (*with a little forwardness*). Your servant, gentlemen.

Lord C. She has a countenance as resolute as yours is timid.

Cec. She'll stay here to entertain you, gentlemen; for I must run and help my brother to gather strawberries; so that all of us may go back sooner to father. Will you permit me to inform him of your visit?—He'll be very happy to receive you.

Helen. No; he won't be very happy to receive you, nor yet any one among us; we should be quite happy were we left alone for the present.

Cec. I hope your kindness will excuse this little madcap.

Helen. O yes, to be sure! Excuse me? Why these gentlemen are sensible that little girls, when strangers are at table, must not speak a word; and I have twenty thousand things to tell papa at parting; which will otherwise go near to break my heart.

Lord C. Dear children, don't fear any thing: you shall not be disturbed by us in your delightful conversation. (*Cecilia makes a grateful curtesy and withdraws.*)

Helen. But pray tell me, gentlemen, what reason has the king for taking away a good father from us poor children? Does he think we don't want one to bring us up?

Lord C. No, no; but then do you think he don't want good soldiers to go out and fight?

Helen. And what necessity for fighting? Or sup-

pose there should be any, surely our papa, when he would stay at home to give his children a good education, is not useless to his country.

Lord C. No, indeed; especially, my pretty little Helen, if his other little ones improve as much as you do.

Helen. I believe you jest. I know I am thought a little forward in the family; and I have heard it said, that if I had but a cockade, I could not fail to make a tolerable soldier.

Lord C. Ha, ha, ha! A little Amazon! You would become a perfect hero!

Helen. I can tell you, if I only had a sword, I would not be laughed at.

Lord C. Nay, if that all, here's mine. I'll arm you with it.

Helen. Do. I should be very glad.

Lord C. (*presenting the sword and stooping to kiss her*) This is the first ceremony.

Helen (*keeping him off.*) Softly! softly! I beseech you, sir.

Lord C. (*attempting it again*) O, you are a charming child!

Helen (*running from him.*) Brother! sister!

Lord C. Mighty well, miss soldier; you're afraid of me, I see then.

Helen. I afraid of you! O no. But don't, however, come too near, or I shall run and fetch papa. Papa's an officer as well as you are; and won't suffer any one to hurt his little Helen.

Lord C. Heaven forbid I should design to hurt you: it was only pleasantry.

Enter Bertram.

Ber. (*coming boldly forward*) You cried out just now, Helen! I am come to your assistance.

Lord C. Against us, my little friend?

Ber. Aye, any one who hurts my sister.

Helen. Thank you, brother; but I did not mean to cry out quite so loud, and have no need of your assistance; for, you see, there's one I have disarmed. However, sir, (*returning Lord C. his sword*) this once I grant you quarter. But don't come too near in future. I believe you understand me?

Lord C. Why, I declare, you are an extraordinary little creature!

Cec. I am charmed to hear you talk so; but, gentlemen, we have gathered strawberries enough to share some with you. (*Presenting them the bushel*) Take a few, let me request you.

Lord C. No, indeed; we don't intend to touch them; they've a destination too respectable, for us to think of making free with any.

Cec. Those you take, will all be from our share; and no harm done, should we go without. You are in papa's own regiment; and 'tis fitting we should treat you with as much respect as we are able.

Helen. (*taking a nosegay out of her bosom, and presenting it to Lord C.*) Ah! on that account, I'll beg you to accept this nosegay I had gathered for myself. Papa and mamma have each had one, or I could not have given you this: but it belongs to me, sir, and I give it you.

Lord C. And I, my dear, accept it with the greatest pleasure.

Helen. It is somewhat faded by the sun; but if you will stay a little, I'll gather you some jessamine, violets, and jonquils, in my garden.

Cec. Helen, you remember, I believe, the rose-bush before my window: you may gather all the roses that are blown upon it.

Helen. Well, sir, shall I?

Lord C. I thank you for your kindness, my dear child! but no, the pleasure of conversing with you entertains me more than all the roses in the universe.

Helen. I have a notion strikes me. Possibly, you know what method an officer should take to quit the service honourably. Could you not afford us some good counsel to procure papa's dismission?

Cec. If you could, we should be very glad to give you every thing we have.

Ber. (*who has hitherto amused himself by playing with the hilt of Lord C's. sword, and looking at his uniform*) O yes, if you could only tell us how to keep papa at home, my drum, spontoon, cartouch-box, and accoutrements, should all be your's.

Helen (*looking down with a smile.*) And I will give you freely, what you sought just now to take by force.

Lord C. So many charming things at once! Believe me, if I did but know———

Cec. (*sorrowful*) You did but know! So then we only make things worse, and grieve you that you cannot be of service to us.

Helen. O, I don't give up so soon. Lord

Cornwallis, colonel of the regiment, will very soon pass this way. We three will go and throw ourselves before him, hang upon his clothes, and not let go till he has granted our desire.

Cec. Yes, sister, he shall see our tears; and we will tell him how extremely ill papa has been all winter; how sick he is at present; and how much we should lament his going from us. Do you think, he would be so cruel as to send us from him, and not grant our request?

Lord C. I cannot think that of him, my good friends; but if he is not already thus far come on his way, there's room to fear he will delay setting out from London longer; and you know, in that case, you would lose your pains, as your papa must march to-morrow. Happily, however, there is a gentleman, his particular friend, who can do every thing, as if he were my lord himself; and he is at present with the regiment, serving as a volunteer.

Ber. A volunteer?

Lord C. Yes; so they call it! one whose wish is to acquire a knowledge of the art of war, assisted by my lord's instruction. I can answer for it, he will grant whatever your papa may wish.

Cec. And is he your friend?

Lord C. Yes, truly.

Cec. Then, for heaven's sake, sir, speak to him in papa's behalf, that he may not be parted from his family, who live by his means; and if he must leave England, do soften, if you can, his service; and at any time should he be sick or wounded——

Helen. Wounded! Don't wait, sir, till he is wounded; but in case a sabre should be raised against him, run in and save him from the blow.

Lord C. (*aside*) How difficult I find it to keep still concealed! — No, generous little girls, fear nothing: I'll be answerable for his safety with my life.

Cec. We may rely upon you, then? How much you charm us, sir! Yet do not forget to speak of him to the volunteer, you just now mentioned. I could talk further to you on this subject; but your heart will tell you everything I've left unsaid; and our papa, whom we shall lose to-morrow, must be waiting for us.

Lord C. Go, dear children; but first take some trifle from me, as a recompense for that agreeable half hour I've spent in conversation with you. Here, my sweet Cecilia, take this ring, it is a little too big, but may soon be fitted to your finger.

Cec. (*refusing the ring*) No, no, sir, mamma, perhaps, would be displeased; and so, too, would papa, whose least reproach I would not for the world deserve, particularly as to-morrow he must leave us.

Lord C. You must absolutely take it. Should he be displeased, I'll undertake to reconcile him, when he joins the regiment, if I cannot by my speaking to the volunteer, prevent his leaving England.

Cec. (*taking it*) Well, then, he shall bring it you, in that case; and if otherwise, I shall be very happy to remember you as often as I look upon it.

Helen. Come, come, sister: 'tis high time we be gone.

Lord C. And you, my lovely Helen, I suppose, would not be sorry to remember me: See, here's a copper etui gilt; and at the top, a composition stone; they call it a false diamond.

Helen (*looking at it.*) Yes, I understand you: but there's nothing false about it, but your words. 'Tis gold, I'm certain, and a real diamond. I won't have it. You have been plundering for it. My papa's a captain, sir, as well as you; but cannot make such presents, for he never went a plundering in his life.

Lord. C. Take, take it: there's no plundering in the case: It would be useless to me in the field, and therefore, if you will not have it as a present, keep it for me, till such time as I return.

Helen. O, that I will, with all my heart.

Lord C. And now, perhaps, you have a kiss to give me for security.

Helen. No, no; I've told you the conditions.

Lord C. Well; then, I'll do all I'm able to obtain them.

Helen. And I'll keep the—*you know what*, sir, till that time. Come, brother.

Ber. Go first: I'll follow you immediately. I've something I would say in private to the gentleman.

Lord C. I'll speak this moment with you.

(*The officer, who some little time before had withdrawn, returns, and gives Lord C. a pocket-book: they whisper.*)

Helen (*whispering Bertram.*) What! and should *you* like a present too?

Cec. (*in a whisper likewise*) Fie, fie, brother! I should never have suspected you of so much meanness.

Ber. And fie *you*, sisters, that can entertain so mean a notion of your brother! I have something very different, and much more important, I should like to ask about.

Helen. Well now, if I were in a merry mood, I could not but laugh, at the gravity with which you speak of your important something.

Ber. Aye, and were you not my sister, I would make you squeak, Miss Saucebox, for suspecting me.

Helen (*going out with Cecilia*) Well, manage your important something properly.

SCENE II.

Lord Cornwallis, Officer, and Bertram.

Lord C. I am glad, dear Bertram, you desire to stay. We were not quite acquainted: but at present, and particularly as my friend here tells me they have not yet repaired my chaise, we shall have some more minutes to talk with each other.

Ber. So we shall: but don't imagine I remain here to get something from you.

Lord C. How?

Ber. Because you gave my sisters each a present, you might fancy I want one: but I protest, sir, I shall not take any thing.

Lord C. Unluckily for me, I have nothing I can offer you.

Ber. Unluckily? I'm glad you have not; for now, neither can be tempted.

Lord C. (*aside to the officer*) I am charmed with his disinterestedness, and never saw a handsomer figure!

Ber. I have but one question, sir, to ask you.

Lord C. And what's that, my friend?

Ber. You told my sister, a gentleman was with the army as a volunteer? Pray what's a volunteer?

Lord C. A volunteer's a soldier that may fight or not, just as he chooses.

Ber. O, if I were to turn soldier, it should be to fight; and I would gladly be a volunteer on that condition.

Lord C. But a volunteer must have a deal of money: have you any?

Ber. No; but then the king has. And pray is not he obliged to keep his soldiers?

Lord C. No; for as a volunteer is not obliged to fight, it is but just he should subsist himself.

Ber. I am sorry to hear this; but if I wanted only bread and water, or should beg the regiment to receive me, sir, instead of my papa;—what then?

Lord C. Poor child! and what sort of a figure would you cut before a company? You ought to have experience and authority.

Ber. If I have not enough of either to command, I must have surely to obey. Let me be anything, provided I may serve.

Lord C. Would you be capable of following in the march?

Ber. I'll go as far as I am able; and when tired, let me be lifted up among the baggage; or I'll ride upon a cannon. Are you fearful I should lag behind?

Lord C. But if you were to serve instead of your father, you remember you must part with him, as much as if he went himself.

Ber. And don't you think I should rejoice to be the means of keeping him at home here, with mamma and sisters? You would lose but little by such a change. Unhappily, my dear father will not be able to serve long; and I shall very soon be what he was. I love a soldier's business from my heart. I know a great many marches, and can play them on my fife. Look, here's a book of songs: 'tis called the *Grenadier's Delight.* I'll give it you. I know the whole by heart.

Lord C. (*aside to the officer*) I have a thought. (*to Bertram*) I would not wish a better present: and in return, I'll give you, not indeed a *book* of songs, my little Bertram, but a single song.

Ber. A song, indeed, I may accept of.

Lord C. (*feeling in his pocket*) Stop, in the first place, here's one that you will give your father.

Ber. O, he never sings now, sir; and likes no music but the cannon's.

Lord C. That don't signify. I'm sure you'll both be pleased with this, even if you do but read it. And here's one for you. (*taking a paper out of his pocket-book.*)

Ber. (*jumping for joy*) O, thank you! Let me see if I know it.

Lord C. No, no, Bertram: you shall read them after we have left you. (*He puts the two papers together, and thrusts them into Bertram's pocket*) Let me put them in your pocket: and take care you don't lose either. Now farewell, my little friend, and since you love a soldier's life, I'll have you for my comrade.

Ber. (*jumping into his arms*) Yes, I will be so, I'll always love you; and the first engagement I am in, I'll all the while be at your side.

Officer. We will go, and let the regiment know you're coming.

Ber. Do: and pray, sir, give me a good word.

Lord C. (*retiring with the officer*) I feel how much the father's heart must bleed to quit such lovely children: and rejoice, on that account, to be the bearer of such welcome tidings as the paper, in Bertram's pocket, will inform him of. Let us withdraw, to some corner, where we may, unseen, remark him. (*They shelter among the trees.*)

Bertram. (*alone, sitting for a while profoundly thoughtful on the trunk of a tree: then getting up, and walking to and fro*) Why should he desire to set papa a singing? (*Taking the papers out*) Ha! this paper's sealed!—There's something funny in it, I suppose. So, let me see my own. Is this a song? It does not look like one. The words go one after another, all along the line. (*Reading*) "I promise to pay to Mr. Abraham Newland, or bearer, on demand, the sum of fifty pounds." I

don't know any tune that will suit these words. (*Reading again*) "London, December 1, 1787, for the Governor and Company of the Bank of England, Philemon Stacy." He meant to make a fool of me, I fancy, in calling this a song. 'Tis all about money!—Mr. Captain! Mr. Captain! (*Running out.*)

SCENE III.

Bertram, Captain Harlow (*pale and feeble*), *Mrs. Harlow, Helen, and Cecilia.*

Capt. H. Where, where is he? (*Perceiving Bertram*) Bertram, where's my lord?

Ber. (*looking about him*) My lord! I have not seen the least bit of a lord, not I.

Helen. That handsome gentleman we talked with.

Cec. He who gave me this fine ring. Papa says no one but a lord could make so rich a present.

Ber. (*vexed*) Blockhead as I've shown myself, in not discovering who he was!

Cec. O! what a fine, fine gentleman!

Helen. So good and so familiar! O, my sweet etui! I'll keep you all my life-time now.

Capt. H. How long has he been gone?

Ber. This moment I was running after him.

Capt. H. To-morrow, fortunately, I shall join his lordship; for it must be Lord Cornwallis; it is his cypher that's engraved on the etui; and I can tell him then, how much my children are obliged to his benevolence. I am, however, sorry I had not an opportunity of asking him to lodge one night

with us. Should you not have been rejoiced to entertain him, children?

Ber. O yes, yes, papa. He called me comrade, when he took his leave.

Helen. For my part, though I like him, yet I'm glad he's gone; for had he staid, we should not have been able then to talk as if we loved you.

Capt. H. Helen's in the right. I should not have been free to mix my tears with your's, dear children, in his presence.

Mrs. H. And on that account I wish we might have had his company. The violence you must have done your sorrows, would, in that case, have enabled me to keep down mine: and since to-morrow we must lose you——

Cec. O don't speak of that, mamma.

Capt. H. Dear children, possibly I shall not leave you long. Peace cannot be far off: it is the wish of every one in England; and no sooner shall that wish be gratified, but I will instantly come back, and never part with you again.

Mrs. H. But yet, till things are settled, you must unavoidably be from us; and what comfort shall we have, as long as you are absent?

Cec. With what pleasure would I give him back his ring, if he would leave you with us!

Helen. And I his etui likewise!

Ber. And I too his new-fashioned song. See, see, papa, what he has put into my hand here. Was there ever such a song before?

Capt. H. Let's see. (*Having read a little*) What

bounty is in this nobleman! and what a charming way too he has of obliging! He has given you, here, an order for receiving a whole pocket full of gold!

Ber. What, has he tricked me? When you see him give him back his money. I won't have it. But there's something else; he has given me likewise a song for you.

Capt. H. A song for me, my little fellow? You are dreaming!

Ber. (*drawing the sealed paper out of his pocket*) No, no: here it is.

The children (*smiling and approaching their father with looks of curiosity.*) A song! a song!

Capt. H. Good heavens! What's this? The king's coat-of-arms! (*He opens the packet with a trembling hand, and looking at the signature, cries out*) and signet! (*Then casting his eyes over the three or four first lines, breaks forth again*) Is it possible!—Dear wife, and little ones, rejoice! rejoice!

Mrs. H. If you stay with us.

Capt. H. Let me read the letter out. (*They all come round him, and stand silent while he reads.*) O, unexpected joy! (*Continues reading*) No, no! it must be all a dream, in which my pleased imagination forms the most brilliant chimeras!—And yet, stay; for I'm awake, and every thing is real, though I never could have hoped for so much happiness.

Mrs. H. I'm dying with impatience to know every thing.

Cec. Well, well; what is it, dear papa?

Helen. What pain you keep us all in!

Ber. Let me see your song?

Capt. H. (*embracing his wife and children*) I am to stay with you, my life!—We are not to be separated, my dear children! (*Giving Mrs. H. the letter*) Yes, yes; read yourself.

Mrs. H. I tremble every limb, and cannot.

The children (*in a transport of joy*) Our papa stays with us! our papa stays with us!

Capt. H. Yes, yes, children, I shall not go to America, or leave you, and yet continue in the service in a way so honourable!

Mrs. H And how? how, my life?

Capt. H. The king, informed (but how I know not) of my illness, and commiserating the condition I am in, permits my staying here in England; but, to recompense my services, (and these are his own words,) confers upon me the command of Upnor Castle, with the rank of colonel.

Mrs. H. What, my dear?

Cec. Joy! joy!

Helen. So then, papa, there is not a greater man in all the army!

Ber. And you're colonel? are you?

Capt. H. Yes; and for the first time in my life entirely happy. But, my dear, (*to Mrs. H.*) shall I be pardoned, when I tell you, such an honour is not on account of any step I took to get it!—It has come, I can't tell how.

Mrs. H. Yes, yes; I know that very well. I did what I could, though what I did was never meant for such an honour, joined to so much happi-

ness. They must be both, however, placed to the account of my solicitation.

Helen. Ah! the naughty man, say I; but that mamma took greater care of us than he did.

Cec. So, papa, then you deceived us?

Capt. H. Yes, my little dear: but still what could I have done? I've only this excuse to offer, that false modesty restrained me from requesting my dismission, although I should have thought I could not be of any real service to my country. I was not, however, then quite sensible of my condition, but now I feel it: yes, I feel within me, that my constitution is no longer fit for the fatigue of arms.

Mrs. H. And this false modesty would have been death to me, and left these children without a father, but that Providence has ordered your affairs much better. Every thing, however, now, is pardoned. All I wish is, we had here the generous nobleman, who brought us this glad news, that we might thank him for the kindness he has shown our little ones, and also for his message, which, if the truth were known, I dare engage he has in some degree been instrumental in procuring; for what likelihood that I, an unknown woman, of myself should have so far succeeded beyond every thing I even wished?

Capt. H. At least, if we had but enjoyed the opportunity of granting him the hospitality of one night's lodging with us.

Ber. We'll run different ways and overtake him, if we can.

Capt. H. Go, go. It grieves me I cannot follow you.

Helen. If we can meet with him, and he will but accompany us back, he shall have, instead of *one*, three kisses.

SCENE IV.

Bertram, Captain Harlow, Mrs. Harlow, Cecilia, Helen, Lord Cornwallis, and the officer.

Lord C. (*running from his hiding place, and laying hold of Helen.*) Shall I ?—'Tis a match, my little maid. (*He kisses her three times.*)

Cec. and Ber. My lord! my lord!

Helen (*a little out of countenance*) You've almost scared me with your kisses!

Capt. H. O my worthy general! what words will show you half my gratitude?

Mrs. H. How can my children and myself express our obligations? To whom we are indebted for such a blessing, we at present know not; but your lordship is the bearer of a paper, that restores a husband to me, and a father to my children.

Lord C. For this blessing, you and they are debtors to the king. I have done nothing more than solicit his bounty, wishing I might prove the channel thro' which it should flow. Hearing accidentally, dear madam, of your application, I determined to support it with my little interest, and if possible, procure more than was solicited. You owe this interference to my knowledge of the captain's merit, as I was convinced how much he had instructed his inferior

officers, and been of benefit to those above him. Upon this account I did not think it reasonable he should still be forced among us, when his infirmity made service painful to him. And still more, to show how heartily I prosecuted this affair, with pleasure I took advantage of our march so near his habitation, to bring down the news myself of his success, and gladden the bosom of his wife and children with it. This, believe me, is a joy I never shall forget. (*He holds out his hand to Capt. Harlow, who clasps it with transport.*)

Capt. H. And is it possible I should have met with such a generous friend, who, of his own accord, has seconded an application which the affection of a valuable wife was making for me, without my knowledge! No one with less than your benevolence, my lord, could have so heartily endeavoured to promote the happiness of an afflicted family.

Mrs. H. Then, likewise, you have made such princely presents to my children!

Cec. I am now ashamed that I took this ring. I did not think it was of so much value.

Lord C. I must own it is very pretty, but much more so on your charming hand. It is indeed so altered, I no longer know it.

Helen. Neither would you, I suppose, sir, your etui; and therefore I'll not speak a word about it.

Ber. As for me, I give you back your song. It is not what you meant to let me have.

Lord C. Then be it a mistake; and since I have already made it, pardon me; to which I hope your good father will add another favour; that his Bertram

may be made an ensign. I'll give order for it, if he chooses I should.

Capt. H. If I choose, my lord! You are the guardian-angel sent to succour us!

Ber. But is it in your regiment?

Lord C. Yes, my little friend.

Ber. O how rejoiced I am! I'll go this moment with you, and the name of my father shall not quickly be forgotten in the army.

Capt. H. You have conferred many favours on me! Would you not favour me with one more, I am about to ask?

Lord C. I apprehend your meaning, and so far from not consenting, beg you to bestow it, namely, a bed in your house for one night for my companion and myself. (*Captain and Mrs. Harlow bow respectfully*) Provided Helen pleases!

Helen. O, since father is to remain among us, stay as long as you think proper.

Cec. I may hope, my lord, that now you will consent to eat a few more strawberries?

Helen. You will make them so much the sweeter to us, as I thought your arrival would have made them bitter.

Ber. Yes, my lord, come in, and honour my father by eating with us; and, in future, I will do whatever I am able, to deserve a second honour like it—in your lordship's tent.

TWO HEADS BETTER THAN ONE.

Archibald had often been told by his father that children know very little what is fit for them, and that they can never grow wise but by following the counsel of those who are older than themselves. But this was a lesson which he was unwilling to understand, or else which he did not remember.

A division had been made of a little square piece of ground in the garden, between his brother Percival and himself, and each had his own half at his entire disposal, with full permission to sow or to plant in it whatever he pleased.

Percival immediately recollected his father's instructions. He went, therefore, to the gardener, and said to him: Robert, be so good as to tell me what I can plant in my little garden, and how I must manage to make things grow in it.

Robert gave him some roots, and picked out some of his best seeds. Percival flew to put them in the earth: and Robert had the good-nature to overlook and to direct his proceedings.

Archibald only shrugged his shoulders at the compliance of his brother. Should you like, said the gardener, that I should do something also for you?

O to be sure, cried Archibald, I have great need of your advice!

He then went himself and gathered some of the

flowers, and planted them by the stalk in the ground; while Robert left him wholly to himself.

The next morning Archibald went to visit his flowers, and saw them all drooping, withered, faded, and bending down to the earth. He instantly, however, planted more, but he saw, the next day, that they had shared the same fate.

He soon grew weary of this work. It was paying rather too dear for the pleasure of having flowers in his garden. He ceased, therefore, to take any further trouble with it, and the ground was quickly covered with thistles and weeds.

About the latter end of the next spring, he perceived upon his brother's ground something red, that seemed budding in the midst of thick clusters of green. He went to examine it, and found the finest strawberries, beautiful in their colour, and delicious in their taste. O dear! cried he, if I had but planted some of these in my garden!

Not long after, he observed some little round things, of a deep vermilion, hanging in bunches between the leaves of a thick bush. He instantly went up to them. They were currants, so fine, ripe, and inviting, that only to look at them might create an appetite. Ah! cried he again, if I had but planted some of these, too, in my garden!

You may eat of them, as if they were entirely your's, said his brother.

It was all in your own power, said the gardener, to have had some equally good. So pray take care for the future not to despise the advice of people who have had more experience than yourself.

THE BIRD'S NEST.

MOTHER, mother! cried little Sam one evening, as quite out of breath he ran up to her, only look at what's in my hat!

Mrs. B. Ha, a little bird! and where did you get it?

Sam. I found a nest this morning in the garden-hedge: so I waited till it was night; and then I slid softly to the bush, and before ever the bird was aware, pop! I caught it by the wings.

Mrs. B. And was it alone in its nest?

Sam. No, mother, all its children were there too. But they are so little, they have no feathers on yet: so I am not afraid of their escaping.

Mrs. B. And what would you do with this bird?

Sam. I shall put it in a cage and hook the cage up in my room.

Mrs. B. And all the poor little ones?

Sam. O, I shall take them too, and feed them myself. I'll go and run for them now directly.

Mrs. B. I am sorry to tell you, you won't have time.

Sam. O, it is not far off. You know where the great cherry tree is? Well, it's just opposite to that. I looked well at the place.

Mrs. B. But that is not the thing; I am afraid you will be seized yourself first. The soldiers are, perhaps, at the door already.

Sam. The soldiers, mamma! to take me!

Mrs. B. Yes, you. The king has just had your

father arrested; and the guard who forced him away, said he should return to take you and your sister, and carry you also to prison.

Sam. O dear, O dear!—what will they do with us?

Mrs. B. You will be confined in a small apartment, and never be allowed to go out of it.

Sam. O, what a wicked king!

Mrs. B. He will have no harm done to you. You will have food and drink every day. You will only be deprived of your liberty, and of the pleasure of ever seeing me again. (*Sam begins to cry*) Why, my love, why what's the matter with you? Is it so great a misfortune to be shut up in a room, when you will have all the necessaries of life. (*Sam sobs too violently to speak*) The king does but behave to your father, your sister, and yourself, as you have behaved to this bird and its little ones. You cannot, therefore, call him wicked, without calling yourself so at the same time.

Sam. (*still crying*) O!—I'll let the bird fly away!——(*He releases the bird, which flies off.*)

Mrs. B. (*folding him in her arms.*) Take courage, my child; I have said this merely to try you. Your father is not in prison, and neither your sister nor yourself are going to be confined. I only wanted to make you understand how ill you were acting, in desiring to imprison the poor little animal. Just as you were terrified yourself when I told you that you were to be seized, this bird was terrified when you robbed it of its liberty. You little considered how the husband would have pined

for his wife, how the children would have cried for their mother, and how afflicted they must all have been by such a separation. I am sure this did not once enter your mind, or, certainly, you would never have taken the bird. Is it not true, my dear?

Sam. Yes, mamma, for I had never thought about all that!

Mrs. B. Well, think of it then in future; and forget not that these innocent little animals were created to enjoy their liberty, and that it is highly cruel to fill a life, so short as theirs, with bitterness and sorrow. But, to remember it better, you should get by heart your good friend's verses upon this subject.

Sam. What! mamma, the verses by the Children's Friend! O, read them to me, dear mother!

Mrs. B. I will; here they are:

Yes, little nest, I'll hold you fast,
And little birds, one, two, three, four;
I've watch'd you long; you're mine at last:
Poor things! you can escape no more.

Chirp, cry, and flutter as you will,
Poor simple ones, 'tis all in vain;
Your little wings are unfledg'd still:
How can you freedom then obtain?

What note of sorrow strikes my ear?
Is it their mother thus distrest?
O yes—and see, their father dear
Flies round and round, to seek their nest.

And is it I, who cause their moan?
I, who so oft in summer's heat,
Beneath yon oak have laid me down,
To listen to their song so sweet?

If from my tender mother's side,
Some wicked wretch should make me fly,
Full well I know 'twould her betide
To break her heart, to sink, to die!

And shall I, then, so cruel prove,
Your little ones to force away?
No, no; together live and love,——
See, here they are—Take them I pray.

Teach them in yonder wood to fly,
And let them your soft warblings hear,

Till their own wings can soar as high,
And their own notes can sound as clear.

Go, little birds, go, free as air!
While oft again in summer's heat,
To yonder oak I will repair,
And listen to your song so sweet.

THE SECRET OF PLEASURE.

I WISH I might do nothing but play all day long, mamma, cried little Laura, to Mrs. Draper, her mother.

Mrs. D. What, nothing else for the whole day?

Laura. Yes, mamma, nothing else.

Mrs. D. I have no desire but to make you happy, my love; but I am sure playing so long will only tire you.

Laura. Playing tire me, mamma? O no indeed! you shall see if it will.

Laura then, jumping at every other step, flew in search of all her play-things. She soon got them together: but she was quite alone, for her sisters were employed in studying till dinner-time.

At first she enjoyed her liberty with all possible spirit, and for a whole hour was perfectly happy: but, after that, she began to be weary, and every moment took from her some portion of pleasure.

She had already looked at her play-things, one after another, a hundred times: and now she knew not what to do next. Even her favourite doll displeased and tired her.

She went to her mother and begged she would tell her of some new amusement, and play with her a little herself: but Mrs. Draper was engaged in some affairs of importance; and she was forced to refuse Laura's request however unwillingly.

The little girl then seated herself mournfully in a corner, where, uncomfortable and yawning, she waited till her sisters had finished their lessons, and were allowed to find entertainment for themselves.

The time at last arrived. Laura ran to them, and, in a doleful voice, told them how long the morning had seemed to her, and how impatient she had been for their coming.

They now made choice of their most favourite plays, in order to raise the spirits of their little sister, who was tenderly loved by them all.

But, alas! their kindness was in vain. Laura declared she was quite sick of all these plays already, and that they did not give her the least pleasure; and added, she believed they were all in a plot against her, not to choose any game that she liked.

Adelaide, her eldest sister, who was a young lady ten years of age, very sensible and reasonable, now took her by the hand, and said with great sweetness:

Look at us all, Laura, one after another, as we stand here together, and then I will tell you who among us it is that occasions your discontent.

Laura. And who is it, sister? for I am sure I can't find out.

Adelaide. That is because you have not looked at

yourself. Yes, my dear Laura, it is no one but yourself; you see very well that these plays still amuse us, notwithstanding we have played at them so often, and even before you were born. But we are just come from our tasks, which makes every thing seem new to us. If you had earned your pleasure, as we have done, by working, you would find it as sweet as we do.

Laura, child as she was, did not want for understanding, and was much struck by her sister's discourse. It taught her that, to be really happy, it was necessary to mingle useful exercises with pleasant diversions. And I believe, since that time, she would have conceived a greater dread of a whole day of mere pleasure, than one filled up with every employment suited to her age.

HOT COCKLES.

The Elder and Younger.

Younger. Brother, all our friends have left us, and yet still I'm in a playing humour. What game shall we choose?

Elder. There are only two of us, and I'm afraid we should not be much diverted.

Younger. Let's play at something, however.

Elder. But at what?

Younger. At blindman's-buff, for instance.

Elder. That's a game would never end. It would not be as if there were a dozen, of which number some are generally off their guard; but where there are only two, I should not find it difficult to shun you, or you me: and then, when we had caught each other, we should know for certain who it was.

Younger. That's true indeed. Well then, what think you of *Hot Cockles?*

Elder. That would be the same, you know. We could not possibly guess wrong.

Younger. Perhaps we might. However, let us try.

Elder. With all my heart, if it will please you. Look you, if you like it, I'll be the *hot cockles* first.

Younger. Do, brother. Put your right hand on the bottom of this chair: now stoop down and lay your face quite close upon it, that you may not see. That's well; and now, your left hand on your back. Well, master!—but I hope your eyes are shut?

Elder. Yes, yes; don't be afraid.

Younger. Well, master, what have you to sell?

Elder. Hot cockles! hot!

Younger. (*slapping him.*) Who struck?

Elder. (*getting up.*) Why who, you little goose, but you?

Younger. Yes, yes; but with which hand?

The eldest did not dream of such a question; he was taken by surprise, and said *the right*, at hazard.—It was with the left, however, he had been struck; and thus the youngest outwitted him.

MAN IS BEST AS HE IS.

MR. HOWELL, *having in his hand a dead parrot, stuffed, comes in, ascends a chair, and ties it to a cord already hanging from the ceiling.*

I FANCY that unlucky Rowland will not reach it at this height. One can scarcely keep any thing from such a meddling boy. (*He puts the chair in its place again, and goes out.*)

Rowland (*entering a moment after.*) Where, in the name of goodness, can father have poked our poor dead parrot? I observed it in his hand, when first he came in here; but saw him afterwards go out, without it. (*He looks round the apartment; and, at last, spies the parrot hanging from the ceiling*) Ah ha! there he is! (*He takes a run, and jumps with all his might, but wants three feet, or more, to reach the parrot*) If I were but as active as our greyhound. (*He pulls a chair into the middle of the room, and getting on it, is as yet too short; he stands on tiptoe, and then jumps, but all without effect. He instantly comes down, and runs for a folio volume, lettered* Plutarch, *which he puts on the chair, mounts on it, and holds out his hands*) Shall I never reach the mark? I want, however, sadly to find out how Nicholas has stuffed it. Let me take another jump. (*He bends his knees to spring, when Vincent entering, catches him at work, and hums the following words.*)

MAN IS BEST AS HE IS.

Well leaped, in good truth.

'Well leap'd, in good truth!' But don't let me disturb you; for however active you may be, you'll need a thousand ups and downs before you reach it. Such a bit of manhood, jump so high! Come down, Let me get up. I think I shall not want your Plutarch. (*He pulls him by the coat till he comes down, then gets up in his stead, and lifting both hands, is still a great way from the parrot.*)

Row. (*bursting into a laugh*) Ha! ha! ha! ha! good Mr. *Bit-of-manhood!* By the manner of your speaking, any one would certainly have fancied you as tall as——as, at least, the monument.

Vin. But if I step upon the book. (*He stands on it, is a little nearer, but not near enough to touch the parrot. Rowland jumps about the chair, and laughs incessantly.*) 'Tis not my fault; but your Plutarch's, that though thick enough to read in, is not so to make a footstool. Only think if there had only been a few more clever fellows in antiquity, the parrot would have certainly been mine.

Row. Or rather mine, for in that case, I should have got it first.

Vin. Not that I care about it.

Row. No indeed, not more than Reynard, in the fable, cared about the grapes: the parrot's possibly too green!—hey, brother?

Vin. What's the use of taking it down? I can see it very well at this distance.

Row. (*bantering Vincent*) Yes, it is in a charming point of view! but hark ye, Vincent, I don't think there's so much difference between our heights at last, though you are three years older.

Vin. Only think how vain the little creature is! —Perhaps you'd like to measure with me?

Row. Yes, with all my heart. (*They come together, back to back, and make the most of their respective heights: but Rowland stands tiptoe. Vincent is astonished he's so tall, till looking down, he sees the reason.*)

Vin. Ah, slyboots! is it so? Yes, yes, indeed: I grant you, if you're at those tricks. Come, come, put down your heels.

Row. (*then appearing greatly shorter than his brother*) It is a plaguey thing to be so short!

Mr. H. (*coming in*) Because you can't reach Poll? You mean so, don't you, Rowland?

Row. You've been watching us then, papa?

Mr. H. No; but don't you see, your feet have left it written on my *Plutarch?*

Vin. Had we been as tall as you, we should then have been able to see Poll a great deal nearer.

Mr. H. Yes; and plagued him after he was dead as much as you did while he lived. And yet you're tall enough for any sort of mischief.

Vin. O, papa: what pleasure we should have if we were both as tall as you!

Mr. H. I know you well enough; you would not, even in that case, be content.

Vin. 'Tis true, I had much rather be as tall as ——what-d'ye call him there, the giant, who came down to show himself for money, at the fair?

Row. Aye, Hurlothrumbo; but at present, as we're wishing, and as wishes cost so little, we need hardly stop.—You recollect our tallest cherry-tree?

—Well then, I'd be as tall as that, as tall as—tall as Gulliver at Lilliput.

Mr. H. And why?

Row. Because I should want neither ladder nor pole when the fruit is ripe. Do but think a little, brother; how delightful it would be, to walk about the orchard, with our head among the branches of the trees, and browse on cherries, pears, and apples, and to gather them as we do currants from the bush; would not this be charming entertainment?

Vin. One might likewise walk along the streets, and look into the rooms on either side the way, three stories high: Ha! ha! I fancy we should put the people in a fright!

Row. I should not fear the carriages when I had occasion to cross the street. It would be only straddling.—Look ye—thus: (*he strides*) and I should see carts, waggons, coaches, men and horses, all pass under me, and should smile in derision of their littleness.

Vin. You know the river that goes by our house in town? We must now take a boat to cross it, or go over Westminster or Blackfriar's bridge. Well, I might walk through it then, which would be very cooling in the summer.

Row. And besides all this, you know, we should be stronger, were we bigger. If a bull should venture to attack me, as I crossed the path, I'd twist his neck off, just as if he were a rabbit; or else chuck him up two hundred yards or higher in the air, while he should be so occupied about his falling,

that, when down, he would forget entirely to get up and run away.

Vin. We should not then want horses for the plough, as we might easily draw it ourselves: and in ten steps get quite across a very spacious field. I saw, last Thursday, more than fifty men at work, in driving piles to make a causeway. And how hard they worked! Well then, with such a hammer as my size would let me raise, one man might in a single day, dispatch their work, and not be half so tired at night.

Mr. H. Fine talking this, truly; but do you know that, after all your *would be's*, you are two blockheads?

Vin. How, papa, two blockheads?

Mr. H. Yes, to think you would be happier than at present, were you bigger.

Vin. But, papa, if we were able to do more a great deal than we do at present?

Row. For example: would it not be quite convenient, could we reach things very high, and take a deal of ground at a step in travelling?

Mr. H. Before I answer you, inform me if, becoming thus so very tall, you would have every thing else remain as little as it was before your alteration?

Row. Certainly, papa.

Vin. Yes, yes! there should be none but we three giants.

Mr. H. Thank you; for my part, I'm contented with my size, and wish not to change it.

Row. Yet I think we ought not to be near so big

as you: for otherwise, it would be the children's part to whip their father.

Mr. H. It is a happy circumstance for me, that I shall not, in a hurry, be exposed to so much shame and danger.

Row. O, but I would spare you, recollecting how often you had shown me favour.

Vin. (*to his father*) You don't wish then to be bigger?

Mr. H. No, indeed; but let us speak in this place for your brother and you only; and observe what would result from being bigger. In the first place, then, Rowland, if, as you wished just now, you were as tall as that same cherry-tree, how would you be able, as at present, to go out and take your walk among so many trees, as fill our orchard? you would consequently be obliged to crawl upon all fours, and even then, you would find it very difficult to get along.

Row. But you forget, papa, how easily I might put out my foot against the first tree standing in my way, and root it up. It would be nothing but a wheat-stalk to me.

Mr. H. Thereby you would pursue a very prudent plan! and in proportion, as you wanted much more fruit to satisfy your palate, you'd destroy the trees that bear it; but let's go a little farther than our orchard. There are many roads about us, shaded by rows of trees, whose branches overhang the pathway. Well, men that are of common height, can walk beneath these branches at their ease, and find

the shade they give quite comfortable in the heat of summer, and particularly at noon-day; but you would be obliged to walk along the middle of the road, and have no shade. And then, what would become of you, when you should have to make your way through a forest? What a furious overthrow of trees you would make before you could clear yourself a path!

Row. I should be no more fatigued than were I now to make a hole sufficient for my passage through a hedge.

Vin. I would uproot the tallest oaks, like that same mad Grecian that is mentioned in my English Sophocles.

Mr. H. I should sincerely pity those condemned to live about you; but with such long legs as you would have, you would take it in your head, no doubt, to travel?

Row. Travel! Why, papa, I'd go from one end of the world to the other.

Mr. H. Like enough! And without halting, I suppose! For where, tell me, would you find a house, a chamber, or a bed, half big enough for your enormous stature? You would certainly be forced to lie all night abroad upon a haystack. That would be quite charming! Don't you think so?

Row. I should find myself as badly off as poor Gulliver at Lilliput.

Vin. Aye; you have not, I can see, brother, made your system quite perfect. No, that's plain; and you must have the rest of men as big as yourself.

Mr. H. That's moreg enerous, I must own. But how then would the ground suffice to feed so many monstrous giants? In a parish that subsists, at present, five hundred people, twenty would not find provision. We should each of us consume our ox in eight and forty hours, and easily drink a butt of milk at breakfast only.

Vin. O, but I would have the oxen bigger likewise.

Mr. H. And how many of such oxen might be put to graze within a common meadow?

Vin. Truly, but a very few indeed.

Mr. H. I see then, that, for want of pasture, we should soon want cattle.

Vin. Well then, there's but one thing more to order, and the matter's settled. We must have the world grow bigger also.

Mr. H. Nothing puzzles you, I see. To be a few yards taller, you would, at a minute's notice, stretch all nature. It is a great thought indeed; and yet, I fancy you'd be far from finding any capital advantage, after every thing were settled as you wished.

Vin. And why not, dear papa?

Mr. H. Can you inform me what proportion means?

Vin. Proportion? No.

Mr. H. Then stand here by your brother. Right. Now which is tallest, you or Rowland?

Vin. You can see yourself, papa; he does not reach my ear.

Mr. H. Come now and stand by me. Which is shortest?

Vin. I am; unfortunately.

Mr. H. It seems then, Vincent, that you are both big and little?

Vin. No, papa: I beg your pardon I am neither big nor little, to speak properly. I'm big respecting Rowland; but I'm little with respect to you.

Mr. H. And if we were to grow, all three together, ten times taller, would you then be less respecting me, or bigger in respect to Rowland, than you are at present?

Vin. No, papa; for there would always be an equal difference.

Mr. H. Then that's what proportion means. It is regular gradation.

Vin. I understand you now.

Mr. H. In that case, let's come back to your idea. If, in nature, every thing were to become bigger, still preserving its present proportion, you would still be at the point exactly where you first of all set out. You would not then be capable of frightening people in their garrets, by just looking at them through the window; you would find it no less difficult to wade across the water, or drive piles without assistance, than at present; and be equally unable to twist off, as you expressed it, a bull's neck, or send him up two hundred yards into the air; he would be still much bigger than yourself.

Vin. Yes, yes; I see he would.

Mr. H. Rowland, have you heard us?

Row. Yes, papa.

Mr. H. And understand the meaning of proportion?

Row. You shall see. Proportion is when any thing grows bigger, and another does the same.

Mr. H. But can you give me an example?

Row. (*after having thought a little*) I believe I can, as thus: 'Twould be in vain for me to tell my brother, with a boast, that when three years were past, I should be three years older: he would still be oldest, as he also would be three years older than he is at present.

Mr. H. Excellently well conceived! And thus, though you should grow as large in stature as our cherry-tree, our cherry-tree, in turn, would have grown larger also, by the difference now between you.

Row. Yes, that's plain.

Mr. H. Could you, in that case, take the cherries with more ease than now you gather currants?

Row. No, papa, I should then be obliged to come to my ladder and my pole; not the same as formerly, for they would not serve me any longer; in this case it would be necessary the proportion should be still preserved.

Mr. H. And would the carriages then pass between your legs?

Row. No, certainly: I should be still obliged to keep upon the side-walks, if I would not have them throw me down.

Mr. H. And what advantage, Vincent, would you then derive from such a general change of nature as your pride would introduce.

Vin. I don't see any.

Mr. H. Your wishes then are absurd, since the accomplishment of them cannot make you more happy.

Vin. Truly you are right, papa. It would have been much better if we had wished to be little; yes, quite little.

Row. What, brother, as little as Gulliver's Lilliputians?

Vin. Why not?

Mr. H. Ha, ha! another strange conceit! And what can be your motives to this wish?

Vin. Because, among a number of good consequences, one would never fear a famine; since a very little wheat—a handful only—would make bread enough to serve a man for four and twenty hours.

Mr. H. Why, truly, there might be some savings!

Vin. And besides, we should not then have cause to go to war with one another, as a place no bigger than our garden, would be large enough to build a mighty city. Men, therefore, having much more room than they want, would never go to war with one another, as I've heard you say they do, for obtaining an inch or two of land.

Mr. H. I would not answer for them in that point, acquainted as I am with human folly: but I will not disturb so charming an arrangement by my fears; and therefore am contented to suppose I see both peace and plenty flourishing among us, and the golden age, as you have read in Ovid, thanks to your good management, brought back again among us!

Vin. O, that's not all. My tutor tells me, little creatures are a deal more delicate and perfect in themselves than great ones; have a much more piercing sight, a finer sense of hearing; and in smell, are much superior. Is that true, papa?

Mr. H. In general.

Vin. Thus, then, were we less a great deal than at present, we should see, and hear, and smell too, many things, of which, at present, we've no knowledge.

Mr. H. These advantages, it is true, are very precious; yet I own I should be sorry to renounce, for such advantages, the universal empire we now exercise on every thing that breathes.

Vin. There would be no occasion to renounce it; for remember, you have often told me, man bears rule much more by his understanding, than mere strength of body.

Mr. H. True; because his strength of body is exactly proportioned to his understanding. But bestow upon a Lilliputian's frame the greatest and sublimest genius—give him even our inventions and our arts, advanced to that perfection they possess among us; do you think he would be able to employ our slightest instruments, and manage properly the meanest of our numberless machines or engines? How would he defend himself against wild beasts, when even the dog he keeps within his dwelling would, without designing any mischief, crush him under foot?

Vin. But then, if every thing becomes proportionably little? There, I think I have you.

Mr. H. Only to confound yourself; for, granting this proportionality of littleness, men immediately lose all the advantage you would give them. Their deficient harvests would not keep them from the fear of famine; and their wars, while they were no less frequent or ferocious than at present, would be more ridiculous. The inferior animal would still have finer organs, and more delicate sensations; and perhaps too with his littleness, which could not but be laughed at, he would take upon him, as you do, to alter and reform the universe.

Vin. I think, papa, you're much too hard upon us; we can settle nothing with you.

Row. For this reason, brother, because you know nothing about the matter. There is but one way, and that is, to order things as they should be.

Mr. H. Bravo! so you take the man of consequence upon you.

Row. Yes, as well as Vincent.

Mr. H. Come then, let me know how you would settle the affair? your system must be very curious, I suppose.

Row. Why then, papa, we only want one thing. We want to have a harder body, one as hard as iron.

Mr. H. And why so?

Row. You see the prick here in my little finger. It seems nothing; yet you can't imagine how much pain it gives me.

Mr. H. My poor little man! I'm sorry for it.

Row. And the wound I gave my head about a month ago, by tumbling, as you remember, down

stairs. It was but cured a week ago; feel here, papa:—there; that's the place.

Mr. H. I feel the scar, indeed.

Row. What pleasure it would be to play with Pompey, and not fear the rogue would bite me. And besides, when I am old enough to be a soldier, and go to battle, I should laugh at balls and bullets. Nay, my head would blunt the broadest sword that struck it: would not that be vastly pretty?

Mr. H. That it would, indeed.

Row. In that case we should want for nothing; we should be quite perfect; should we not, papa?

Mr. H. (*taking out an orange*) See here, my little fellow! smell this orange.

Row. O how fine! It must be very good to eat. Do you design giving it me, for having settled matters better than my brother?

Mr. H. No; it is not for you.

Vin. For me, then?

Mr. H. Nor for you. I mean it for a certain—I don't know if I should say, a certain person; but however that be—one more perfect than you are.

Vin. And who is that, papa?

Mr. H. You will wonder, very likely, when I tell you who:—that negro figure on my chimney-piece.

Row. You joke, papa! why, he can neither see, nor eat, nor smell.

Mr. H. And yet he's made of iron.

Row. Yes: and for that very reason he cannot.

Mr. H. You would certainly have sacrificed the satisfaction that results from seeing, eating, and

smelling, to the boast that you could never break your head by falling from my chimney-piece: for were you made of iron, as you wished, you would be only fit to stand there with my other bronzes.

Row. O, I don't mean so, papa; I would be living while I had this iron body.

Mr. H. And how then could it be animated by that blood, and those juices that keep up our life? By what means could its nerves be flexible, and have that sensibility which makes us so expert or ready in the use of every limb, and renders the enjoyment of our senses so delightful?

Row. O dear me! I see my scheme is hardly better than my brother's.

Vin. But, papa, since you're so clever in destroying our plans, it is your turn to provide us with a better in their stead.

Mr. H. And why should I provide one? I am marvellously satisfied with that which God's providence has already established. Yes, dear children, I am sensible that we are completely furnished with whatever can promote our happiness; superior in our conformation to all other animals, we tame by virtue of our genius the small number of those that in strength surpass us. If we have not the rapidity of stags and horses, we can make that composition which will overtake the one while he is running from us, and mount the other, to direct him whither we think proper. We have not the wings of a bird, yet we can give wings to those tall trees that grow in forests; and when moulded into masts, and put on shipboard, visit the remotest distances. Our

sight, less piercing than an insect's, is not bounded to the narrow space in which we move about, but can take in an ample horizon, and contemplate the great miracles of nature. We are unable to gaze like an eagle, at the sun; but we invent an instrument shat seems to draw us nearer to that luminary, so that we may measure his immensity of distance, and observe the place which he possesses in the midst of an infinity of stars, obscured by his superior brightness. Every other sense that we have contributes likewise to procure us a succession of enjoyments, and effect our safety. Conscious of our genius, we are every day in search of new discoveries; we disarm the thunder, or tell it where to fall; we make one element resist another; we oppose the beneficial warmth of fire to the inclemency of frost; and keep the land from being overflowed by inundations. Sometimes we descend into the darkest bowels of the earth, and bring out hence those precious metals which are purified; and then, by an ingenious mode of mixing them together, form new substances. And sometimes we mark out those rocks that hang just ready to fall upon our heads, precipitate them from their height into the vallies, and soon after make them re-ascend in sumptuous edifices, or in stately pyramids that pile their summits in the clouds. The society that we form with our fellow creatures for the satisfaction of our mutual wants, obtains us, in return for our own toil, the labour of ten thousand hands, all eager to procure us the conveniences of life. Upon whatever side we turn, we have at our command the

various products of the universe, all brought together for our use. The sciences exalt our soul, and charm our faculties. The arts, by having introduced such numberless machines, assist us in our labour, or refresh us when we seek repose. Both memory and reflection give us the advantages enjoyed by all who have preceded us. Together with the pleasing idea of our own personal existence, we derive happiness from others also, by the virtues of compassion and beneficence, and by the connexions of kindred and friendship. Nevertheless, our happiness depends upon ourselves alone, amid the host of creatures that surround us, being sure of obtaining it, if we but moderately use our strength, and make a constant application of our reason to the business of determining our conduct. So that, if we ever interrupt our happiness by going further than we should do, we have nothing to blame in that case but our own folly. We then seem children as you are, who, instead of gratefully enjoying the conveniences and comforts of our situation, and courageously enduring its few evils, vex ourselves with wishing for ideal blessings, or disgrace our nature with a lack of manly courage. Man is best as he is.

Vin. Well, papa, upon the whole, you must be right.

Row. Yes, I think so too; else that parrot I tried to reach would have been a monstrous great bird to stuff and hang up in a room, had he been as large in proportion as I wanted to be.

OLD COLIN.

Mr. Dexter, Percival his son.

Percival. Papa, I know a very good servant to recommend to you, when you discharge old Colin.

Mr. Dexter. Who has given you that commission? Have I any thoughts of sending him away?

Per. Would you always keep that old fellow? I think a young servant would do much better for us.

Mr. D. How, Percival? That is a very bad reason for being tired of a good servant. You call him an old fellow. Child, you ought to blush for it. It was in my service that he has grown old; and perhaps the cares which he took of your infancy, and the sorrow that he felt for your fits of illness, have hastened on old age. You see then how ungrateful and unreasonable it would be to take an aversion to him on account of his age. And do you think yourself any better founded in saying that a young servant would answer our purpose? That decision is above your age, and requires more experience than you can possess. At another time I will show you the advantage that an old servant has above a young one in diligent and faithful service.

Per. I believe it, papa, since you say so. But he wears a wig; and it is *so* droll to see a man in a wig standing behind your chair at dinner. I can hardly turn my eyes towards him, without being ready to laugh.

Mr. D. That does not show a good disposition,

boy. I should never have suspected you of it. Do you not know that he lost his hair in a long and dangerous illness? To ridicule him, is it not to insult God who sent his sickness upon him?

Per. But he is always grumbling, and is not so merry as the other servants.

Mr. D. Colin may be serious, but is not a grumbler. It is true, he is not so nimble as a young man of eighteen or twenty; but does he incur your dislike on that account? O son, that thought makes me shudder! Then you will have an aversion to me, too, if God should grant me a long life?

Per. O no, papa: I am not so wicked.

Mr. D. And do you think it is not so to hate Colin, because his age hinders him from being so alert as formerly?

Per. I am wrong, papa, I confess; and I assure you I am very sorry for having—

Mr. D. Why do you stop? For what are you sorry?

Per. If I discover my fault to you, perhaps you will be angry with me, and I shall gain nothing by it but punishment.

Mr. D. You know, child, that I am not fond of punishing, and that I try that method very seldom. It is by kindness and good advice that I endeavour to correct you and your sister. I do not know what fault you have committed, therefore cannot promise absolutely not to chastise you. Is it on those terms that you intend to make a confession? You know my affection for you. That is the only security that I can give you; and you may depend

on it with as much confidence as on my promise.

Per. Well, papa, I own that—I called Colin—an old rogue.

Mr. D. How? is it possible? Could you so far forget how you should behave to an honest man? And did he hear you?

Per. Yes, papa; and that is what troubles me the most.

Mr. D. It is very well to be sorry. But it is not enough to be concerned for having affronted one of our fellow-creatures to his face; you ought to feel the same sorrow for affronting him in his absence.

Per. Yes, I am sorry to have used Colin ill at all; but what grieves me most, is, that I treated him so ill before his face; for—

Mr. D. You have begun to open your heart to me, I conclude.

Per. Yes, papa—for Colin, when I used him so ill shed tears, and said, the pains and infirmities of my old age are not enough, but I must moreover be the laughter of childhood.

Mr. D. Poor Colin! I know him well. That ill treatment would go to his heart. It is indeed hard at his age to be the laughing-stock of a child. But how much more must he suffer in receiving this treatment from a child whom he has known from his birth, and served with an attachment that can never be requited.

Per. Ah, papa, how much am I to blame! I will ask his pardon, and be assured that in all my life he shall never have reason to complain of me.

Mr. D. Very well, child; on this condition alone

God and I can pardon you. We are all weak, and liable to be carried away by our passions for a moment. But when we return to ourselves, we must thoroughly repent of our fault; we must force our pride to make amends for it, and use all our resolution to avoid it for the future. But I wish to know what could make you behave so ungenerously to Colin. Had he offended you?

Per. Yes, papa—At least I thought so. I was playing with my pop-gun, and aimed to shoot a pea at his face. Have done, Master Percival, says he, or I shall complain to your father. His threatening made me angry, and then I called him names.

Mr. D. It was on purpose, then, that you strove to vex him?

Per. I cannot deny it.

Mr. D. That aggravates your fault; and that was what made him shed tears.

Per. Ah, papa, if you give me leave, I will go to him this moment, and ask his pardon. I shall not be easy until he forgives me.

Mr. D. Yes, child; we should never put off for a moment the performance of our duty. I shall wait for you here. (*Percival goes out and returns shortly after with an air of satisfaction.*)

Per. Papa, now I am pleased with myself. Colin has forgiven me with all his heart: and I do not think that I shall ever commit the same fault again.

Mr. D. God forbid that you should! Without his grace you can never answer for the firmest resolution.

Per. And what should I do for that purpose?

Mr. D. Pray for his assistance. He will never refuse it to you.

Per. I will pray for it from the bottom of my heart. But, papa, there is another thing that I have just now done without your leave, and which perhaps will make you angry.

Mr. D. What is that, child?

Per. The new crown that you gave me as a present on my birth-day, I have given to Colin.

Mr. D. Why should I be angry at that? I am very well pleased that you should do good actions of yourself, without acquainting me. You may dispose of all the money that I give you. It is your own; and you could not make a better use of it. We should early accustom ourselves to a prudent generosity. Did Colin seem satisfied?

Per. He dropped tears of joy and I was pleased to see it.

Mr. D. I applaud you for that sentiment, my boy. A humane heart always rejoices to soften the distresses of his fellow creatures. All the virtues produce joy in our souls, but none fills them with sensations more delightful and more lasting than beneficence.

Per. If ever I possess the means, I will relieve all those about me who are in distress.

Mr. D. My last prayer to heaven will be to strengthen this virtue in your heart, and to render you capable of putting it in practice.

Per. And shall I be every time so well pleased as to-day?

Mr. D. It is the only pleasure that never diminishes. Endeavour above all things to enjoy it in your family. If your servants are honest people, you ought to gain their affections more by kind treatment than money; and at the same time not neglect to make them small presents now and then. If you bestow them seasonably, and with a good grace, you will make your servants your firmest friends.

Per. But, papa, have they not their wages?

Mr. D. They have wages for their service; nothing else. But small presents will create affection in them, and they will go beyond their duty.

Per. I do not understand you very well, papa.

Mr. D. Colin will serve as an instance to explain my meaning. I give him his wages, his clothing, and his food, for serving me. When he has served me, are we not quit? Does he owe me any thing more? At the same time, you know, he takes care of every thing in the house; he has of himself undertaken the trouble of inspecting the other servants, and he has often saved me great expences. He does all this through good-will, without any particular order; because I have interested his gratitude by occasional presents. When your years will allow you to mix in the world, you will hear nothing in every family but complaints of the negligence and ingratitude of servants. Be assured, my dear, that the fault oftener lies in the masters, who en-

deavour to inspire them with fear, rather than with attachment.

Per. Now I understand you perfectly; and I will one day make use of your instructions and your example.

Mr. D. You will never have reason to repent following them. I inherited them from my father and shall always remember what he used to tell us to this purpose.

Per. Papa, if it be not too much trouble, I should be glad to hear the story.

Mr. D. I take pleasure in making you this return for acknowledging your fault, and for your generosity to honest Colin. "Captain Flood, a brave officer who had retired from service, lived upon his estate, with his wife, an amiable lady, and five children worthy of such excellent parents. The inhabitants of the neighbourhood possessed the greatest respect for them, and this family all together formed the most pleasing sight imaginable. The sweetness of Mr Flood's disposition, and the good order that subsisted in his family, gained him the goodwill and admiration of all who had the happiness of knowing him. The young people in those parts were eager to be in his service; and whenever a place was vacant in his family by a servant dying or going away, it was sought as a desirable situation. Content appeared in the faces of all his people. To see them, one would have taken them for dutiful children round their father. His orders were so just and so moderate, that not one of them had a thought of disobeying him. Harmony reigned

among them as among brothers. If ever they disputed, it was, which had most zeal in the service of their master, and most attachment to his interest.

Mr. Fulmer, who was formerly an intimate of Captain Flood, and had like him retired to his estate in another county, stopped one day at his house, in passing that road to London. After a variety of discourses, the conversation fell at last upon the disagreeable circumstances frequently attending the care of a family. Mr. Fulmer complained of the fatiguing employment of watching over servants; that he had never found any but such as were insolent, idle, or inattentive to their master's business.

As to that, said Mr. Flood, I cannot complain of mine. For ten years I have had no weighty subject of displeasure. I am very well satisfied with them, and they are satisfied with me.

That is a happiness not very common, said Mr. Fulmer. You must have some particular secret for making good servants and keeping them in that perfection.

The secret is very simple, answered Mr Flood; and here it is, continued he, pointing to a small desk.

I do not understand you, said Mr. Fulmer; but Mr. Flood, without making any reply, opened the desk. It contained six drawers, with these titles. *Extraordinary expences.—For myself.—For my wife—Servants wages.—Gratuities to Servants.*— As I have always by me, resumed Mr. Flood, a year's rent of my estate beforehand, I make six portions of

it at the beginning of every year. In the first drawer I put a certain sum for unforeseen occasions: In the second, what I intend for my own expences. The third contains the money necessary for the domestic charges of the family, and my wife's pin-money. The fourth, sufficient for the proper education of my children. The wages of my servants are the fifth; and in the sixth, are the gratuities that I bestow on them. It is to this last drawer that I owe the happiness of never having bad servants. Their wages are for what their duty requires of them. But the presents, which I distribute to them occasionally, are for the performance of what is not strictly comprised within their duty; for services in which their affection for me anticipates my orders and my wishes."

THE VINE STUMP.

Mr. Sutton being at his country-house in the spring, went out with his son Julius to walk in his garden. The violet and primrose were in their bloom, and many trees began already to show their budding verdure, and to be clothed in white and crimson blossoms.

They went by chance into a summer-house, at the foot of which rose a vine-stump, twisting wildly, and stretching its naked branches, in a rude irregular manner.

"Papa!" cried Julius, "see this ugly tree, how it points at me! why don't you bid Martin grub it

up and make firewood of it ?" At the same time he began to pull at it, in order to tear it up, but its roots had taken too firm hold in the earth. "Do not molest it," said Mr. Sutton to his son, "I will have it stand as it is, and at the proper time I shall tell you my reasons."

Julius. But, papa, see close by it those lively blossoms of the lilac and the laurustinus. Why is it not as well adorned as they are, if it is to be kept? it spoils and disfigures the garden. Shall I go and tell Martin to pluck it up ?

Mr. S. No, my dear, I tell you I will have it stand as it is, at least a little longer.

Julius persevered in condemning it: his father tried to divert his attention to other objects, and the unfortunate vine-stump was forgotten.

Mr. Sutton's affairs called him to a distant part of the country. He set off the next day and did not return till the middle of autumn. His first care was to visit his country-house, whither he brought his son once more. The day being very hot, they went to enjoy the shade of the summer-house. "Ah, papa," said Julius, "what a charming green shade! I thank you for having that ugly dry stump plucked up, that I was so uneasy to see last spring, and for putting in its place this handsome shrub, to give me an agreeable surprise. What delightful fruit! see, these fine grapes, some purple, others almost black. There is not a single tree in the garden that looks so well. They have all lost their fruit, but this;—see how it is covered; see those large green leaves that hide the clusters. I should

like to know if the fruit be as good as it appears handsome."

Mr. Sutton gave him a grape to taste. This renewed his joy; and how much was it enlivened when his father informed him that from those berries was produced that delicious liquor which he sometimes tasted after dinner. "You seem to be astonished, my dear," said Mr. Sutton.—"I should surprise you much more, were I to tell you that this is the same crooked mis-shapen stump that pointed at you in the spring. I will go, if you choose, and order Martin to pluck it up, and make fire-wood of it."

Julius. O by no means, papa; let him take all the others in the garden before this. I do like the grapes so well!

Mr. S. You see then, Julius, that I did well in not following your advice. What has happened to you, happens frequently in the world. We see a child ill-clothed, and of an unpleasing outside appearance; we despise him, and grow proud on comparing ourselves with him; we even carry our cruelty sometimes so far as to speak to him with insulting words. Beware, my child, of such hasty judgments. In this person, so little favoured by nature, dwells perhaps an exalted soul, which will one day astonish the world by its great virtues, or enlighten it by its knowledge. It is a rugged stem, but may produce the noblest fruits.

THE SILK DRESS.

Little Isabel had worn nothing but a plain white or gingham frock, till she was eight years old. Neat red morocco shoes set off her small feet, and her ebon hair floated in graceful ringlets upon her shoulders.

She happened one day to go into the company of certain little girls, who, though not older than herself, were dressed already like great ladies; and the richness of their clothes awakened in her heart the first vain notions she had ever had.

Dear mamma, said she, on her return from the house where she had met these fine ladies, I have seen this afternoon the three Miss Chadwicks, I suppose you know them. She that's eldest must be younger than myself. O dear mamma, how sweetly they were dressed! Their parents must have a deal of pleasure in seeing them so fine! I dare say they are not so rich as you; so give me if you please, a fine silk slip, with such embroidered shoes as they had on; and let my hair be dressed by Mr. Frizzle, who, they tell me, is the most fashionable.

Mother. I desire no less, if doing so will contribute to your satisfaction; but I fear, with all this elegance, you'll not find yourself quite so happy as you have hitherto been, in the simplicity of such plain dresses as you are used to.

Isabel. And why so, mamma?

Mother. Because you will be always afraid of spotting and rumpling whatever you wear. A dress so elegant as the Miss Chadwicks will require the greatest study and attention in the wear, that it may do you honour. If it gets one spot, the beauty will be lost forever, as we cannot put it in the wash to recover its first lustre; and however rich you may suppose me, I am not rich enough to let you have a new silk dress whenever you may want one.

Isabel. O, if that be all, mamma, don't make yourself uneasy. I'll be very careful of it.

Mother. Will you? Well then, I must give you such a dress; but remember, I have hinted what uneasiness your vanity may cause you.

Unpersuaded by the wisdom of this counsel, Isabel did not lose a moment in destroying all the pleasure and enjoyment of her infancy. Her hair, that had till then hung down at liberty, was now confined in paper, and squeezed close between a burning pair of tongs; and that fine jet which had till now so happily set off the whiteness of her forehead, disappeared beneath a clod of powder and pomatum.

Two days after, Isabel had a handsome dress brought home of pea-green with fine pink trimmings, and a pair of straw-worked shoes to match them. Their inimitable taste, propriety, and freshness, charmed the eye; but when she had them on, it was evident her limbs were under great constraint; her motions had no longer their

accustomed ease and freedom; and her infant countenance, amid so vast a quantity of flowers, silk, gauze, and ribands, entirely lost every trace of ingenuous simplicity.

She was, notwithstanding, quite enchanted at her metamorphosis. Her eyes with great satisfaction wandered over her whole little person, and were never taken off, except when she looked about her, to find some glass in the apartment that might represent at full length the idol she then worshipped.

She had persuaded her mamma to send out cards of invitation to her little friends, in order that, when they came to visit her, she might enjoy their surprise and admiration. And when they had all met together, she strutted about before them, like a peacock displaying its gaudy feathers. To judge from her behaviour, she fancied herself at least an empress, and considered those about her as subjects of her empire. But, alas! this triumph was of very short duration, and a multitude of mortifying circumstances followed it.

The children were permitted to walk in the fields, near that part of the town where she lived. Isabel therefore led the way, and in ten or fifteen minutes they reached a delightful country.

A luxuriant meadow first attracted their attention. It was every where enamelled with a variety of charming flowers; and butterflies, whose wings were of a thousand mingled colours, hovered in each quarter of it. The gay little ladies hunted these fine butterflies; they dexterously caught, but

did not hurt them ; and when they had examined all their beauty, let them go, and with their eyes pursued the little creatures as they fluttered here and there. They next employed themselves in gathering flowers, that sprang up in profusion in the meadow, and making nosegays of them.

Isabel, who from pride had disdained these mean amusements, wanted very soon to share the entertainment they afforded ; but the ground, they told her, might be damp, in which case she would stain her shoes, and damage her fine dress ; for they had discovered that her intention, in bringing them together, was to vex them with a sight of her fine clothes, and they were resolved to mortify her in their turn.

She was of course obliged to be solitary, and sit still, while observing the sprightly cheerfulness of her companions who sported around her. The delight of contemplating her pea-green dress was, in comparison, a very sorry kind of entertainment.

At the corner of the meadow was a little grove, in which was heard the music of a thousand birds, that seemed as if inviting every person that went through the meadow, to go thither and enjoy the coolness of the shade. This grove our children entered, jumping with joy as they went along. Poor Isabel would have followed them, but she was told, that the bushes would tear in pieces all her trimmings. She observed her friends diverting themselves at *puss in the corner*, and pursuing each

other through the trees. The more she heard them shout with joy, the more, as might be expected, was she peevish and ill-humoured.

But the youngest of her visitors had some sort of compassion for her. She had just found out a corner where grew a quantity of fine wild strawberries, and beckoned her to come and eat a part of them. Isabel would willingly have done so, but had scarcely entered the grove, when unexpectedly the children heard a loud cry. They gathered to the spot and found poorIsabel fastened, by the gauze and ribands upon her hat, to a branch of white thorn, from which she could not by any means disengage herself. They made haste to unloose the pins that held her hat; but to add to her affliction, her hair, which had been frizzled with so much labour, was entangled likewise with the branch of white thorns, and it cost her almost a lock, before she could be set at liberty; and thus all at once the charming superstructure of her head-dress was absolutely pulled to pieces.

It is not difficult to guess how little Isabel's misfortunes touched her playmates, when they found, as we have already said, why she had invited them. Instead of consolation, which she needed and expected, they could hardly refrain from laughing at her comical appearance, and actually to jeer her with a hundred wicked witticisms. After having smoothed down her dress, they ran off in search of fresh amusement, toward a hill they saw at a small distance.

Isabel could not, without great difficulty, reach

this hill. Her strait shoes, that had been made to set off her little feet to advantage, were a great obstruction to her speed; nor was this all the mischief, for her stays were drawn so close, she could not easily fetch breath. She would now have been happy to go home and change her dress, that she might be at freedom; but then she knew her little friends would not consent, upon her account, to be deprived of their amusement.

They had got by this time to the summit of the hill, and were enjoying the fine view which a spacious horizon presented them on every side. They saw verdant meadows; yellow harvests; rivulets that meandered through the country; and by way of termination to the landscape, a large river, on whose banks were situated many pleasant country houses. So magnificent a prospect charmed them. They even danced with joy; while Isabel at the bottom of the hill, (for she was out of breath, and could possibly get no further) was overcome with fatigue and sorrow.

She now had time and opportunity, in this situation, to make many sad reflections. To what purpose, said she, are these fine clothes? how much pleasure do they prevent me from enjoying! and what pain do I suffer, merely from having put them on!

She was freely giving her mind to these afflicting thoughts, when suddenly she heard her friends come running down the hill, and crying out together, as they passed her: Run, run, Isabel!

there's a dreadful storm behind the hill; it is coming towards us. If you don't make haste, your dress will be ruined.

Isabel felt her strength return, in fear of such a great misfortune as her play-mates suggested. She forgot her weariness, pinched feet, and tight-laced waist, and made tolerable haste to reach some place of shelter. But in spite of all her efforts to shun so grievous a misfortune as the spoiling of her clothes, she could not run so fast as her companions, who were lightly dressed. Every moment she was stopped, either by her puffed sleeves and flounces in the narrow paths she had to go through; or by her train that frequently caught in the furze; or by *Monsieur's* fine scaffold-work about her head, upon which the wind bent down the branches of the trees she was forced to pass under.

Now the storm burst forth in all its fury; and there fell a shower of hail and rain mixed together, after all the children except Isabel had regained their several habitations.

Isabel finally got home, her dress wet through and through. She had left one of her fine shoes behind her in a heap of manure which, as she hurried homewards, she had scrambled over without seeing; and, to increase the list of her disasters, she had hardly cleared the meadow, when a gust of wind blew off her hat into the middle of a dirty pool of water.

They had great trouble to undress her; so much had the heat and rain even glued her linen and

and other garments to her body; her whole beautiful dress was spoiled, and good for nothing.

Shall I have another dress made up for you against to-morrow? said her mother, drily, seeing her in tears.

O no, mamma, said Isabel, kissing her: I am convinced that fine clothes can never make the wearer happy. Let me take up with my nice white frock again till I am eight or ten years older; and forgive my folly.

Isabel, in the simple dress of childhood, regained full possession of her liberty, and seemed as modest and charming as ever. Neither did her mother regret the loss she had experienced in the purchase of this fine silk dress, since it proved the means of reinstating her beloved daughter in that happiness which her vanity and folly would have taken from her, without the assistance of this useful lesson.

THE SCHOOL FOR STEPMOTHERS.

Mrs. Floyd. Is it you, my dear Francis? then I have all my family together at last.

THE SCHOOL FOR STEPMOTHERS.

A DRAMA IN ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

MR. and MRS. FLOYD.

FRANCIS, PRISCILLA, ANNE, } *Mr. Floyd's Children.*

CHARLES, PERCIVAL, } *Mrs. Floyd's Children.*

DANIEL, *a Servant.*

The SCENE *is in Mr. Floyd's garden.*

SCENE I.

Francis, alone.

ONCE more, I am in my garden, where I have not been these six months! What a pleasure every object gives me! Here is the little summer house, where I used to breakfast so frequently with my dear mamma. If she were still living, what happiness for both of us: She would receive me now with open arms; she would embrace me: and I should have many little things to tell her. But, alas! (*beginning to cry,*) I have for ever lost her; and if we are still to love each other, we can only do so in another world. My dear mamma, could you only hear me, it would be some comfort, since you cannot come back to see your Frank. Instead of you, I have indeed a mother; but a mother, as

they call it, in law: and that, as I am told, is just as much as if one were to say, a cruel mother. What then am I to do? I never shall dare look upon her. O, if I might at least have lived with grandmamma! But it cannot be; papa will have me here, though poor mamma is dead. Alas, I never shall be able to live here: I know it. I will therefore only see my dear papa and sisters, and go back. Yes, yes; I will go back, and must.

Enter Daniel.

Dan. What, master Francis? is it you come back again? How goes it with you?

Fran. In health, not much amiss, dear Daniel. And pray how are you?

Dan. Quite well; not a penny for the apothecary out of me! My draughts are made up for me at the *George*. But what is the matter? I see you have been crying.

Fran. (*wiping his eyes*) Crying?

Dan. Yes, yes, crying! O, you cannot conceal it. Have you met with any accident?

Fran. None, Daniel, since I left my grandmamma's.

Dan. O, O, I understand; you weep for your mamma; but then you have another.

Fran. A step-mother you mean? If I could only shun her! But how fare my poor dear sisters?

Dan. How? ah! bad enough. At six they must be up. I would not advise them to lie a minute after. They would pay dear for their drowsiness.

Fran. But what have they to do up so early?

Dan. O, their new mother knows how to find them work! She rules us all like slaves! and I myself must get up with the rest! I rose at seven this morning; and, early as it was, I saw both your sisters hard at work in the parlour.

Fran. But I ask you, at what?

Dan. Why working for their young brothers-in-law.

Fran. Yes, I am told that second mothers never spare their husband's children, while they love their own: and I imagine, I must go to work too. But what has become of all my pinks and tulips?

Dan. O, they are all taken away!

Fran. By whom?

Dan. By Charles and his brother.

Fran. So then, I have lost my pretty flowers; and those two wicked little fellows have destroyed them. They have nothing now to do but to take the garden from me likewise. Look, here they come.

SCENE II.

Enter Charles and Percival.

Charles (*whispering Percival.*) Percival, who is that young gentleman with Daniel? If it were but Master Francis!

Percival, (*whispering Daniel*) Is it he?

Dan. (*answering drily.*) Yes, gentlemen.

Charles. O, my dear, dear brother, welcome! We have wished to see you!

Fran. (*shrinking back*) Have we been acquaint-

ed with each other long enough, that you should thus embrace me?

Charles. We are not acquainted with you I acknowledge, but are all three brothers.

Fran. Yes, half brothers, sir.

Charles. Why half? If your papa loves our mamma, and she loves him, why should not we love one another? They are man and wife, and we are therefore brothers.

Fran. If we are brothers, have you a greater right than I have here?

Percival. (*aside.*) How quarrelsome he is!

Charles. Why your papa has let us work these three weeks in this garden.

Fran. I was in it first, and surely you will not drive me out!

Percival. Come, Charles; let us be gone, and leave him in his peevish humour.

Charles. No, no, Percival: we must stay and be good friends with each other.

Per. Do you like the sulky fellow, then, so much?

Fran. The sulky fellow! do you call me sulky?

Percival. Yes, and envious, and—

Fran. You dare insult me then? and even in my garden here?

Percival. You began: but I am your match! mind that!

Charles. Hear me, Percival! Would you strike your brother? Come along, and for Heaven's sake let us not vex our new father; and more particularly so, the very day that he is to see his son. (*he draws him away.*)

Percival. Well, I will go and tell mamma. (*He and Charles go out.*)

SCENE III.

Francis and Daniel.

Fran. See now if my anxieties are not beginning. They will tell their mother that I have insulted them, and she will get me anger from papa. Unhappy as I am, do not you think, Daniel, that I am to be pitied?

Dan. Indeed you are; however, take heart. I will be your friend; and we shall then, I think, be able to make head against them.

Fran. Yes; but my papa?

Dan. Let me alone with him. I know a thousand tricks of these new comers, which I will tell him. They have spoilt your garden, killed your flowers, and called you names. I warrant you they will be badly off.

Fran. So then, my good Daniel, you will stand up for me?

Dan. Ay, as sure as my name is Daniel.

Fran. Thank you! thank you! I am not without a friend, I see then, though I have lost mamma. But did you notice their fine clothes? What handsome waistcoats they had on! Who worked them? can you tell?

Dan. Their mother.

Fran. Yes, yes, I was thinking so. She will always be employed upon her favourites; but pray who will work me such a waistcoat?

Dan. Why indeed, if you should want one you must work it yourself.

Fran. And had not they new jackets on likewise?

Dan. Yes: they had them as a present from your papa, on the day of his marriage.

Fran. O, he did not make me such a present. I was sent with these old clothes into the country. It is too much! I cannot support the thought! My poor mamma is dead, and my papa forgets me! I have only you now left to befriend me!

Dan. Be of comfort! matters may turn out much better than you think: but in the first place, you must see your new mamma. So follow me, and put on a cheerful face, as if you were rejoiced to see her.

Fran. That I can never do.

Dan. But you *must*, however it may go against you. I do so, though I detest her. Would you think it? she begins to tell me that I must be less frequent in my visits to the ale-house; I that was accustomed to spend half the day there, in the lifetime of my last dear mistress! She indeed was quite a lady. Things are marvellously altered now, and we must alter with them. Patience! when we are once alone, I will tell you what more is to be done. At present follow me.

Fran. But will she see by my eyes that I have been crying?

Dan. Why, you are crying still.

Fran. Then I will not go now: she will ask the

reason of my tears. What answer should I give her?

Dan. You might say, that coming home, and thinking of your dear mamma, you fell to crying.

Fran. But, provided she should speak about my quarrel with the children?

Dan. Tell her that they began it; and call me to witness what you say. But here she comes. Go and salute her boldly.

Enter Mrs. Floyd.

Mrs. Floyd. Where, where is he? Is it you, my dearest Francis? Then I have all my family together at last. (*She embraces him with tenderness.*) How sweet a countenance! and how happy am I, that I can call so amiable a child my son!

Fran. I should be happy too, could I but rejoice; and yet—(*sighing.*)

Mrs. Floyd. What is the matter, my dear? You seem quite sad, my charming little man! (*Francis cries afresh, and cannot speak a word.*) You turn away and cry. What causes these tears? Won't you inform me what afflicts you?

Fran. Nothing, nothing.

Mrs. Floyd. It is enough, however, to distress me. Say, what gives you all this sorrow, and I will comfort you, if possible. If your papa or sisters were to see you, they might fancy that you met with some misfortune coming home; and they are pleased in thinking that they are so soon to see you. Would it grieve you to embrace them?

Fran. Believe me, I can have no greater plea-

sure! But shall I embrace mamma? It is for her that I cry.

Mrs. Floyd. She died six months ago, and do you still weep for her?

Fran. Yes, yes; all my life! O, my mamma! my dear mamma!

Mrs. Floyd. Be calm, my little dear! Endeavour to divert your thoughts, and let us speak of her no longer, since it gives you so much sorrow.

Fran. No, no: on the contrary, let me be always speaking of her, if you mean that I should feel any comfort. Would you have your children so soon forget you after you were dead?

Mrs. Floyd. Dear little fellow! (*embracing him.*) You loved her then very much?

Fran. I find so; much more now than when she lived. She was so good!

Mrs. Floyd. I wish I were but able to restore her to you; which I cannot do, and therefore I will take her place, poor little fellow, in your bosom. I will love you as she did: and be a mother to you.

Fran. But it never can be you that bore me, nursed me, and brought me up. She was my real mother, and you only my step-mother.

Mrs. Floyd. But why give me such a name? I have not called you my step-son.

Fran. Pray pardon me! I said it not to displease you. I begin to think you very kind; at least you seem so. But then you have children of your own, and must, of course, love them much more than me.

Mrs. Floyd. You shall not find it so. Some few days hence we shall be more acquainted than we

can be now, and you shall see if my affection will not make you think yourself my son.

Fran. If that could be without forgetting my mamma?—

Mrs. Floyd. I would not wish you to forget her: on the contrary, we will speak often of her, and your tenderness shall be a pattern for my children. Come, I long to introduce you to them.

Fran. O, I have seen them already. Have they not complained of my behaviour?

Mrs. Floyd. No, my little man. Have you had any quarrel then; I should be very sorry for that, as all my wish is to behold you tenderly united to each other, like real brothers.

Fran. I wish nothing more. But where is my papa and sisters? Let me see them.

Mrs. Floyd. Your papa will very soon be home. He went this morning to dispatch some business out of doors, that he might have the afternoon entirely to himself; in the mean time, I will take you to your sisters, who will tell you what you are to think of me.

Fran. I wish them to speak of you, but not first. I have a deal to say of my mamma. (*as they go out Charles and Percival enter on the opposite side.*)

SCENE IV.

Charles, Percival.

Percival. Why did you stop me from complaining to mamma? I keep company with that little snarler! No, never. When his father comes

home, I will tell him what a waspish son he has, that he may teach him to behave a little better.

Charles. Do you think then that papa will not be vexed, when told of this difference between you? and would it please you to afflict him?

Percival. Certainly I should be sorry for it. And yet, what can I do? since, if this little gentleman is not corrected for his rudeness the first day of coming home, there will be nothing but disputes hereafter. He will be always affronting us. I am not very deliberate in such cases; I shall certainly be warm, and tell him what he ought to know; and if hereafter he should think of taking airs on him, as just now——

Charles. I hope then, Percival, you do not mean to beat him!

Percival. But you do not suppose that I will let myself be beat for him!

Charles. No, certainly.

Percival. Then what ought I to do?

Charles. To-morrow, very likely, we shall see; but now it would be improper to disturb his father's satisfaction in seeing him.

Percival. Be it now, to-morrow, or the following day, it is all the same to Percival; but the sooner, in my opinion, the better.

Charles. Brother, I beseech you, wait a little longer. Francis cannot be so sulky as you think.

Percival. And yet, sure, I know him as well as you?

Charles. His father and his sisters say he is very condescending and good-natured.

Percival. Yes, indeed, he showed his condescension and good-nature, when he turned his back upon me in reply to my civility.

Charles. That was not well; but then he does not know us yet.

Percival. He might have tried to know us.

Charles. How you talk! perhaps something grieved him.

Percival. And are we to suffer for it?

Charles. No; but brothers must pass over many things which others have a right to take amiss.

Percival. It appears to me that he scorns to look upon us as brothers.

Charles. No: I cannot persuade myself of that.

Percival. Well, let him look a little to himself: I shall not put up with any insult from him. But he's coming with his sisters; I will withdraw. I cannot bear the thoughts of such a snappish gentleman.

Charles. For heaven's sake, brother, let us stay and share in their amusement.

Percival. No, no: I might possibly disturb them, and will go.

Charles. If you are resolved, I will follow you.—(*Aside, going out.*) I must do everything in my power to soften him.

SCENE V.

Francis, Priscilla, Anne.

Priscilla, (*holding Francis by the hand.*) But why afflict yourself, dear brother, any longer? Our afflictions cannot bring mamma to life again.

Fran. But will you promise me, at least, that we shall think a little of her every time we meet?

Pris. Yes, brother, I shall always think I see her with us, just as when she was alive.

Fran. (*affectionately looking at them*) My dearest sisters! this idea doubles the delight I have in seeing you.

Pris. Anne and I have been wishing, this long while, to see you likewise.

Anne. And so have I, brother; for now we can play all together as we used to do. Charles and his brother can play with us too. O, how fine that will be! (*jumping for joy.*)

Fran. Pshaw! no more about your Charles and his brother, if you love me.

Pris. How!

Fran. They would but interrupt our pastime: they are good for nothing but to go complaining of us to their mother, and convey away our things.

Pris. They, brother? Can you think so badly of them?

Anne. Look here, Frank? (*showing an etui.*)

Fran. And who gave you that?

Anne. Why, Percival: he went out and bought it for me, with a crown that his mother gave him.

Pris. See, too, this morocco pocket-book. It was a present made to Charles; and he gave it me.

Fran. Ay, ay! I see you understand each other's meaning, and will all four be against me.

Pris. & Anne. Be against you!

Fran. Certainly. I know they hate me, having taken all my flowers away, and spoiled my garden.

Pris. Who has taken all your flowers away, and spoiled your garden ?

Fran. Those two little fellows that you seem to admire so much.

Pris. We do not understand you. Have you seen your garden ?

Fran. Have I seen it ? What a question ! Only look yourself. Where are my pinks and tulips ?

Pris. Where ? you have not then been at the terrace, under my mamma's bow window ?

Fran. Is there any garden there ?

Anne. Ay, surely ; and a very pretty one.

Pris. Your garden here was far too little : so mamma had one marked out for all of us, behind the terrace, six times larger.

Fran. And who owns it ? Doubtless your two favourites !

Pris. No, no ; it belongs to all of us, we have each a portion.

Anne. I, as well as the rest.

Fran. And is there one for me ?

Pris. Undoubtedly : and you are luckier by a deal than we. You have not taken any labour in the cultivation of your part, which, notwithstanding, you will find quite full of flowers.

Anne. Red, yellow, blue and white in plenty as you will see.

Fran. Who set them for me ?

Anne. Why, your brothers. They have been a month employing all their play hours upon the work. They have selected all the flowers that *their*

beds supplied, and put them into yours, that at the time of your return, you might be more surprised.

Fran. And have they done all this for me? Daniel told me that they had taken all my flowers away, but did not tell me why.

Pris. If you give ear to Daniel, you will be worse off for it, I can tell you. Why he wished to make us quarrel with our brothers likewise. How ungrateful! Their mamma consents to have him for no other reason than because our mother begged papa upon her death-bed, not to turn him off; and all his study is to make her children as unhappy as he can.

Anne. And all because mamma will have him work, instead of spending half the day with idle fellows at the ale-house.

Fran. Is it so? Then I begin to see that he wanted to deceive me, when he promised to be my friend.

Pris. However, we must not tell any thing about it to papa; he would dismiss him: we must therefore carefully keep silence, and not ruin Daniel.

Fran. O! no, no, indeed; since poor mamma had such a value for him.

Pris. You will soon see whether he told you truth.

Anne. But come now, and pay a visit to your garden, brother.

Fran. Yes, with all my heart: I long to see it. (*Anne and Priscilla take him by the hand, and go out on one side, without perceiving Charles, who comes in with Percival on the other side.*)

SCENE VI.

Charles, Percival.

(*They enter with two plates of cake and fruit, which they put down upon the table in the summer-house.*)

Charles. Where is he?

Per. (*looking every way*) Look, there he is—There, brother, with his sisters, going to our garden.

Charles. I am glad of that; for only think what pleasure he will have, when he discerns how busy we have been to ornament his portion of it!

Per. Do you think so? For my part, I would lay any wager that he will find fault with every thing about him, he is so queer! The flowers, he will say, are badly chosen, or the box not planted as it should be, or the ground too moist or too dry, and twenty other things.

Charles. Yes; but do you know that I am beginning to consider you as touchy as you think him? I never saw you so before.

Per. It is he that caused it: Have his sisters ever had occasion to complain of my behaviour? and I only wish to live upon good terms with him. You know with what impatience I expected his arrival here, and how I ran with open arms to meet him.

Charles. True indeed; but, as I said before, it is very likely something grieves him. He is afraid, perhaps, that his father will no longer love him, or our mother show *him* less affection than he fancies she does us. If so, then surely it is our du-

ty to make much of him in his uneasiness, and win him to be friends with us, by every gentle method in our power.

Per. You are in the right; I did not think of that.

Charles. If he is as good as every body says, think, brother, how a little kindness on our part will, in the end, affect him; how his father will be fonder of us for it; and what pleasure we shall give mamma!

Per. I was in the wrong, I own, let him but come, and I will be so attentive to him, he must unavoidably forget the past.

Charles. What hinders us from running to him where he is? The flowers that we planted for him, will make peace between us.

Per. That is well said; we will go immediately. But here he comes himself.

Charles. And see how pleased he seems!

SCENE VII.

Charles, Percival, Francis, Priscilla, Anne.

Fran. (*running to embrace his brothers*) My dear good friends, my brothers, you must certainly be very much displeased with my behaviour.

Charles. We! why so?

Per. It is over, my dear Frank, and I love you.

Fran. What a pretty garden you have made me! You have given me all your finest flowers, without my having done any thing to give you pleasure.

Charles. It is enough for us, if you are pleased with our endeavours.

Fran. If I am! Forgive me pray, dear brothers. I insulted you: I turned away, when you came running to embrace me. I will never do so for the future. We will always be good frinds; and every thing that I have shall be yours as well as mine.

Charles. Yes, yes, and every thing shall be in common to us; not our pleasures only, but our sorrows also.

Per. Let us then embrace each other, and begin this friendship. (*They embrace.*)

Charles. This is as it should be; and now, Frank, we must go and have a little banquet that has been prepared for us by mamma: we have brought it, and put it in the summer-house, as you may see. Let us enter. Enter too, sisters, and sit down with us.

Per. It is your privilege, dear brother, now to do the honours of the feast. Mamma will have it so; as you, she says, by your arrival, are the founder of it.

Fran. O, I am sure I never could have eaten any where with so much appetite, as at this feast of friendship. (*He presents them with the cake and fruit, and they begin to eat.*)

Per. Well said, and is not this much better than to quarrel with each other?

Anne. I believe so, truly! For what quarrel can be worth these pears?

Charles. How glad mamma will be to find us such friends with one another!

Pris. She deserves that we should afford her all

the joy possible. When once you come to know her—But I remember you have seen her.

Fran. Yes, yes, Priscilla; she received me with the greatest kindness, and has so agreeable a countenance that she cannot be ill-tempered. I perceived even by her tone of voice that I should be easily induced to love her.

Pris. And how good she is to us!

Anne. We need but please ourselves, to give her pleasure.

Pris. We were greatly to be pitied at the death of our mamma. Papa, who is employed all day in business, could not look to us. There was forever something wrong in our clothes, and our education was much more neglected.

Anne. We should very probably have fallen into a habit of indolence.

Pris. But since our new mamma has come, we are both set to rights. She gives us every entertainment suited to our age, and is a party with us in our little pleasures. One would think her much more interested in the preservation of our health, than of her own. I have not yet had time sufficient to remark that I stand in need of any thing; she makes beforehand such provision for our wants!

Anne. But lately I was ill; oh, very ill indeed; and it was she that waited on me. She was always by my bed, and doing every thing in her power to comfort me. She made up all manner of nice things; and I believe, I should have died, but for her great attention to me.

Fran. O my dear, dear sisters! is it possible?

Pris. You know too, brother, that before you left us, we had not been any ways accustomed to employ our needle. Well; mamma was kind enough to teach us. So that now we know—not only plain, but every sort of fine work.

Charles. (*to Francis*) See here, the neck and wristbands of this shirt. Mamma extols the work very much. Well, Priscilla did it all herself, and presented it to me.

Pris. Which you deserved beforehand; for who made me such a garden, or presented me with such fine nosegays? Brother Francis, you must know, mamma will not have us oblige our brothers, unless they likewise oblige us, and they do more to please us, than we could have thought to ask.

Anne. Yes, indeed; and as a proof, I will show you the cork boat of Percival's making with his penknife. You shall see its nice silk rigging, satin sails, and riband streamers. It swims charmingly, in the fish-pond.

Per. Since you made me such a handsome pair of braces—

Anne. Braces! I can make much handsomer things than braces now. Ah, Frank, were you but to see a certain green and lilach striped silk purse! The green at least is all of my own fancying; ask Priscilla. O, I am sure you will be delighted when you have it.

Fran. How! and have you made me, then, a purse? (*Priscilla makes a sign that Anne should hold her peace.*)

Anne. (*embarrassed*) O, Frank; I forgot:

—(*in a whisper*) yes, it is! but you must know, mamma enjoined me not to tell you. And besides, she means to surprise you herself with nothing less than a nice worked waistcoat, such as my brothers have on—O, you will soon see!

Pris. This little giddy creature can keep no secret.

Anne. No, because there was such pleasure in revealing it. We have been always thinking of you, brother.

Fran. O, I thank you: but pray tell me, are you happy?

Pris. Are we happy? What is wanting in our situation? Our mamma is really so good! I do not know how it is, but she has found the secret of converting every thing into a sort of pleasure. I have no amusement half so great as chatting with her. Even while she is joking, she instructs us.

Anne. You should see us, when we are reading certain little tales, which a friend of ours composes for us. He knows what every little boy and girl does in the world; and it would be comical if he were to put us in his book.

Pris. I wish he would put us in it, on account of our mamma; that all the world might know the goodness of her heart, and how we love her.

Charles. Yes, and I too, for the sake of our papa, who treats us just as if we were his real children.

SCENE VIII.

Mr. Floyd, Francis, Priscilla, Anne, Charles, Percival.

Mr. Floyd, (*who had stood by the side of the summer-house, during the whole preceding scene, shows himself suddenly amongst them, crying*) Yes, and so you are within my heart. I make it all my happiness to think that I am your father. But where is Frank?

Fran. (*embracing Mr. Floyd*) Here, papa. O how rejoiced I am to see you, dear papa.

Mr. F. Kiss me once more, my dear child.—And now let me inquire, if you are pleased with your new brothers?

Fran. O, I never could have chosen better. I will love them, and do every thing in my power that they may love me likewise.

Charles. There will be no difficulty in that matter, since we are determined to do just the same.

Per. We shall but need to recollect the pleasure that we have had this day.

Pris. That you may keep your promise, I will be sure to put you frequently in mind of it.

Anne. O, sister, as to that, I am sure I shall remember it without a monitor.

Mr. F. I verily believe you will do so, from what I have heard you say; for you must know, dear children, I was planted here hard by in secret, during all your conversation; and I am sure, I never shall forget it: nor I only, but another; for another

has heard every thing as well as I. Come then, dear wife, approach, and enjoy a pleasure so adapted to your goodness.

SCENE IX.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd, Francis, Priscilla, Anne, Charles, Percival.

Mr. F. Here she is, my little ones: the partner that I have chosen to promote your happiness; and not yours only, but my own. The fortune which it might have been in my power to leave to yu, would be nothing, in comparison of that more valuable gift, a good and proper education. We have therefore made these second nuptials to procure you every possible advantage. Three among you very much wanted a mother, who might take upon her the care of your childhood: and the other two, a father to advance them in the world. Your interests were the same, in these second nuptials; and it is for the benefit of all of us that they have been framed. Do you then promise me, dear wife, as I on my side do, that you will never think of treating either of these children with the least degree of partiality, except indeed what his superior good behaviour may appear to merit.

Mrs. F. My reply to you, dear husband, are these tears; I cannot possibly repress them; and to you, my children, these embraces (*she holds out her arms, and all the children strive with each other to come nearest to her.*)

Mr. F. And do you, dear little ones, on your part, promise to keep up a constant union with each

other, to avoid all jealousy and quarrels, and like children of one parent, love each other. (*They take each other by the hand, and kneeling, answer*)

Yes, papa; we do, we do.

Mr. F. (*raising them.*) Continue to live in such a state of friendship. You will find its charms constantly increase, and the tie between you grow closer every day. You will be as happy from the services that you do each other, as from those little sacrifices that may frequently be needful for the sake of peace among you. Every one enjoying his own happiness, will not the less enjoy his brother's; which, in fact, he may attribute to himself. There will not be an individual around you, but will interest himself in your prosperity, if his friendship be worth the acquisition; and your future children will reward you by *their* tenderness, for having so well merited the affection of your parents.

THE MAN WHO ROSE TO SUDDEN FORTUNE.

One fine evening in June, Mr. Russel went with his son to take a walk in one of the most agreeable environs of the city. The weather was mild, the sky clear, the purling streams and waving trees lulled them to an agreeable thoughtfulness. What a

lovely evening! said Eugene, enchanted with the beauties of nature that surrounded him. He pressed his father's hand, and said to him, if you knew, papa, what thoughts rise in my heart! He was silent for a moment; then lifting his moistened eyes to heaven, I thank my God, said he, for the happy moments that he gives me to enjoy. O that every one could feel the beauties of the evening as I do! That all mankind overflowed with joy, as I do at this moment! I could wish to be a king over a large country, that I might make all my subjects happy. Mr. Russel embraced his son. My dear Eugene, said he, the benevolent wish that you have just expressed, comes from a heart as generous as humane. But would not your thoughts change with your fortune? Would you still hold, in an exalted station, these sentiments, that animate you now in the middling condition to which heaven has appointed you?

Eugene. Why do you ask that question, papa? cannot one become rich without becoming cruel or wicked?

Mr. R. It does not always happen so, my dear. There are some fortunate persons who remember their past distresses, and in whom this reflection produces sentiments of charity towards the unfortunate. But to the disgrace of the human heart, a change of fortune frequently alters affections the most tender and sympathetic. While we are unfortunate ourselves, we think that heaven requires of all men as a duty to relieve our sufferings. If the hand of God remove misfortune from us, we

think all his intents in the preservation of the universe fulfilled; and we no longer think of those wretches that remain in the gulf from which we have been rescued. We have an instance of this in the man who comes sometimes to ask relief of me, which I give him with a reluctance that I cannot conquer, though I reproach myself for it.

Eugene. True, papa; I observed that you put your alms coldly into his hand, without ever giving him those words of comfort that you do to other poor people.

Mr. R. I will show you, my dear, whether he deserves them. Mr. Lowe was a linen-draper in the Minories. Though the profits of his business were but moderate, a poor person never appeared at his door in vain. This was all the pleasure with which he indulged himself; and he thought himself happy to enjoy it, though he could not command even this to the full extent of his wishes. Business called him one day upon 'Change. He saw in one part of it a number of principal merchants together, who were talking of vast cargoes, and immense profits to be expected from traffic. Ah, said he to himself, how happy these people are! If I were as rich, heaven knows, I should not be so for myself alone, and that the poor should partake of my abundance. He went home full of ambitious thoughts, but how can his narrow business enable him to fulfil his vast projects? With tolerable economy, it was no more than sufficient to afford him a decent subsistence the year round. 'I shall

always be at a stand!' cried he, 'and never rise above this middling condition in which I linger at present.' A handbill, inviting adventurers to purchase in the lottery, was at this moment put into his hand. He seized the idea with eagerness, as if inspired by fortune; and without minding the inconvenience which his covetousness might reduce him, he went to the lottery-office and laid out four guineas, the only money he could spare in the world. With what impatience he waited for the drawing! He at one time repented having so foolishly hazarded a stake, the loss of which would disturb him. At another, he fancied that he saw riches falling down upon him in showers. At last the drawing began.

Eugene. Well, papa, did he get a prize?

Mr. R. Five thousand pounds.

Eugene. Aha! he jumped for joy.

Mr. R. He went immediately and received his money, and spent some days in thinking of nothing else. When he had thought enough, he said to himself —I can put this sum to better use, than barely poring over it. He therefore enlarged his stock, extended his dealings, and, by his knowledge of trade, soon doubled his capital. In less than ten years he became one of the richest men in the city. It must be said in his praise, that he had till then been faithful to his vow, in making the poor partake of his abundance. At the sight of an unfortunate person, he remembered his own former condition without being ashamed of it. And this recollection never failed of profiting the person who occasioned

it. Led on by degrees to frequent fine company, he contracted a taste for luxury and dissipation. He purchased a magnificent country-house, and fine gardens, and his life became a round of pleasure and amusement. The most extravagant whims were gratified without scruple, but he soon perceived that they had made a considerable breach in his fortune. Trade, which he had relinquished in order to be quite at leisure to enjoy himself, no longer enabled him to repair it; and a habit of indulgence and mean vanity would not suffer him to lessen his expences. I shall always have enough for myself, thought he; let others provide for themselves. His heart, hardened in this resolution, was thenceforth shut to the unfortunate. He heard the cries of misery, as one hears the tempest rumble at a distance, when sheltered from its fury. Friends, whom he had till then supported, came to solicit him for relief: But he refused them harshly. Have I made a fortune, said he, only to squander it upon you? Do as I do, he added; depend upon yourselves. His mother, whom he had deprived of half the pension that he allowed her, came to beg for a retired shelter in his house, there to spend her few remaining days; but he had the barbarity to refuse her, and with tearless eyes beheld her die in misery. This crime however did not long remain unpunished. His debaucheries very soon exhausted all his wealth, and deprived him of the strength necessary to support himself by work. In short he was reduced to the state of misery in which you see him, and now

begs his bread from door to door, an object of contempt and indignation to all honest people.

Eugene. Ah, papa, since fortune can make men so wicked, I wish to remain as I am.

Mr. R. My dear Eugene, I wish so too for the sake of your happiness; but if heaven destines you a more exalted station, may you never forfeit the nobleness and generosity of your soul. Think often of the story I have just told you. Learn from this example, that we can never taste true happiness, without feeling for the misfortunes of others; that it is the powerful man's duty to comfort the sorrows of the weak; and that he reaps more true happiness from the performance of this duty, than from all his pomp and luxury.

The sun was now about to set, and his parting beams threw a lively glow upon the clouds, which formed a purple curtain round his bed. The air, freshened at the approach of evening, breathed an agreeable calm. The birds, in repeating their farewell songs, exerted all their powers of melody. The leaves of the grove mingled a gentle murmur with their concert, and every thing seemed to inspire sentiments of joy and happiness; but Eugene and his father instead of the transports they at first felt, returned to their home lost in melancholy reflections.

THE YOUNG SPARROWS.

Little Robert one day perceived a sparrow's nest under the eaves of the house, and running immediately for his sisters to inform them of his discovery, they all contrived how to make themselves masters of the little covey. It was agreed to wait until the young ones should be fledged; that Robert should then raise a ladder against the wall, and his sisters should hold it fast below, while he climbed up for the nest. When they thought the little birds sufficiently feathered, they made ready to put their design in execution. It succeeded perfectly, and they found three young ones in the nest. The old birds sent forth piteous cries on seeing the little ones taken from them which they had nourished with so much care; but Robert and his sisters were so overjoyed that they paid not the least attention to their complaints.

They were at first a little puzzled what to do with their prisoners. Augusta, the youngest, being of a mild and compassionate disposition, was for having them put in a cage; she promised to take the charge of them upon herself, and to feed them regularly every day; she described in a lively manner to her brother and sister, the pleasure they should have in seeing and hearing those young birds, when grown big.

This was opposed by Robert, who maintained

that it was better to pluck them just as they were, and that it would be much more *funny* to look at them jumping about in the room without feathers, than to see them dismally shut up in a cage. Charlotte, the eldest, declared herself of the same opinion as Augusta, but Robert persisted in his own.

At last the two little girls, seeing that their brother would not give up the point, and that he had the nest in his possession, agreed to whatever he desired. But he waited not for their consent to begin the execution. The first was already plucked.—There is one stript, said he, setting it on the ground. In a moment after, all the little family were deprived of their tender feathers. The poor things cried, *peep! peep!* and complained very piteously; they shuddered with the cold, and shook their bare little wings. But Robert, instead of pitying their sufferings, did not end his persecutions here: he pushed them with his toe to make them go on, and whenever they tumbled over, he burst into a laugh; and at last his sisters joined in the laugh with him.

While they were practising this cruel amusement, they saw their tutor coming towards them.—Mum! Each pocketed a bird, and was stealing off. "Well," cried their tutor, "where are you going? Come hither!" This order obliged them to stop. They advanced slowly with their eyes fixed on the ground.

Tutor. Why do you run away at my coming?

Rob. We were only playing.

Tutor. You know I do not debar you from amusement; and indeed I am never so happy as when I see you all merry.

Rob. We were afraid you were coming to scold at us.

Tutor. Do I ever scold at you for taking innocent diversion? I see you have done something amiss. Why have you each a hand in your pocket? I must know the reason. Show me your hands, and what you have in them. (*they show their hands, with a bird picked.*)

Tutor (*with an emotion of pity and indignation*). And who could give you the idea of treating these poor little creatures thus?

Rob. Why, it is so droll to see sparrows jump without feathers.

Tutor. You think it very droll, then, to see innocent creatures suffer, and to hear their painful cries?

Rob. No, sir; I didn't think it made them suffer.

Tutor. Did not you? Come hither, I will convince you it did. (*he plucks a few hairs out of Robert's head.*)

Rob. O, O!

Tutor. Does that hurt you?

Rob. Do you think it does not, to pluck out my hairs?

Tutor. Pshaw! there are only a dozen.

Rob. But that is too much.

Tutor. What would it be then were I to pluck out all your hair? Have you a notion of the pain that you would feel? And yet you have put these birds to the very same torture, though they never did you any harm. And you, young ladies; you,

that should be more tender-hearted! did you suffer this?

The two little misses were standing by, silent; but hearing these last words, and feeling the keenness of the rebuke, sat down with their eyes swimming in tears. The tutor remarked their sorrow, and said no more to them.

Robert did not cry, but endeavoured to justify himself: I could not think that I did them any harm. They sung all the while, and they clapped their wings as if they were pleased.

Tutor. Do you call their cries singing? But why should they sing?

Rob. I suppose to call their father and mother.

Tutor. No doubt. And when their cries should have brought them, what did the young ones mean to tell them, by clapping their wings?

Rob. I cannot say exactly; perhaps to ask their help.

Tutor. Just so. Therefore, if those birds could have expressed themselves in our speech, you would have heard them cry, "Ah, father and mother, save us! we have fallen into the hands of cruel children, who have plucked all our feathers. We are cold, and in pain. Come, warm us, and cure us, or we shall die."

The little girls could hold out no longer; they sobbed, and hid their faces in their handkerchiefs. "It was you, Robert, that led us to this cruelty: We hated the thought of it ourselves." Robert was then sensible of his fault. He had already been punished by the plucking of his hair; he was

now much more so by the reproaches of his heart. The tutor thought there was no occasion to add to his double punishment. It was not, indeed, from an instinct of cruelty, but purely from want of thought, that Robert had done this ill-natured action, and the pity which he felt from that moment for all creatures weaker than himself, opened his heart to the sentiments of kindness and humanity that have animated him all the rest of his life.

THE BLACKSMITH:

OR, TWO MADE HAPPY.

A GENTLEMAN of fortune passing very late one night by a blacksmith's habitation, was surprised to see him busy at his forge, when every other person in the neighborhood was gone to rest. He had a curiosity to know what reason he could have for working thus at midnight, as if twelve hours labour in the day would not suffice to provide subsistence for his family.

It is not for myself I work, replied the blacksmith, but a neighbour of mine, who has unfortunately been burnt out. I rise two hours before the usual time of labour every morning, and continue working two hours after, every night, and sometimes longer, as is now the case, and this I do, that I may help him in his destitute condition. If I had any thing myself, I would divide it with

him; but my all is nothing but this shop and some small stock of metal, which I cannot part with, because it is what I subsist on. By thus working every day four hours at least, it comes to two days weekly, and the earnings of these I can yield to him. Thank heaven, at this time of the year, there's work enough! and while I have strength, it is my duty to assist the unhappy.

This is very generous, my good friend, said the gentleman, as I suppose your neighbour will never be able to repay your kindness.

Truly, sir, I fear he will not: but on his account alone, not mine. However, I am sure he would rejoice to do as much for me, were I in his condition.

At these words, the gentleman, not willing to intrude upon the blacksmith longer, wished him a good night, and went away.

On the morrow, having put into his purse a twenty-pound note, which he could well afford to part with from his savings, he went out, with intent to leave it with the blacksmith, whose beneficence he was resolved to recompense, and to put it in his power to buy metal at the cheapest market price, and thus undertake more business, and lay by a little from his labour, to support him in his old age.

But what was his wonder, when the blacksmith bade him take his money back again! I cannot lay it out, said he, because I have not earned it. I can well afford to pay for all the iron I make use of; and if ever I should be in want of more,

the merchant would supply me with it, on my note. It would be absolute ingratitude in me to take that profit from him he is used to make upon his goods, when he has never hesitated to supply me with as much as I could ask for, even when I had no other coat than that upon my back: but you may make a better use, sir, of this money, if you lend it, free of interest, to my unhappy neighbour. He might then retrieve his affairs, and I regain my usual portion of sleep.

The gentleman, with all his rhetoric, not being able to prevail upon the blacksmith to accept his offer, followed the advice he gave him; and was highly gratified in thinking he had made two worthy objects happy, where his generosity had wished to serve one alone.

AN OLD MAN BEGGING.

Mr. Annesley, to a servant.

Why did you not make this good old man come in?

Old M. Sir, I was asked; but it was my own choice not to go in.

Mr. A. And why?

Old M. I blush to tell. I am doing a thing to which I am not accustomed: I come—to beg alms.

Mr. A. You seem honest: why should you blush to be poor? I have some friends myself who are so. Be you of the number.

Old M. Excuse me, sir: I have not time.

Mr. A. What have you then to do?

Old M. The most important thing in this world: to die. I may tell you, since we are alone, I have not more than a week to live.

Mr. A. How do you know that?

Old M. How do I know it? I can scarce explain that to you. But I know it, because I feel it: and that proof is sure. Happily nobody is a loser by my death. My daughter and my son-in-law have maintained me these two years.

Mr. A. They have only done their duty.

Old M. I was once just rich enough not to fear becoming chargeable to any body. I lent my money to a gentleman who called himself my friend. He lived merrily, until at last, he reduced me to poverty. I beg pardon, sir! you are a gentleman too: but I speak the truth.

Mr. A. I have as much pleasure in hearing it, as you have in speaking it, even were it against myself.

Old M. I should have been wiser, had I worked to the last; but I grew pale and withered, and looked upon this change as a signal from Providence to repose myself. I never disliked work, sir. When I was young, that supported my health: I had no other physician. But what strengthens youth, exhausts old age. I was no longer able to work. When I had lost my fortune, I was desirous to work again. I desired it with all my heart. I felt for my arms, but could not find them. Excuse me for dropping a tear when I

think of it. No moment of my life was more heavy than when I felt myself so weak.

Mr. A. You then had recourse to your children ?

Old M. No, sir : they came to me of themselves. I had only one daughter, but I found a son in her husband. They made me welcome to every thing they had, and took care of me. May God take them to his heavenly table, as they have taken me to their table in this world.

Mr. A. What, are they become cooler to you now ?

Old M. No, sir, but they have become poor themselves. The floods have swept away their house, and destroyed their stock : so they have borrowed money to maintain me at ease till my death ; the only thing that they ever did against my will. I would wish them to have the sum for my burial beforehand, that I may not be a charge to them when dead. It is for this reason that I come begging alms. I am an old man, but a young beggar.

Mr. A. And where do you live ?

Old M. I beg pardon, sir ; but must not answer that, either for myself or for my children.

Mr. A. Excuse my indiscreet curiosity. Heaven forbid that I should seek to gratify it !

Old M. Sir, I believe you. In eight days, look up to heaven ; you will then, I hope, see my dwelling ; it will not be concealed.

Mr. A. (*offering him silver*) Take this, good old man, and may God keep you.

Old M. All that, sir? No, it was not my intention. I want but a crown; the rest is of no service to me. There is no want in heaven.

Mr. A. You will give the remainder to your children.

Old M. God forbid! My children can work; they want nothing.

Mr. A. Farewell, my good old man! Go and repose yourself.

Old M. (*returning all the money except a crown*) Take this again, sir.

Mr. A. My friend you make me blush.

Old M. I blush myself too. Even a crown is too much to take. Keep the rest for those who are to beg longer than I.

Mr. A. I feel for your situation.

Old M. I hope that heaven will also feel for it, and for your generosity, sir: and repay it to you.

Mr. A. Will you take any food?

Old M. I have already had some broth and some bread.

Mr. A. At least take some provision with you.

Old M. No, sir; I will not affront Providence so much. However, a glass of wine—just one—

Mr. A. More, if you choose, my friend.

Old M. No, sir, only one; I cannot bear more. You deserve that I should drink with you the last drop of wine that I shall taste upon earth, and in heaven I will tell from whom I received it. Bountiful God! even a cup of water is not without its recompense from thee. (*Mr. Annesley goes for wine. The old man lifts his hands to heaven.*) My

last refreshment! Heaven reward him one day who gives it to me.

Mr. A. (*returning with a bottle and two glasses*) Take this glass my good old man. I have brought one for myself too. We will drink together.

Old M. (*looking up*) God be thanked for all the blessings of this life! May the Lord grant that your latter end be as happy as mine.

Mr. A. My good old man, stop here to-night. Nobody shall see you, if you desire it.

Old M. No, sir, I cannot; my time is precious.

Mr. A. Can I serve you in any thing further?

Old M. I could wish it, sir, for your sake. But I want nothing more in this world; nothing but a glove, (*looking at his hand*) I have lost mine.

Mr. A. (*taking a pair out of his pocket, and offering them*) Here, my good friend.

Old M. Keep that: I ask only one.

Mr. A. And why not take the other?

Old M. This hand can bear the air. It is only the left that suffers, which has lost its warmth these two years. (*puts the glove on his left hand, and gives the right to Mr. Annesley.* I shall think of you, sir,

Mr. A. And I too of you. My good friend, let me accompany you. I find it hard to keep the promise that I gave you.

Old M. Then so much the better for you, sir, if you keep it. (*going.*)

Mr. A. Give me your hand once more, my good old man! It is full of blessings.

O. M. I hope to take you by the hand in Paradise.

THE LITTLE VIXEN.

'Won't you do what I bid you, Mr. Obstinacy? —Come, come, sir, obey; or else you'll be the worse for it, I can tell you.'—It was thus Camilla, the pert little vixen, was perpetually ating and commanding her poor brother.

Might her word be taken, he did every thing amiss: whatever she thought of doing was a masterpiece of reason and reflection. The diversions he proposed were always dull and heavy in her judgment; but forgetting this decision, the next day she would, most likely, choose them herself, as the liveliest and most entertaining. Her unhappy brother was obliged, on pain of being soundly lectured, to obey her whims and fancies. If he durst attempt to show her the unreasonableness with which she acted, she would that moment assume her airs; his play-things were sure to go to ruin, and he be forced to mope, without amusement, in a corner of the room.

Camilla's parents had a hundred times endeavoured to break her of this fault. Her mother, in particular, assured her that people never were beloved by others, if they were not complaisant and gentle; that a little girl, who would on all occasions set up her own will as a law for others, would be found the most intolerable creature in the universe. These prudent lessons made no impression on her heart. Her brother, sick of so much tyranny, began to lose something of his love and kindness for her;

and Camilla was so far from shaking off her domineering disposition on that account, that she became a hundred times more arbitrary.

As it chanced, a gentleman of understanding, who was always remarkably sincere and open in his speech and conduct, dined one day, with Camilla's parents. He observed with what a haughty air she treated her little brother, nay, and every body in the room. At first, through mere politeness, he kept silence; but, tired out with her impertinence, he addressed his discourse to Mrs. Osborn, as follows: 'Had I such a little girl as your's I know what I would do.'

What, Sir? said Mrs. Osborn.

You shall hear, replied the gentleman. I have lately come from France, and as I liked to see the soldiers exercise, I amused myself by visiting the grand parade as frequently as I had leisure, where the soldiers are drawn up for drill. Among them I observed many with whiskers; and one cannot but acknowledge they looked very fierce, as soldiers should do. Now, had I a child like your Camilla, I would instantly give her a soldier's uniform, and clap a pair of whiskers on her, and make her a Swiss corporal, so that she might completely satisfy her passion for commanding.

Hearing this, Camilla stood confounded. She could not refrain from blushing, and even wept.

From that time, she was sensible how much a tyrannizing disposition misbecame her, and resolved to shun the mortifying consequences it would sooner

or later bring upon her. This resolve, assisted by the prudent counsels of her mother soon proved successful.

Such a change was doubtless very prudent on her part. It were however to be wished, for the sake of all young ladies labouring under such a fault, that they would yield obedience to the kind instruction of their parents on this subject; and not wait till a man of understanding tells them to their face, they would look better in a surly soldier's uniform, with whiskers, than drest in white cambric frocks, like all well-behaved little girls.

THE MILITARY ACADEMY.

A DRAMA, IN TWO PARTS.

FIRST PART, IN ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

MASTER OF THE ACADEMY.
TUTOR.
EUGENIUS, ... *the Master's Son.*
EDWARD, RODERICK, THEODORE, } *Scholars.*

The SCENE *is in the Master's Study.*

SCENE I.

The Master sits writing at his desk.
Enter Tutor, (knocking at the door and half opening it.)

Tutor. WILL you permit me, sir, to interrupt you for a moment?

Mast. Come in, sir; you know, whatever time I have belongs in justice to the duties of my place.

Tutor. I wish to tell you of a circumstance not very common, that has happened in the school within these few days past.

Mast. What is it? you alarm me!

Tutor. O, there is no occasion, sir, for that: what I have to say is rather affecting than alarming. What are your ideas of our last pupil, Edward Barton?

Mast. For the ten days past, that he has been among us, you are sensible, I have not had an opportunity of even speaking to him. This however I can say in his behalf, that when his parents brought him, I remarked something in his countenance that pleased me much. Do any of the assistants take offence at his behaviour?

Tutor. The reverse. They give him all possible praise for his diligence; and the quickness of his understanding also charms them. He has come among us with more knowledge than our own scholars of three years standing generally have; in short, his school-fellows only and myself have reason to be discontented with him.

Mast. How, sir! have *you* reason to be discontented with him? I am sorry for it.

Tutor. I am so indeed; but much less on my own account than on his. I do not know what it means, but there must be some deep anxiety upon his mind. I have had recourse to many methods for discovering it, but have been always baffled.

Mast. What is his behaviour?

Tutor. In the first place, sir, he is very studious when in school, and nothing can divert him from the business of it: but in play-time he is silent and reserved among the scholars. I have given him two, who are allowed to be the spriteliest, as companions, and enjoined them to do every thing in their power to please him. He is sensible indeed to their endeavours, and acknowledges their kindness; but when all is done, their fire is utterly incapable of warming him, and he appears between

them just like so much ice. *Yes*, gentlemen ; *no*, gentlemen ; and such like monosyllables, are all his answers to their questions.

Mast. He is sad, no doubt, at being separated from his parents?

Tutor. Yes, it is very natural to think so ; yet his sadness has continued now ten days; and can we think a child of only twelve years of age really susceptible of an impression for that length of time?

Mast. Not often: but a child of so much elevation as I thought his countenance indicated!

Tutor. Pardon, sir, my contradicting you ; for if that age is very sensible, it is variable also, and since I have been a tutor here, I have noticed that all those who have been most afflicted at the thought of being separated from their parents, have, and very shortly, been induced by their companions to forget that separation. Now whatever Edward's notions may be on this head, what will you think when I have told you every thing?

Mast. You raise my curiosity. Proceed. I look to be informed of nothing on the subject of this Edward but what is great and singular!

Tutor. Would you believe it then, sir, he refuses every thing at meal time, but a little bread and water. It is not possible that any criminal should be condemned to coarser fare than what he voluntarily chooses!

Mast. You surprise me? He should have lived at Sparta.

Tutor. True, sir ; but with us, where singularity

must not be suffered, and the little soldier is to be submissive to general subordination, there is room to fear some danger to the rest in his example. Twenty times would I have made him eat the food set before him; but to all my instances, he has no other answer, than by turning towards me, in tears,—I almost weep myself to think of his affecting way.

Mast. I am not unmoved. This disobedience is however blameable, and must not be unpunished. If he should persist therein, whatever causes it, he cannot possibly stay here. The intention of a military school is nothing less than that the scholars should be absolutely subject to the will of their instructers.

Tutor. His dismission was indeed the circumstance that I feared; and therefore I put off speaking of his disobedience to you. I was every day in hope that his resolution would be conquered; but it still continues.

Mast. Is it possible, that at his tender age he should be so far master of himself, as to conceal his thoughts from one so exercised as you are in examining the dispositions of young people?

Tutor. He is, what you called him just now, a true Spartan. His behaviour, though not tinctured with a grain of pride, is perfectly seducing. Such is, I may say, his manner of concealing what afflicts him, that one cannot but be really admonished at his silence, and yet not harsh enough to think him obstinate.

Mast. I will sound him then myself. The light

in which you place his portrait, adds considerably to the fair opinion that I formed on my first seeing him. If I can possibly prevail upon him to reveal the cause of his affliction, I persuade myself I shall be fully compensated for my trouble in obtaining it.

Tutor. On my part, threats, entreaties, and persuasion, have been all employed without effect. Of course then, I must fear, your efforts will be no less unsuccessful, though I wish the contrary, and should be even happy if it proved so.

Mast. In the first place, I mean to question those whom you said you had enjoined to keep him company.—Who are they?

Tutor. Theodore and Roderick: but your son Eugenius, sir, will give you better information.

Mast. How! has Edward interested *him* then?

Tutor. He thinks more, I verily believe, of Edward, than himself. I have observed him studying his actions silently. Has he never uttered a syllable to you about him?

Mast. No: but I am as well pleased with his reserve as his attention. It proclaims a secret sympathy between him and the youth who has attracted him. You will oblige me by conducting them all three together here this instant.

Tutor. I would rather send them; as they will think my presence a restraint. They will be free, if I am absent.

Mast. Right: so let them come alone; and send Edward likewise, when you find that they have left me; or, on second thoughts, let him sit down

and wait my coming in the parlour. I will be with him shortly. [Exit Tutor.]

SCENE II. *Master, alone.*

This affair is all a mystery to me! It is very natural that Edward should grieve at being separated from his parents. It is impossible that a boy of such promising qualities should not be extremely dear to every one who knows him, and have had continual marks of their indulgence; but that nothing should have mitigated his affliction in the period of ten days, surrounded by so many of his age, and all desirous to amuse him; and still more, that he should wish for nothing in the world but bread and water, is inexplicable! What the children have to eat is very good, and therefore could not from its quality disgust him. Besides, he was never used at home to better fare. His father, at his bringing him to school, informed me he was far from rich, and had a numerous family to maintain. The more I think of his behaviour, the more I think it wonderful! (*He walks about in thought.*)

Enter Eugenius, Roderick, Theodore.

Eug. We come, papa, according to your order. The tutor told us that we were wanted; Theodore, Roderick, and myself.

Mast. Yes, Eugenius. I desire to have a little conversation with all of you.

Rod. and Theo. It is doing us great honour.

Eugen. Yes, and pleasure too; at least I think so.

Mast. (*to Theo. and Rod.*) I am told, you are not quite contented with your new companion's conduct ?

Rod. To confess the truth, sir, he is indeed a little of the dullest ; this same master—What's his name ?

Theo. He has spoken so little to us, we do not recollect what name he goes by.

Eug. Edward Barton. For his name, I do not think much of that, in preference to any other : but his person, that is another thing, and I am happy to be acquainted with him.

Rod. Edward ? a good name enough, if *Dummy* were but added. Master Edward Dummy !

Eug. O, papa ! pray do not let Roderick ridicule poor Edward in this manner !

Mast. Master Roderick, who has authorized you to distribute epithets among your school-fellows thus ?

Rod. Because he does not speak three words in half an hour. Had he come to us from the moon, I should not wonder at it. He is so pale and mopish, he would not belie his country.

Mast. Should his paleness then, or mopishness, as you are pleased to call it, make you hate him ?

Rod. I am not his enemy ; far from it, sir ; but cannot be his friend, since he does nothing to divert us, after we have taken so much pains to make him speak.

Theo. The night, sir, is surely long enough for silence. The day was made for amusement and talking.

Rod. Must *I* be dull, because *he* takes so much delight in dullness?

Eug. Poor young man! You should not call it dullness; it is uneasiness.

Rod. And did we not do everything in our power to make him cheerful? The more we play our tricks to make him smile, the more his sober sadness gains on him. We have done with him at last in our diversions; but still find him when we come to dinner, where he makes such faces as are enough to make us hungry again.

Mast. Has he any disgusting method, as some children have, of eating?

Rod. He must needs be very awkward, were his manners sickening; since he eats bread only, and drinks nothing but clear water.

Theo. He affects a puny stomach, merely to show us what good things he had at home.

Eug. You very much mistake him, if you fancy it is from pride. I watched him yesterday, when he had good roast beef put before him, and could see, though he concealed his face, that his eyes were full of tears.

Mast. Is it so, Eugenius?

Rod. Yes, he very often whimpers; and if once Don Quixote should return again to life, they would fight to know which of them should be called *Knight of the Woful Visage.*

Mast. Are you so unfeeling as to make a jest of his affliction?

Rod. He is enough to make us also of Don Quixote's order. It is quite dismal to see such a

countenance at dinner: it deprives us of our appetite. Commend me to Theodore: it would give you a good appetite to see him eat.

Mast. You would be glad then, I suppose, to rid yourselves of Edward at table?

Rod. Yes, sir, with all our hearts, unless he would become a little merry.

Eug. Well then, papa, let him sit at mine. I should be glad to have him by me, and will take care of him.

Mast. You are not afraid then of his sadness, like these gentlemen?

Eug. I am sorrowful to see him sad; but merely upon that account would show him all the friendship in my power. He would not be so unhappy, did he know that we pity him.

Mast. Can neither of you guess the reason of his melancholy?

Theo. To confess the truth, I never thought of asking him.

Rod. Why wish to know things that are sure to make one sad?

Mast. And, Eugenius, can you let me have no better information?

Eug. No, indeed, papa. I should have been rejoiced to know the secret, and to console him were it in my power. Three times have I begged him to reveal it; but durst go no further, when I saw he was resolved to keep it. Doubtless he does not think me yet sufficiently his friend to trust me with it. I must therefore merit his reliance on me by my services.

Mast. But why, Eugenius, did you tell me nothing of all this before?

Eug. Because I thought that you would have forced him to conduct himself upon a footing with the rest, and have reprimanded him in case of his refusal. You have given me your permission to be always in the school; and I shall never be so mean as to betray my companions by telling tales. But if ever they do any thing that merits commendation, never fear but I will make you acquainted with it.

Mast. I expected nothing less, my dear Eugenius, from your sensibility; and am quite charmed to find myself not disappointed. (*To Theo. and Rod.*) I am sorry, gentlemen, that I cannot bestow the same eulogium on your conduct. I could certainly have wished that you had evinced a little affection, or at least some slight consideration, for poor Edward in his sorrow. Return to your amusements; it were a pity to disturb you in them. If your dspositions preserve you from some sort of sorrows, I am grievously afraid that it hinders you from relishing those exquisite delights which a generous heart experiences. (*Theo. and Rod. leave the room.*)

Mast. You only are worthy to enjoy those exquisite delights. I rejoice to find you so compassionate towards others in their sorrow!

Eug. Who, papa, could possibly refrain from pitying the unhappy Edward? His dejection and his paleness, every thing tells of some uncommon cause of sorrow in his heart. So young! and yet

so miserable ! I avoided him at first, just like the rest, and thought him morose and savage. But when I afterwards noticed his consistency and perseverance, his condescension and politeness, I was gradually attracted to him, and in the end gave him all my friendship. I think, I should conceive a great deal better of myself, could I but merit his.

Mast. You know, however, that his behaviour has incurred the crime of disobedience ?

Eug. Yes, at table.—I cannot possibly conceive the meaning of it : but, perhaps he fancies that every soldier should live coarsely. After all, his singular abstemiousness is better than the glnttony of others ; and the example that he holds out can injure no one. Pray then let him still continue what is so much to his liking, being, as he is, so punctual to duty, and so diligent in school. He is first of his class in mathematics, geography, and drawing.

Mast. But a conduct which so openly infringes upon rule and order, cannot be excused in any circumstance, nor from any motive.—I perceive, I shall be forced to send him home.

Eug. You do not mean so, papa ? What ! for so slight a fault, and one that perhaps merits praise rather than censure, will you send him off as if his principles were vicious ? Let *me* then go with him.

Mast. How, Eugenius ! are you so attached to him ? For what reason ?

Eug. I cannot tell you ; yet, if you will but have a little conversation with him, you will perhaps discern the reason. How rejoiced I should be,

were he but my brother! I should only have this to fear, that you would love him more than you do me at present.

Mast. I have sent for him, and mean to have some conversation with him here. I shall then discern if he is worthy of inspiring such strong attachment, and sincerely hope that you have not misjudged in the affair. If so, I promise—but of that another time. I hear a knock. Step into the adjoining room, that if I call, you may come to us.

Eug. Yes, papa. (*Eugenius goes out. The Master rises to open the door.*)

SCENE IV.

Edward entering, bows to the Master, who sits down. Edward stands before him.

Mast. Well, master Barton, can you conjecture why I sent for you?

Ed. Yes, sir, I am afraid I guess the reason.

Mast. It is true, then, that you disdain the company and conversation of your school-mates, and disturb their pastimes by such whims as were never heard of in persons of your age?

Ed. I dare answer, sir, with all the deference and respect that I owe you, it was never my intention to do either.

Mast. You have been told, for instance, what rules the scholars are to observe, when at meals, and yet you choose to live on bread and water.

Ed. True, sir; I want nothing more.

Mast. The Tutor has endeavoured to convince you how improper such a singularity must be con-

sidered, and yet finds you fixed to persevere therein.

Ed. Yes, sir.

Mast. And think you such a preference commendable?

Ed. Not, sir, in your thoughts, I own.

Mast. It is then a matter of indifference to you, whether you do right or wrong in my opinion?

Ed. No, sir; for in that case, I should heed as little your reproaches as your praise. I know what obligation I am under to obey you, and have often blamed myself for not complying with your pleasure, in the regulations of this place; but still have found it utterly impossible to do so. Heaven is witness for me, notwithstanding, that I am not quite so guilty as appearances proclaim.

Mast. I will readily allow you are yourself persuaded of your innocence, and therefore think, that you have such reasons as will justify your disobedience.—Have you anything to say?

Ed. Nothing, sir.

Mast. But surely you must know, that disobedience is a bad example, even though you think that your motives will excuse you.

Ed. I have had the honour to acknowledge that myself.

Mast. That hitherto it has been tolerated from the hope of your amendment.

Ed. Always.

Mast. And, in short, that by your obstinacy you have merited already the severest punishment.

Ed. I am ready to endure it.

Mast. But not ready to amend your conduct?

Ed. It is impossible.

Mast. I see then, and I am sorry for it, that it will be impossible for me to keep you here a moment longer; as it would be contrary to all good order, to suffer such an instance of rebellion in an institution of this kind.

Ed. What will become of me! wretched as I am! O sir! must I then be at last a burthen to my parents, and an object of contempt to others? Have I merited this sentence?

Mast. Have you merited this sentence! When you will not place the least degree of confidence in me, do you ask that question? Would you hide a secret from your father? I am here to be a father to you, and you refuse to show yourself a son to me!

Ed. If such, sir, be your condescension, I will give you the possession of my heart. I could stand patiently and hear your threats, but cannot be unaffected by your friendship: yes, sir, I will lay my whole heart before you, and make known the affliction that opresses me.

Mast. You are willing then to think yourself my son!

Ed. If you are then willing to become my second father.

Mast. My dear Edward! call me for the future only by that name.

Ed. Well then, my father, I have one at home so poor, that he subsists on scarcely better food than bread and water. My poor mother likewise is as

reduced as he is; I have two sisters, and as many brothers, who enjoy no better fare. And can I then indulge my appetite, and live on your good things, while they have, as it were, nothing more than bread to moisten with their tears? No, no; much rather would I die of hunger. I am Edward Barton, and there never was a father of that name who had a son unworthy of him.

Mast. Has no one solicited government in favour of so old a soldier?

Edw. No one, sir; but he is destitute of all things, after having served his country two-and-twenty years with honour, and consumed the little he had left in soliciting a pension. On the eve of my departure for this place, I heard him read the story of Count Ugolino, who was shut up in a castle with his family, to die of hunger. Since that moment, this sad story has been always in my mind. I think that I incessantly hear the parish bells tolling for the burial of my father, mother, brothers, and poor sisters. Can I then make merry, when my heart is overwhelmed with grief? and eat such food as my afflicted parents cannot purchase? If I could, I should be no longer Edward Barton. While my father is unhappy, in whatever corner of the earth I may be, nothing shall prevent me from enduring his affliction. If the king—

Mast. The king certainly knows not your father's situation: if he did, he would have softened it. I will use my interest to convey the knowledge of it to him; and do you rely upon his justice. My

dear Edward, why not tell me this before? You at least might have spared your family ten days distress.

Edw. You think then, sir, that I shall become so happy as to save him at my years?

Mast. I hope so; and at least am certain that your behaviour has *relieved* him. Generous boy! I am proud of such a son.

Edw. You are the father too of all my family, if through your friendship they may be assisted; but alas, sir! we have been so long unhappy, it is not to be hoped—

Master. Hoped! Edward? Should you doubt of what I tell you, it would be an insult to me. I have told you that I was certain your behaviour had relieved your parents, since relief depends upon myself alone: and therefore, (*going to his bureau, and giving him a paper,*) till I have tried the effect of my interest, which is not inconsiderable, take this: it is a twenty pound bank note, and what your second father gives you, as the first fruit of his love.

Edw. Give *me*! what need can *I* have for it? Send your generous present to my father! there it will be useful.

Mast. He shall know that he is indebted for it to your filial piety, and now, my dear Edward, you will no longer live on bread and water!

Edw. Not till my poor father is reduced again to do so.

Mast. And in future, you will be joyous with your comrades?

Edw. While my father is joyous with his wife and children.

Mast. Well then, run and write your father an account of this transaction: I will instantly set off for London. I shall see a nobleman of considerable interest this very morning.

Edw. How shall I collect my spirits, to return you thanks in such a manner as I ought, sir?

Mast. (*smiling.*) Sir!—It seems then you forget already that you are my son?

Edw. O, my dear, dear father! pardon me, if being, as I am, beside myself—

Mast. Go, go, my child, and leave me here a little. I have no less occasion to compose myself than you have.

Edw. I will come back very shortly, with my letter. You must see it, so do not go, dear father, till I have once again spoken to you!

Mast. No, my son; I will not deny myself that pleasure. Run and write your letter: I will wait for you.

SCENE V.

Master, alone.

Fortunate occurrence! O happy day! What a number of affecting objects present themselves before me! A brave soldier, for whose services I am about to procure a recompense! and his son, whom I may form into a man, and so contribute to the glory of my country! My Eugenius, who appears so sensible of the virtuous impression made on his heart, and so worthy of the friend he has selected! My sovereign, to whose notice I shall introduce a

little hero, such as his munificence may cherish! and a suffering wife and children, such as his compassion may deliver from affliction.

Enter Tutor.

Mast. You are come, sir, quite apropos, to share my transports.

Tutor. What has caused them, my good sir? You seem no less agitated than young Edward, who ran by me wild with pleasure; for he did not see me, did not seem as if he trod upon the ground. His eyes beamed with rapture, though the tears that he had been shedding were not yet dry.—I called to him, but he could not hear me.

Mast. It would have charmed you to witness what passed between us. It was a moment such as does not twice occur in any one man's life.

Tutor. Your hope then is not disappointed. You have wrought upon him to reveal the cause of his affliction.

Mast. But what difficulty had I to obtain my wish! what pain it gave me to upbraid him! and how nobly he withstood me! How much honour even does his disobedience reflect on him!

Tutor. I foresaw as much in general, though I could not clear up the particulars, to reason on them.

Mast. Who could possibly have guessed at the excess of his affection! he was prompted to deny his appetite at table, that he might not fare in the least degree better than his parents. At so great a distance from them, he supported such privations, though he knew, by so doing, he could not succour

them. What think you of so rare a youth? What think you of a father, surrounded by misfortunes, who has been able thus to form his son to virtue? What exalted pleasure for a monarch to reward such virtue! I am proud, my friend, that I have it in my power to convey to his royal ear, intelligence of this poor youth, and his father's sufferings and deserts. There is but one thing else would yield me greater satisfaction. I should like to be in such a situation, as to give him an account of all his meritorious subjects. I would so exalt his throne, that he should then be able to look down on every virtuous man in his dominions, while they, looking up, should see him in the act of applauding and encouraging their virtue. Thus, without the wretched breath of adulation, might a king be really called a god among his subjects.

Tutor. Our king is worthy of your solicitude, to interest him in behalf of Edward and his parents.

Mast. That is what I told him I would do; and his gratitude was very great. But I hear some one coming?—I believe it is he. Step into this apartment; you will find Eugenius there; I shall soon require your presence again, if it be Edward.

(*Tutor withdraws.*

SCENE IV.

Master, alone. Yes, it is he; and how expressive even at this distance is his whole countenance!

Enter Edward.

Edw. My dear father, here is my letter.

Mast. I observe, it is not sealed, and therefore you would have me read it?

Edw. Would ? It is every line about you.

Mast. reading. " Father, mother, brothers and sisters ! Come all of you together, while this letter is reading. O, that I were present, and could read it to you myself: but I *am* present, and observe you. Weep no longer, as I trust you are no longer to subsist on bread and tears. There are on earth as in heaven, generous bosoms, of whom the master of our academy is one, as I have found. He is a father to me, let me call him so ; or rather the protecting angel of our family. Would you believe it ! he has sent you this from himself, and will solicit you a pension, which he says he doubts not of obtaining for you ! Fall on your knees and bless God as I do, for sending us such a benefactor."—*The master stops, and seeing Edward on his knees, raises him, and takes him by the hand.*—Do not kneel to me.

Edw. I offer to you my life. Dispose of it as you please.

Mast. Keep it for the accomplishment of worthy and illustrious actions. Mine is posting fast to decay; but by your conduct, you may lengthen it.

Edw. eagerly. I, father ! Shall I ever be so happy?—Speak, sir, and inform me by what means I may experience so much heartfelt satisfaction.

Mast. By your friendship for my son. (*He opens the adjoining door.*) Eugenius, come and embrace your brother.

Enter Eugenius and Tutor. Edward and Eugenius rush into each other's arms.

Mast. Edward, he is worthy of your friendship. His affection for you went before his father's.

Edw. I could clearly see indeed, that my sufferings moved him.

Eug. You shall never suffer for the future, but myself shall be a sharer with you. Shall I not, dear Edward ?

Edw. (*taking Eugenius by the hand, and presenting it with his own to the Master*) Well then, Eugenius, let us thus connect ourselves as friends for ever, in the hands of our good father.

Mast. Yes, dear children, I approve your wishes, and bestow my blessing on them. Let those happy days return, as far as your example can have influence, when the field for combat was a theatre for friendship. When warriors united the most amiable private qualities to the most undaunted courage. Let Sidney and Wolfe be your model; serve your country with fidelity like theirs. Live, as they did, admired by all mankind, and, if necessary, die as they did, regretted, in the service of your country.

MILITARY ACADEMY.

FIRST SCENE AT CAPTAIN BARTON'S.

THE MILITARY ACADEMY.

SECOND PART.

A DRAMA, IN ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

CAPTAIN BARTON.
MRS. BARTON.
EDWARD,
PAUL,
THEODORE,
LUCRETIA,
ISABEL,
} *their Children.*
MASTER OF THE ACADEMY.
EUGENIUS, *his Son.*
PIPES, *an old Sergeant.*

Scene, an apartment in Capt. Barton's House.

SCENE I.

Paul, Theodore, Lucretia, Isabel, Pipes.

Lucretia and Isabel are both employed; the one in reading, and the other at her tambour frame. Theodore has a pencil, and is drawing. Paul shoulders Pipes' crutch.

Pipes to Paul.

MAKE ready!—Present!—Fire!—Come; very well. Another lesson will complete you. Give me back my crutch. (*To Luree. and Isabel*) You will not let me teach you then?

Lucretia. Teach us?

Isa. Young ladies?

Pipes. And why not? A soldier's children should all learn their exercise. One never looks so well as with a musket.

Lucretia. Particularly when a crutch must represent it.

Pipes. True; but I mistake it frequently myself, miss Lucretia; and incline to put it *over* rather than *under* my shoulder. It is, in truth, a sort of instinct in me, my first motion. Ah, poor Pipes! to have a crutch, instead of a gun in his hand. For ten years I have carried it about, and not used to it yet.

Paul. But recollect, Pipes! at your age you would certainly have been otherwise dismissed.

Pipes. Dismissed! what mean you, master Paul? Had it not been for my wooden leg, I should have died a soldier. Confounded leg! a hundred times a day I find myself disposed to make a bonfire of it! Instead of a fine white spatterdash, when I see nothing but a wooden stump, I hardly know myself, and fall into a passion.

Theo. Would you wish to have it otherwise? Why, man, it is nothing but the fortune of war.

Isa. And is it thus that Theodore comforts you! Do not be afflicted, Pipes.

Pipes. You are in the right, my dear miss Isabel; for after all, it bears me witness I have seen hot service. If my leg had not been in the fire, it would hardly be so dry now. In fact, I know some legs that are in their place, because they carried their owners out of danger; and I would not exchange my wooden leg for twenty such. Young

gentlemen, it is happy for you both that you are to serve; but take my counsel, and lose arms as well as legs, rather than get the least spot in your honour for want of courage.

Theo. Yes, I promise you I will.

Paul. And so will I. When I am fighting, I will always think of you.

Pipes. Do, master Paul; and your brave father too. *Barton and Pipes* shall be your charging words. With these two names between your lips, you will always be the first to do your duty.

SCENE II.

Theodore, Paul, Lucretia, Isabel, Pipes, Captain Barton, (who has entered towards the close of the preceding scene).

The Children, (seeing Capt. Barton, run together towards him, and cry all at once.) Here is papa!

Capt. Barton, (embracing them.) Good-morning to you all, my dears! Good-morning to you, Pipes, (*holding out his hand*) and thank you heartily for your instructions to my children.

Pipes. Ah, sir, my instructions I bestow upon them with a great deal of pleasure, when you are not by; but seeing you, I am almost sorry.

Capt. Barton. And why so, my friend?

Pipes. Because I see, by your example, what the fruits of it are. If I am wise then, shall I study to make soldiers of your children, that they may be dismissed, after they have worn themselves out in the service?

Capt. Barton. But why call my fortune back

to remembrance, since I myself have laboured to forget it, and complain no longer of what you suppose hard usage.

Pipes. Please your honor then, I will complain for both. Bombs and cannons! is it not a shame! What, turn me off for having one leg less? A soldier is always fit for duty, if his heart and his head are left him. If they think that we cripples make no show at a review, why let them keep us for a battle: we will be put into a corps apart; we won't even condescend to mix with others. No affront to your Grenadiers or your Light Infantry, we will be first of all, I warrant you, sir.

Capt. Barton. Good old friend! how much I am pleased to see this fire of youth and courage burning still within you.

Pipes. I am quite vexed to see you smile, when you should storm much more than I do. I am a vulgar dog; I am nobody; and they may think that they ought to overlook me, having lost a limb: but *you*, a Captain, who have had so many wounds in twenty battles, and have such a family of children, to put such as you on what they call half-pay, and send him off without a pension! who can think of such treatment and be patient!

Capt. Barton. I find fault with no one. There are others more unhappy. *(He turns to Paul and the rest who seem uneasy.)* My good children you have done enough this morning to require some recreation. Go, then; but first visit your mamma: she is in her chamber.

Children. Yes, papa; and afterwards we will come back to study.

SCENE III.

Captain Barton, Pipes.

Capt. Barton. My old friend, I am pleased with your affection; but still I do not like that you should speak before my children as you do. I would not have them think themselves authorized to hate their fellow-creatures; such a notion would discourage them in their pursuit of fortune; and besides, they are destined to acquire themselves a reputation by their actions. It is unlikely that they would take pains for such a purpose, if they are told that men merit only their contempt?

Pipes, (*ironically.*) Yes, yes; your honor has great reason to defend mankind, they have respected you so much!

Capt. Barton. There are more good men than wicked men about us; and if there were only you, that thought would reconcile me to humanity.

Pipes, (*bowing.*) O, Captain!

Capt. Barton. You have been so willing to attach yourself to my ill fortune! and besides, you know, I am indebted to your friendship for the preservation of my life.

Pipes. And if I saved it, I was under obligation to do nothing less, my worthy Captain, for your having sent me to the drill so often. Had it not been for your honor, Pipes would have turned out a vagabond and drunkard, like many others. It was

your attention that made a man of me; I should have been my whole life long a common soldier, had you let me grovel on. From rank to rank I have been promoted, and at last made serjeant; and that is something, every one will grant me! and no inconsiderable lift towards colonel. But a plague upon the musquet-ball, say I, that to my heart of oak has added this pine leg!

Capt. Barton. Come, Pipes, you have now repose, and that is as good as honor always.

Pipes. I shall never have repose as long as I observe your honor ill at ease. The produce of your farm, this year, has failed, and I am now become a burthen to you.

Capt. Barton. Can a child become a burthen to his father? And pray, are you not as one among my children? Thanks to heaven! I shall be always sure of a subsistence. If our ration is a little less, there shall still be an equal share for you, Pipes.

Pipes. And I take it; but have hopes that I shall be able to acknowledge all your favors handsomely, as I have met with an employment.

Capt. Barton. So much the better, Pipes! I am charmed to hear that you have, for *your* sake. What is it?

Pipes. Could you have supposed what I am now going to tell you? But it is true, sir, that a hosier offered me, the other day, employment in his shop, if I would knit him stockings.

Capt. B. Very good: at least, you will not be idle by accepting it.

Pipes. How, sir, very good? I could have knock-

ed the fellow down, but that my crutch had tumbled on the ground.

Capt. B. I hope this knocking people down is not the employment that you mean?

Pipes. It would be better far than what the hosier meant to give me. A fine sight, indeed! Pipes knitting like a woman! I would see his stock of knitting-needles at Jericho first; and yet, this circumstance made me think a little. I can work, it is true, said I to myself; so I went to Mr. Wilkinson's, and told him that I would furbish up his old sword blades, if he would but employ an ancient soldier. He consented: so that I shall have the handling still of warlike weapons, and beside, receive a shilling a day. Let me beg, captain, that you will accept it for my maintenance.

Capt. B. No, no, my friend: keep what you earn yourself. You have other calls for money: and for my part, I want nothing.

Pipes. Nothing! when you almost live on bread and water? Nay, now, Captain, you are far too proud, believe me; and refuse my shilling, for no other reason than because I am not your equal! A vengeance on this wooden leg of mine, that has prevented me from being a colonel, for what any one can tell!

Capt. B. You do not know me yet, I can see, my friend; for were I to accept a gift from any one, it should be only from the king and you.

Pipes. What, both of us together thus! and in a breath?

Capt. B. My king is but my master. In my

friend, I see a sort of god: and you, Pipes, are the only friend that is left me.

Pipes. Well then, my friend—Captain, take my shilling.

Capt. B. I have already told you, I could put it to no use, and did not misinform you; but, on second thoughts, a time may come, when I shall need a great deal more. Lay by as much as you can save out of this daily shilling, that whenever I may want your savings, you may then assist me.

Pipes. O, I understand you. It is for my sake, rather than your own, that you counsel me to act thus savingly. No matter: I will pursue your counsel literally; and my money shall be sacred. It shall go in nothing but tobacco; and I will take care how I get into a passion, that I may not break my pipe.

Capt. B. I praise your resolution; but at present go and smoke one to the honour of our friendship. Mrs. Barton, I observe, is coming; and I wish to have a little conversation with her by myself.

Pipes. Yes, yes, I will leave you; and besides, a little air will be of service to me. Your discourse has had an effect upon my spirits. I shall quickly be composed again.

SCENE IV.

Capt. Barton, Mrs. Barton.

Mrs. B. What circumstance has happened, my dear? You sent the children to me; and I thought I saw upon their countenances something not quite natural to them. I conceived it not so proper to

ask *them* the reason, but came to know the whole from you. Hide nothing from me, I beseech you! Has any new misfortune happened, that is in my power to lighten by giving you comfort?

Capt. B. No, my dear! With your assistance, I can bear all sorrows; and if unforeseen affliction were to come upon me, would not hesitate to tell you of it, after the experience I have had of your philosophy and fortitude. But be of comfort! nothing fatal or unfortunate has happened!

Mrs. B. What then could occasion the uneasiness that I noticed in their countenances?

Capt. B. Our old soldier caused it, whose excess of zeal and friendship for me carried him so far, while they were present, as to vent complaints concerning the injustice of my lot. I observed that they were affected by the strength of his expressions; and because I apprehended such invectives might inspire discouragement, I directed them to go to your chamber; so that Pipes' murmurs might not make a bad impression on them, being followed instantly by your caresses.

Mrs. B. Poor things! they know not what a sad condition they are to experience upon earth!

Capt. B. I hope their fortune will not be so lamentable, as your affection seems to fear; for hitherto, at least, they have no great occasion to complain of their condition.

Mrs. B. What, my dear, when they are utterly deprived of all the advantages that they might reasonably have expected in life?

Capt. B. They never knew them; therefore

never can the want of those advantages afflict them. Possibly they might have only served to soften and unnerve their strength, as well as understanding. The hard life to which they have been used, has given them a robust and sound constitution, and an energy of mind. Instead of pursuing frivolous or puerile amusements, they know already how to convert their labor into pleasure. If God's providence should grant them any of the gifts of fortune,, they will therefore yield the more enjoyment; but supposing they are all decreed to pass their days in the privation of this life's conveniences, they will have learnt to undergo their fortune without murmurs or complainings. Shall I tell you what I think, my dear? I do not look on the condition to which we are destined, as so very lamentable; for, surrounded by the pleasures of the world, should we have known those tender sentiments for each other, which we certainly have learnt, in what men call the school of adversity? Hurried on by pleasure, we should each have gone in quest of friends who would have left us in adversity, and perhaps aggravated our afflictions by their treachery; while now, afflicted as we are, we are convinced that we have it in our power to make each other happy, by our mutual friendship. There are many miserable individuals in the world, who are even destitute of bread to eat; we have never experienced such want, nor stooped to procure our bread by dishonour. If, as is the case, we are necessitated to put up with what may certainly be called a very common diet, that our children may not want education—we enjoy, on the

other hand, their gratitude, and their improvement in knowledge. We are conscious that we have neglected not one tittle of our duty to them. Every generous notion that they possess is our work: it is our lessons and example that have enabled them to possess it. They will do no laudable or virtuous action in their future lives but what an honest pride will permit us to attribute to ourselves; and granting that any among them should be raised to distinction by his merit, I am confident he will not leave us in old age, when we may more particularly want his succor.

Mrs. B. O my dear husband! how does your fortitude sustain me!

Capt. B. On the contrary, dear wife, it is your constancy that upholds my fortitude. Without support, I should have long since sunk beneath the burthen of my sorrows; but seeing you renounce the delicacy, and subdue the weakness inseparable from your sex, that you might properly discharge your duty, how could I seem less firm than you were, and not blush at being called a man?

Mrs. B. Ascribe not so much honour to me for the sacrifices that I have made. They must be nothing to a mother's sensibility: and I would make still greater, if, on such conditions, I might have the prospect of happier fortune to befal my children. But, my dear, have you renounced all thoughts of soliciting your friends? Are you without hope, that such solicitations would be attended with success?

Capt. B. You know the issue of my former applications. If then I experienced nothing but deni-

als, when more recent services spoke for me, shall I hope a better fortune now? and if the hollow hearted friend, who then deceived me, would not second my just expectations with his influence, who will now espouse the application of a man so many years forgotten? My very silence since that period would be urged as a pretext for new refusals, and fresh disappointments but re-open wounds as yet not quite healed up. I have thrown away almost my whole dependence to procure me nothing but vexation; I shall therefore hardly be so rash, as to consume what is left me in such steps as, if they failed, would end in desperation.

Mrs. B. Desperation?

Capt. B. Yes; though they should cost me nothing but the time that I must purloin from the instruction of my children. If I durst have any hopes, and should again be disappointed, I am convinced, I could not possibly survive; or should at least drag on the wretched remnant of my life in sorrow. No, dear wife; let us not imitate those parents, who imagine that they have done enough, in yielding some small portion of their superfluities, and that too with reluctance, that their children may obtain an education. Let us prove our love, by dedicating even our necessaries to their wants. Let us consent to live on bread, if such a sacrifice be needful, that in future they may show themselves to have been educated in a manner worthy of us.

Mrs. B. And I trust in the Almighty that they will do so: for surely we have not given life to monsters.

Capt. B. I have already such a hope concerning Edward. Child though he be, yet I have frequently remarked his depth of understanding, openness of temper, and ingenuous way of thinking; qualities that I would desire to find in my friend. He will have two motives for seeking advancement, and those such as operate very forcibly on noble minds: he will have obstacles to overcome, and thereby so much the more glory to acquire. With what ardor have I observed him, particularly these two years past, resign himself entirely to study, and digest the greatest difficulties! With what enthusiasm has he been seized at the recital of some glorious action! I have often noted him retiring in thought, that he might narrowly examine the transactions both of Rome and Sparta, and observe the infancy of the most celebrated heroes. In a search like this, no wonder that the achievements of a Cyrus should inflame his nature to resemble him in temperance, fortitude and reputation. On the whole, I verily believe that nothing but some happy circumstance is wanting, to proclaim him already, what he may one day show himself to be.

Mrs. B. But, my dear, in such a situation as he is doomed to be at present, when can we hope that this happy circumstance will happen?

Capt. B. To the weak man it can hardly ever happen; a great heart will frequently create it. Yes, my Edward, there is hardly any thing that I have not room to hope from you!

Enter Paul, Theodore, Lucretia, Isabel.

Paul. You were speaking, I believe, papa, about my brother?

Capt. Barton. True; I was so, Paul. You are sensible, there is scarcely a moment of the day, in which I do not think of one or other of you.

Isabel. Have you had any letter from him?

Capt. B. Not to-day! but then I know him, my child, so well, that I can tell, at any time, what he is about, without his writing to me. For example: I am sure that, at this very moment, he is thinking to afford me a proof of his affection, by a diligent attention to his studies. Paul, I am sure his good behaviour will be serviceable to your introduction, when the time comes that you must go to school, and have the same instructer.

Paul. And for my part, as I am to go before Theodore, I will do every thing in my power to introduce *him* likewise, with the same degree of credit.

Capt. B. I was sure that you would have made me such a promise. In your present situation, my dear little fellows, destitute as you are sensible you are, of wealth and patrons, your advancement in the world must be at first entirely owing to yourselves, since it depends upon the efforts you will make, at all times to excel each other. And what is more, the elevation of all three may be the happy consequence of good behaviour in one only: as the bad behaviour of one only may involve the other two, and be a bar to their good fortune. So that you may see, on one hand, what disgrace, and, on the

other hand, what honour, may be expected from the turn of your conduct.

Paul. But, papa, you know, we heard Pipes say just now that you had not been recompensed for your services?

Thodore. I am sure, however, you were never found deficient in your duty.

Isabel. So pray tell us why the king has for so many years forgot you?

Capt. B. Possibly, because there have been so many to reward, much worthier than myself; or else, because the expenses of his government prevent his generosity: besides, I have neglected, for a long, long time indeed, all applications to his justice, that the time which they would have taken up might be better employed upon your education. But when once you enter into public life, you will be able, by a proper conduct on your part, to turn his royal eye upon your father; and if so, I shall enjoy his benefits twice over.

Paul. O, if it depends upon my conduct——

Theodore. What! and shall we then be able to repay you every thing that you have done on our account?

Capt B. Yes; and to the full. I will not raise the value of those sacrifices, which your good mother and myself have made to your instruction. We have constantly submitted to them unrepiningly, and even with the greatest pleasure. Providence already recompenses us, by planting in your hearts the promise of those virtues that will gratify our hopes. But if you were in future to deceive

us, and conduct yourselves in such a manner that the fruit of all our sacrifices would be lost, what then would be the dismal consequences? your poor sisters brought to poverty! your mother in despair! and my grey hairs descending to the grave with sorrow!

Paul. No; it never shall be so.

Theodore. And therefore, if you love us, be assured, we shall do every thing in our power to make you happy.

Capt. B. My existence totally depends upon you; and through you I am to live or die.

Paul. In that case, you will live while we have one single drop of blood within us.

Theodore. We will rather die a thousand times, than willingly dishonor you.

Capt B. Well, I receive, my children, this assurance in the sight of Heaven, and can have nothing else to wish. I shall be indebted to you for the greatest happiness that is to be enjoyed in this world.

Luc. O papa, how badly off are we, who cannot by our conduct make you happy!

Capt. B. You may make my happiness still greater, by so acting in this retirement, as to occasion me the permanent and tranquil joys peculiar to a father. What will there be wanting to my happiness, if, while your brothers honour my old age by their laudable actions, you, together with your sister, comfort it with your attention, and adorn it with your virtues? What additional felicity can I entreat of Heaven, if I but live to see

you merit the distinction gained you by the fame and glory of your brothers? (*He takes Mrs. Barton by the hand.*) Dear wife! can you imagine what would be our transports at so fair a prospect, when both joy and honour, caused by each of those to whom we have given birth, should fill up our dwelling!

Paul. You say nothing, dear mamma!

Luc. You weep!

Mrs. B. It is for joy, my children. I was indulging myself in the happiness which your father has just described.

Paul. O, we promise that we will do our utmost not to disappoint you. And as for Edward, I will answer for him just as he himself would, were he present. (*Mrs. B. affectionately embraces them.*)

Enter Pipes, rushing all at once into the room.

Pipes. O my worthy captain!

Capt. B. What is the matter!

Pipes. I have seen him—he is returned!

Capt. B. Returned?—who, Pipes?

Pipes. He, sir; my best friend! the only friend I have! except indeed, your honour!

Capt. B. Edward, do you mean?

Mrs. B. My son?

Paul. My brother?

Luc. and Lea. Where—where is he?

Theo. O my dearest Pipes, is Edward coming?

Pipes. Do you ask me, when I have told you? Why, he almost beat me backward, throwing, as he did, his arms about my neck. The excellent

young man! still, still the same! He is coming after me. I hear him on the stairs.

Mrs. B. But why does he return? O, heaven! he has been only ten days absent! Is it possible, that—

Capt. B. (*interrupting her.*) What! suspect my Edward! This is the first reason for displeasure that you have ever caused me!

Mrs. B. Pardon my uneasiness! And yet, what are we to suppose on this occasion?

Capt. B. Any thing, or every thing, much rather than imagine that he has done amiss.

Enter Edward.

Edward, (*springing to his father.*) My dear, dear father! how rejoiced I am to see you!

Capt. B. My dear Edward! is it you?—What can be the reason of your coming back so unexpectedly?

Edward. It is mentioned in this paper. Read, read, read! (*He gives a paper, and then runs up to his mother.*) My dear mamma! you will be very happy! (*He returns to his brothers and sisters and salutes them.*) And how are you, dearest Isabel, and Lucretia?—and you, Paul and Theodore? You were far from expecting to see me so soon, were you not? However, you will be glad of my return, when you know the reason of it.

Isa. O, we are glad already, without knowing it.

Edw. I had drawn up a letter yesterday for my papa, with good news in it, and the promise of much better: but my master being then on the

point of setting out for London, on the subject of that better news, thought proper to detain the letter; and succeeding in the object of his journey, it was instantly determined that I should come myself this morning; which was full as well, I fancy: was it not?

Luc. O certainly.

Capt. B. What is this! A pension of three hundred pounds a year, the king allows me!

Mrs. B. Is it possible?

Pipes. Bombs and cannon! if it were but true!

All the Children. How, how, papa?

Capt. B. There, read the whole yourself, dear wife.—And who is the generous man who has thus condescended to enumerate my services in presence of the king, when every one beside him had abandoned me? The king then knows that I have not served him without some degree of honour! O my prince! I could certainly have been happy, though deprived of your munificence, but not of your esteem. Dear Edward! who has been my benefactor?

SCENE THE LAST.

(*Edward runs out hastily, and very soon returns, bringing in his master by the hand.*)

Captain Barton, Mrs. Barton, Paul, Theodore, Lucretia, Isabel, Pipes, Edward, the Master of the Military School, Eugenius.

Edward. Here is our friend, and second father. See here too, my brother Eugenius. A new son, for you and my mamma.

Master. Pardon me, sir, that I have been so

free as to intrude upon you without leave: I was not willing, I confess, to lose the affecting scene to which I am witness at present.

Capt. B. You may well expect the liberty of being witness to it, since it is all of your creation.

Mrs. B. And has wherewithal, no doubt, to gratify your benevolent heart.

Master. I am indeed most happy, madam, to perform a character therein, though not the hero. It is to Edward, to your son, that the honor of that character appertains.

Mrs. B. To Edward!

Capt. B. To my son?

Master. You had deprived yourself of every comfort in this life, that you might form his heart and understanding; and on his part he deprived himself of his enjoyments, to evince the gratitude that he owed you. Pardon me, good sir, if I appear acquainted with the secrets of your family. Your son has not betrayed them. It was I who read them in his bosom. Ever since his first commencement with us, he would take no sustenance but bread and water. All our menaces were not sufficient to procure an explanation of his motives for such abstinence; and by insinuation only did I come to know it. He resolved to be no happier than his father, who denied himself so many things on his account. We spoke about you, and I learned your situation. I have had no other merit than causing intimation of it to be made to our good sovereign; but your name, it seems, was in his recollection; and he said, as I was told, that he

thought himself quite happy, in the means of recompensing as he did, your ancient services, as well as the care that you took in bestowing such an education on your children, as must render them the most valuable of his subjects. The worthy nobleman, who mentioned your affair to his majesty, even told me, that in saying these words, he shed tears.

Capt. B. O, sir, forgive the weakness of nature. I had strength sufficient to endure misfortunes; but not half enough to bear such joy! My son! my dearest Edward! are you capable of such generous affection to your father?

Edward. Pardon me: I have but for a moment done in your behalf, what you have been doing for so many years, on my account. *(He turns towards his mother.)* My dear mamma! do not die, I beseech you, now that you are rich.

Master. Edward, you remember that I also mean to be your father?

Edward. O, yes; always, always! So papa, embrace Eugenius my new brother! we have vowed for ever to love one another.

Eugenius. Yes; and I, on my side, never shall forget my promise.

Master. I have been so free, sir, as to bring him with me to your house, that he might contemplate the virtues that flourish here. He has read the heart of Edward many days before myself; and he it was who first of all desired his friendship.

Capt. B. If you give him thus a friend, in the

person of my son, I ought to find another for myself in the person of his father.

Master. I can wish for nothing with such ardor, as I do such a title; and, on my part, offer you my pledge of friendship. (*Holding out his hand.*)

Pipes. I can be no longer an indifferent looker on! (*he lets fall his crutch, and rushes in between them.*) Excuse me, sir; but where my captain gives his heart, *mine* also must go with it. You are a generous man! were you not, Pipes would never flatter you by calling you so.

Capt. B. You will pardon, sir, the bluntness of a soldier: he is full of honour, and this mark of his affection for me, cannot be a matter of indifference to you. It has been my consolation under many sorrows.

Master. Say you so? then I take his affection in good part. Your hand, comrade; for soldiers are all brothers.

Pipes. O my other good supporter, where are you now? But I will dance without you at the thought of such a happy day.

THE DIRTY BOOTS.

Fortunatus, proud of his high birth, was not content with inwardly despising every one inferior to himself in point of fortune, but presumed to take such airs upon him as showed the scorn with which he viewed them. As it chanced, one day he saw his father's footman cleaning shoes. Pho! what a

filthy business! cried he, as he passed him, turning up his nose: for all the world I would not be a shoe-black.—Very likely, said John; and I, for my part, hope that I shall never be *your* shoe-black.

All the last week's weather had been very bad, but now it was grown clear and bright; on which account young Fortunatus received his father's permission to take a ride on horseback. Now the promise of this ride afforded him the greater pleasure, as the day before, when he was out, he had been hindered, by a heavy shower of rain, from going far. However, he had been far enough to splash his boots from top to bottom, and they were not yet quite dry.

Transported with the thoughts of his ride, he ran down to John, who was at breakfast in the kitchen, and with an imperious tone of voice, cried out, "John, John! I am going out on horseback! Run and clean my boots! do you hear me?" John pretended that he did not, and continued at his breakfast quite composed. In vain Fortunatus put himself into a passion, and called him an hundred names. John contented himself with answering him very calmly, "I have told you, sir, already, if you recollect, that I hoped never to become *your* shoe-black."

In the mean time Fortunatus, seeing he could not, in spite of all his menaces, prevail upon John to do as he desired, returned quite full of rage, and made complaint about him to his father. Mr Railton could not comprehend why John refused a business that belonged to his employment, and which

hitherto he had performed without expecting orders for that purpose; so he sent to speak with him a little, and was told of the affair.

His conduct was fully approved by Mr. Railton, who not only blamed his son, but told him that he might go and clean his boots himself, or stay at home whichever he thought proper. He forbad the other servants to assist him in his business. "You will learn, sir, (added he) how silly it is to look with scorn on services that contribute to our comfort or convenience; services, the rigour of which you should rather strive to soften, by a gentleness of manners in yourself. Therefore, since a *shoe-black's* trade is so disgraceful, be so kind as to enoble it, by being, for the future, your own shoe-black."

Such a sentence turned his promised pleasure into sorrow. He was very eager for a ride on horseback, it was such fine weather; but—to clean his boots himself! he could not stoop to such an office. On the other hand, his pride would not permit him to go out with dirty boots, in which case every one he met would ridicule him. He applied successively to every servant in the house, with offers of money to corrupt them; but not one could be persuaded to disobey his master's order. Thus, then, Fortunatus was obliged to stay at home, till in the end his pride permitted him to stoop so low as the conditions laid upon him. On the next day John resumed his office without bidding; and the humbled Fortunatus, having exercised it once, would never afterwards gratify his pride, by vilifying what was in itself so useful.

AFFECTIONATE MOTHER.

MRS. TORRINGTON PARTING FROM HER CHILDREN.

THE AFFECTIONATE MOTHER.

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LETTER I.

TO MRS. TORRINGTON.

MADAM,

THIS address, perhaps, will cause you some surprise; or possibly you may have looked for such a greeting. I, for my part, find it necessary; and of course, without farther preface, pass to the subject which extorts this letter from me.

You may well remember, there was a time when I sincerely loved you, and when you appeared to merit my affection. That time is now past. You have found an object worthier of your love than I am; and, since you act upon the idea of promoting your felicity by such a preference, I do not wish to thwart you. We are free. Do you retire where you think fit, while I live where I please; and that is here. I grant you a week's time to make your choice. I go away to-morrow morning, and shall stay from home till Monday next, that you may not be incommoded with my presence, or endure that trouble, of which it does not suit me to be a witness.

Respecting our three children, you may be at peace on their account. Their mother, after her behaviour, must no longer have the least communication with them; and whenever I think fit to

make inquiry, I shall find some governess who will not be wholly unqualified to bring them up according to their station.

Receive for ever my adieu. Enjoy in peace your new condition, and endeavour, as much as possible, to blot out the remembrance of that man, who formerly was proud to subscribe himself your loving husband, but is now no more than, &c.

ARTHUR TORRINGTON.

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LETTER II.

TO MR. TORRINGTON.

SIR,

I should in vain endeavour to describe the different emotions raised in my soul, by the perusal of your letter. You resolve that a separation shall take place between us. Since you judge an open rupture needful, I submit to your good pleasure. If, when we were first united, any one had told me that all our mutual vows would come to this, I should certainly not have been persuaded that such an event was possible. Nevertheless, it has taken place. In my misfortunes, however, I have still one consolation left; namely, that in heaven there is a God, who has the means of manifesting innocence. My conscience clears me of reproach. My heart has no idea of an object worthier of me, as you say, than you are. It has always been devoted to you only. I protest all this, not making use of oaths, but a simple affirmation, which my heart pronounces with assurance. I will make no effort to convince you of my innocence and of your in-

justice. I shall patiently pursue the path which God's providence points out to me—God's providence, I say, which has hitherto heaped its blessings upon me; and, I hope, will still continue so to do.

It is a cruel step, sir, to take all my children from me. I must think, the mother, who first gave them birth, has a greater title to them than a father; and the laws would grant me the society of one, at least: but do not imagine that I have such a doubt of your paternal tenderness and wish to make them happy, as to have recourse to legal aid against you. I will with resignation imagine, that God's will has torn them from me by death, or that I am dead myself, and shall be very quickly followed by them.

Farewel, and be at all times happy, most unjust, yet dearest husband. Every night and morning I will pray to God that, for your own repose, he may remove the mist of error from before your eyes, convincing you how faithful and affectionate a wife you are at present wronging, in the person of your desolate AMELIA TORRINGTON.

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SCENE I.

Mrs. Torrington, Harriet, Sophia, and Caroline.

Harriet. Here we are, mamma.

Mrs. Torrington. Come hither, my dear children. Sit down by me; I have something to tell you.

Caroline. Take me on your knee, do, pray, mamma. (*Mrs. T. takes up Caroline and weeps.*)

Harriet. What is the matter, dear mamma? why do you cry?

Sophia. I have done nothing, at least that I know of, to displease you.

Car. Nor I either, dear mamma.

Children (while the mother cannot speak for tears.) Mamma! dear, dear mamma!

Mrs. T. Do not be uneasy, my sweet children, I beseech you. Do not cry thus, or you will certainly distract me.

Harriet. Then why did you cry yourself first? Why did you weep so yesterday? the day before? and every day since you received my papa's last letter?

Mrs. T. Do not ask me, my poor girl! You will know all soon enough. All that I can tell you at present, my dear children, is, that I am forced to leave you to-morrow morning early.

Sophia. And do not you intend then to take me this time, as I was promised? Harriet, you remember, went with you last year.

Mrs. T. I wish I could, my life; and not you only, but your sisters also; it is not, however, in my power.

Harriet. At least, mamma, I hope you mean to return very soon.

Sophia. And will you bring me something very pretty?

Caroline. And me too?

Harriet. What, sisters! can you see how sad mamma is, and yet think of asking her for playthings? If I durst—

Mrs. T. Well ? what, my dearest Harriet ?

Harriet. You will never come back to us. I know it. You are always sorrowful when you quit us ; but yet you never wept so much as now, when you were going on a little journey.

Mrs. T. Do not alarm yourself, Harriet. In about six weeks I shall come back and see you.

Sophia. In about six weeks ! and what are we to do, so long, without you ?

Caroline. I can never play so well, you know, mamma, as when you are with me.

Mrs. T. Your papa will come back next Monday.

Harriet. And not find you here then, to receive him !

Sophia. He will be very sorry, when he comes, to find you absent.

Caroline. So pray stay at least till he comes back.

Mrs. T. It will but give him greater pleasure, at the time of my return, to see me ; and six weeks will soon be past.

Harriet. You will not inform us ; but I know very well that papa—

Mrs. T. Dear child, you wound my heart ; and I have grieved enough already, at the thought of parting with you. Pray be comforted. We shall see each other again very soon. Receive this kiss as an assurance.

Harriet (*clinging round her neck.*) Oh, if it were true !

Mrs. T. When six weeks are once past, you will see. I promise you, and you know I never yet deceived you. Take care of your health, dear girls,

and study to amuse yourelves till I return. (*She embraces them.*) Harriet and Sophia, you that are the eldest, take what care you can that nothing happens to poor little Caroline. Think frequently of me, and I will do so of you.——Farewel, farewel! (*She forces herself from them, and goes out.*

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LETTER III.

TO MRS. VILLARS.

DEAR AND WORTHY FRIEND,

I send you my three girls, and earnestly conjure you to bestow your tenderest care upon them, so that they may find a second mother in you. After the deplorable event that has deprived them of the mother who first gave them life, I look upon it as a special blessing that you so generously condescend to superintend their education. I am sensible how great a burthen I wish you to undertake, and how utterly unable I shall ever be to show my gratitude for such a favour. But then what will not a father dare for his children? Condescend, therefore, my dearest madam, for this reason, to pardon any paternal indiscretion, and dispose for ever both of me and every thing belonging to me.

There is one particular which I cannot sufficiently recommend to your attention; namely, the selection of a proper governess. Endeavour to secure one who accords with your principles and mine. There are few, madam, fit for any thing but dressing and undressing dolls! and rather than deliver up my children to such creatures, I would

leave them in a wilderness, to vegetate, without receiving any education. But as souls, that afterwards prove worthy of each other, have a sort of reciprocal attraction, by a secret sympathy subsisting between them, I am not without the hope that, in so elegant a place as Bath, you will at least be able to procure some lady of suitable behaviour, with sense and knowledge sufficient to bring up my children as I wish. I beg that you will consider yourself at liberty to enter into any terms with such a one as you think proper, since I mean to spare no cost upon a point of such importance.

I am quite impatient for a letter from you. It would highly please me, if you would charge my eldest daughter Harriet with some part of the correspondence that will pass between us; as by such means, she will early learn to write correctly, and to express herself with ease. It is in your power to render more supportable the great misfortune that I have undergone, and to give me in my children all the joy of which their mother has deprived me. In reality, I cherish such a hope, to drive away the uneasiness that otherwise would overwhelm me; and subscribe myself, with every sentiment of gratitude, esteem, and friendship,

Yours, &c. ARTHUR TORRINGTON.

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SCENE II.

Mrs. Torrington, Jenny the maid, and Crape her footman.

Crape (entering.) Here is my lady Harbord's answer to your letter, madam, with her compliments.

Mrs. T. That is well. Is Benjamin in the house? Bid him come up: and come you with him likewise.

Mrs. T. (*having read the letter.*) Thank heaven! I have succeeded.—(*To her maid*) Hold, Jenny: it is meant for you.

Jenny (*reading.*) "I am quite happy, madam, to receive the chambermaid that you recommend. One, of whom you speak so very handsomely, must be a valuable servant; and I thank you for the preference that you have afforded me on this occasion. She may come whenever she thinks fit." (*Giving back the letter with a trembling hand.*) Alas, my dear mistress! what have I done, that you send me away? In what have I deserved dismission?

Mrs. T. You have not deserved it, Jenny. You have, at all times, been a dutiful girl; and if, hereafter, Providence should otherwise dispose my lot, I will have none but you to wait upon me. But at present, it is impossible that you should longer continue with me. We must absolutely part. Be comforted; it will not be long, I persuade myself, before I come back. I would, till then, have given you wherewithal to live, but that I feared the danger that might threaten your youth and inexperience. You will be, with Lady Harbord, no less happy than you were with me, and I have recommended you to her protection in a very earnest manner. Take this little present as a token of remembrance. There is likewise, in the bottom drawer of my bureau, a quantity of clothes and linen, which I

give you. Go, Jenny, and do not cry thus. My eyes have enough of tears already. Go; and, when you have put all your things together, I will see you once more.

Jenny. And must I quit you then, my dearest lady? I cannot live away from you; I will follow you wherever you are going.

Mrs. T. Let me beg, dear Jenny, if you love me, not to hurt my mind at present with your lamentations: leave me to myself. I want to be alone. I have already mentioned that I would see you once again before we part.

Jenny (*going out.*) My worthy mistress!

Enter Benjamin, her coachman, and Crape, her footman.

Benjamin. Do you want me, madam? Are you going out this morning?

Mrs. T. Wait a little, Benjamin.—Crape, how much may be owing to you?

Crape. Only a quarter, madam.

Mrs. T. There it is, besides a half year more; that you may have a trifle for your subsistence till you find another place, as my affairs will oblige me to leave home. I have been pleased with your behaviour in my service, and have drawn up this character, which you may show, wherever you may apply for employment. You are young and know your business, and will easily procure a place. Farewel, and God be with you.

(*The footman sorrowfully leaves the room.*

Benjamin. I would fain believe, madam, that my turn is not coming ?

Mrs. T. It is with great reluctance I inform you that we must part.

Benjamin. What, I leave you, madam ? I, that saw you almost as soon as you were born, and followed you, when you were married, from your father's ! I whom you considered a part of your dowry, and declared that you did so ; will you send me off when I have been so many years your servant ? Do you think me less attached to you at present on account of my age, than I was formerly ? Alas ! I have no wife nor child. I have no friend but you, my dearest mistress ! what will become of me, if I must now be parted from you ?

Mrs. T. Benjamin, you may easily believe me, when I tell you that this parting cannot but afflict me. But you see, I have dismissed my maid and footman, and you may judge, I cannot have occasion for a coachman.

Benj. Cannot have occasion ! Are my master's affairs in confusion then ? I have wherewithal to feed your horses many years to come—your bounty gave it me. Pray, then, let me die in my seat, and still continue with you.

Mrs. T. Such a proof of your attachment cannot but affect me, and I feel it at my heart ; but be comforted. Your master manages his fortune as a man of prudence should do ; and his wife is not in want of any thing : in proof of which, I give you my three horses, and a trifle every year for your support.

Benj. What me, so much, my dear mistress? What use can I make of your bounty? I should but die the sooner, after I had it, in grief for having lost the worthy giver. Never, therefore, never——

Mrs. T. I insist on your acceptance of it, for my own, though not your satisfaction. I would willingly be happy at the thought of having given you peace and comfort for the rest of your old age. Go then, my friend: you will distress me, should you stay a minute longer.

Benj. Let me wish you then at least, a thousand blessings. I am old; yet were I younger, should not have sufficient time to weep for having lost you.

SCENE III.

Mrs. Villars, Mrs. Torrington, in disguise, under the feigned name of Lambert.

Mrs. T. Pardon me, madam, the liberty of this intrusion. I have been informed that you desire a governess for three young ladies. Though I am far from thinking that I have all the necessary qualifications for such an arduous undertaking, yet my situation induces, me to beg that you would have the goodness to make trial of me.

Mrs. V. May I ask you, madam, who you are, and your name?

Mrs. T. Lambert, madam; I am the unhappy widow of a man whom I loved, and still love better than myself. In the affliction that besets me, I should look upon it as a consolation, could I fill up my time with the education of your young ladies;

I conjure you, madam, to bestow this favor on me, if you have not yet engaged any one. I dare persuade myself you will be satisfied with my solicitude to please. I desire no salary, I am above the possibility of want. It is only employment that I request, to drive away the thought of my misfortunes.

Mrs. V. So affecting is your motive, that it interests me in your favour. You have then no children, madam?

Mrs. T. I had three, that constituted all my hope and satisfaction; but, alas! cruel fortune has deprived me of them.

Mrs. V. I sincerely pity you! You seem a very tender mother; and deserve that they should have lived to recompense your feeling and affection.

Mrs. T. Ah, madam! they are still, still living. But, on that account (however strange my story) not less lost to me.

Mrs. V. I cannot comprehend you, madam; either your affliction has impaired your understanding, or you stifle in your heart some very great misfortune. Would you fear to trust me with it? Possibly, I might be able to afford you some consolation.

Mrs. T. Yes, madam; you only can afford me consolation.

Mrs. V. What! I only? Let me know then what I can do for you? There is nothing that I would not with cheerfulness perform to comfort you.

Mrs. T. Then make me governess of your young ladies.

Mrs. V. Is that all?

Mrs. T. I can have nothing else to ask; but what I ask will make me happy, if you grant it.

Mrs. V. I cannot express my astonishment at what you say. All this conversation is in some sort like a vision. Though you do not think me worthy of your confidence, I feel a desire to give you mine. I will bring in the three young ladies. Will you undergo a slight examination of your abilities to discharge the employment you solicit? If, as I have not a doubt, you justify the idea that I have formed concerning them, I promise to intrust you with their education.

Mrs. T. O my noble benefactress! then I have your promise?

Mrs. V. Yes, madam; but on such conditions as I mentioned.

Mrs. T. Madam, I desire no better; and thank Heaven and you I have again recovered my three children!

Mrs. V. *Your* three children, madam! What three children?

Mrs. T. Those that you have undertaken to protect, the three Miss Torringtons. You see before you their unhappy, but guiltless mother, whom her husband has parted from them. I have left my property behind me, and disguised my name and circumstances, to procure an introduction to my children. I was fearful of discovering who I was, till I had obtained your promise. I am sensible my husband has written to you about something which he imagines I have done amiss: but yet, I dare persuade myself, my present conduct has al-

ready proved how innocent I must be of his accusation. A good mother cannot surely be a wicked wife!

Mrs V. (*embracing her.*) O most affectionate, and courageous woman! I want words to show my joy and admiration. Could it possibly have come into my head, that Mrs. Torrington was hid beneath this sorrowful disguise?

Mrs. T. The metamorphosis has not been painful to me; and, in future, I am seriously determined to support it. No one, madam, except yourself, shall ever be acquainted who I am. Confide upon my promise. By whatsoever you conceive most sacred, not a word shall ever escape me, to reveal the secret.

Mrs. V. And on my part, I promise the same discretion. But your daughters?

Mrs. T. I shall find it a hard task, indeed, to keep myself a stranger, as it were, to them, and to suppress the workings of my motherly affection: But no other way is left me. Only aid me while I personate my part. As soon as the deception is once established, it will support itself. I should be quite without anxiety on that head, if it were not for my eldest daughter, Harriet. She, I am afraid will know me. I must persevere, however, in the pious imposition.

Mrs. V. I can bear no longer this scene, but will be gone and bring in the children. (*She goes out, and almost instantly returns, with Harriet and her sisters; who all curtsey to Mrs. Torrington,*

considering her with great attention and embarrassment.)

Mrs. V. My dear little girls, it is to let you see this lady, whom I have chosen to be with you, as your governess. I dare engage you will be happy under her. I think I may assure you of her care and friendship; and expect that you, on your part, will obey and love her, just as if you thought her your mamma.

Harriet, (*falling into her arms.*) It is our mamma! It is she herself!

Sophia and Caroline. Mamma! mamma! You are returned then? (*They all cling to her, but she keeps up a reserved and serious countenance.*)

Mrs. V. Truly, I was thinking that you would all be much deceived. I had myself the same idea of the lady; I fancied, I know not for what reason, that she was your mamma.

Har. And so she is; my heart informs me so, as truly as my eyes.

Soph. And have you brought me any thing?

Car. Ay, where is the doll that you promised me, mamma? Pray let me have it.

Mrs. T. My dear little ladies, I am sorry to see you all in such an error. You know that your mother is a great way off.

Har. No, no; you are our dear mamma. We cannot be deceived. You have not such a charming dress as she wears, but then you have her face, and her shape, and her sweet voice.

Mrs. T. Is it possible that I should resemble

your mamma so much? If so, I am very glad, on your account, as well as my own: it will make us so much better friends: will it not, young ladies? I dare say you begin to love me a little already, don't you?

Soph. O! much, much, mamma.

Car. And I too. If you did but know—

Harriet, (*weeping.*) What have we done, mamma, that you should grieve us thus? that you should tell us you are not our mother? Yet, however, we are all of us your children.

Mrs. V. Come, good madam, you must be what they would have you; and since they resolve to call you mother, take that name upon you; it will give them pleasure. And, young ladies, if you like it, you may call *me* mother likewise.

Har. We do not wish to affront you, but though you love us, you can never be our mother.

Mrs. T. Well, my dear young ladies, if you wish to make me your mamma, I wish it likewise; and will have as much affection for you, as if I really were so. My dear Harriet, and my dear Sophia, and my dear, sweet, little Caroline. (*She embraces them with transport.*)

Har. How happy we all are, in having our mamma again! we thought continually of you, in your absence: and did hardly any thing but cry since you first left us.

Mrs. T. (*whispering Mrs. V.*) I foresaw that Harriet would discover me; and therefore I must make her of my party, by discovering my intention

to her. Then take away her sisters for a moment, if you can.

Mrs. V. (*whispering Mrs. T.*) Yes, I understand you. (*To Sophia and Caroline.*) Come, my little ones, I will let you have the play-things that your mamma, as you would have her called, has brought you. (*She goes out with Sophia and Caroline.*)

Mrs. T. We are now alone, my dear Harriet; I may indulge the happiness that I feel in pressing you to my heart.

Harriet, (*falling into her arms*) Ah, now you are my good mamma indeed. But pray never, for the future, tell us that you are not.

Mrs. T. Be it so, my dearest Harriet: but there is one thing I insist on, in my turn.

Har. O any thing in the world, mamma.

Mrs. T. Then, if you love me, Harriet, do not tell any one that I am your mother. Call me only Mrs. Lambert; you understand. It is of the greatest consequence to my affairs; and for a reason, which I have not time to tell you now, it is necessary that I should be unknown.

Har. How, would you have me cease to call you my mamma? you that I love so much?

Mrs. T. And do you think that my love considers it less painful, to deny myself the only name, which can at all times make me happy?

Har. Well then, I obey; but every time it comes not from my lips, when I am speaking to you, suppose me to pronounce it in my heart.

LETTER IV.

To Mr. Torrington.

Dear Papa,

I have so many things to write to you, that I cannot tell with which I should begin my letter. We are no longer at Mrs. Villars's, but have removed to Mrs. Lambert's, our governess' house; it is in the Circus, and a very pleasant situation. You cannot possibly conceive how happy we are all of us in being with her. She is such a charming woman! quite as kind as our mamma! She loves us just as if we were her children, and we love her also just as if she were our mother! There is no need of sending your money to have masters come and teach us; she knows every thing that we ought to learn. You would imagine she considered it her happiness to teach us; and she does it in so kind a way, that we are all delighted with her instruction. Sophia and little Caroline already read quite charmingly, so much attention Mrs. Lambert has paid them! As for me, I have begun a course of geography and history with her: this, with a little cyphering, and a few choice pieces in verse and prose, which I take care to learn by heart, employs our morning. In the afternoon, for recreation sake, I go to drawing, dancing, and the piano; and when evening comes, take my needle, at the use of which you cannot imagine how clever Mrs. Lambert is; and lastly, to complete myself in cyphering, and acquire a little knowledge of the expenses of a house, she gives me all the bills to overlook, and makes me set down every little sum of money that

she expends. By these means I begin to know the price of many things, and as she tells me, may become your little stewardess when I return. With so much on my hands to do all day, you will perhaps imagine that I am tired at night; not at all, papa. I am happy, on the contrary, to think that I have so well filled up my time, and should have reason to complain, if any one deprived me of such charming occupations.

I have put a little trick on Mrs. Lambert, and mean to tell you what it is. She went the other day with Caroline to visit Mrs. Villars, and left me at home with Sophia. I thought it would divert her if I read a little; so I took a book that we have, called the Theatre of Education, from the French, and read the *Poor Blind Woman.* I could not refrain from crying very much; but, to my great surprise, Sophia did not. This quite vexed me, as you may easily imagine; upon which I pinched her, that she might cry and keep me company. She cried indeed, and more a great deal than I wanted her to do. At last, however, I appeased her, after many kisses and caresses, but was angry with myself for having hurt her. I suppose, some object took off her attention while I read, and naturally thought that she would be really affected, could she read the piece herself; with this idea, I formed a plan of putting her to con this charming piece in private, till she could read it perfectly; and Mrs. Lambert could not refrain last night from wondering at the progress that she had made. We did not let her know our secret, but purpose to catch her so again with Caro-

line. I am quite rejoiced that we can have these opportunities of pleasing her, for all the trouble that she is every moment taking upon our account.

These, dear papa, are our amusements and our studies; to which, if you add our walks about the place, our visits to a few poor people near us, whom we now and then assist with clothes and money, and our labors in a little garden, where we tend our flowers, you will have the history of our time at large. We never were so well in health as now, and never so happy; we want nothing but the pleasure of your company. If you would only take a journey down to Bath, I would give every thing in the world that you might see this Mrs. Lambert. I am sure, no woman breathing would prove worthier of your friendship. O come, come, papa!

But you must know, I have Caroline at present at my elbow, and she asks me if I am writing to you. She is so prond of having scrawled these few days past what she calls letters, in a copy-book that Mrs. Lambert has made her, that she says she too will scribble you a line or two. It will be a charming hodge-podge, I foresee, of great and little letters, and fine spelling, if she sets about it; but no matter, I must please her. She has got a pen in hand already, and is groping in the standish for ink. She is tugging me this very moment by the apron to leave off, and give up my seat. Adieu, then, dear papa. My governess desires me to present you her respects. Sophia's duty to you, and mine also. I am, &c.

HARRIET TORRINGTON.

LETTER V.

To Mr. Torrington.

Sir,

You certainly remember what you have often said you would submit to, if a woman could be found completely fit to undertake the education of a child, except it were her mother. I have met with one, whose qualities are even greater than your wishes, for the education of your children; and with justice I might claim the full performance of your promise, and expect that you should set out for Bath upon your head. However, lay aside your fears; I will not abuse my power, but show you no less mercy than the confidence that you have reposed in me. I claim one sole condition of you, or request rather, as a friend, and that is, to come down as soon as possibly you can. Do not ask what reason I have for this abrupt request, as you shall know it when you are here. You have only to set out, and that immediately, unless you wish me to repent that I have taken such concern in your affairs. Yours, faithfully. HORTENSIA VILLARS.

P. S. Harriet begs me to inclose my note within her letter, so that you may read hers first.

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LETTER VI.

To Mrs. Villars.

My dear and valued Friend,

I pay obedience to your letter and leave town immediately as you enjoin me; so that this reply will

not have reached you six hours before you see me. In reality I wish to have it go beforehand, and in some sort spare my tongue the shame of revealing what it is to tell you. Shall I even have sufficient courage thus to let you know my situation? but the case is urgent; and I merit my humiliation. Well, then, know, madam, I have shown myself the most unjust and cruel of all husbands! I have dared to disparage the unspotted virtue of my Amelia with my scandalous suspicions; of my Amelia, I repeat, whose very looks I am unworthy now to meet. It was when I most insulted her that she was most studious to preserve my name from ignominy. One of my relations, a young man whom I patronized, was on the point of being utterly disgraced among his brother officers, for certain youthful levities which he durst not communicate to me, acquainted as he was with my impatient temper. It was she who, with the fruits of her economy, delivered him from the dishonour that he was going to bring both upon himself and me. She had sufficient strength of mind to bear with my unworthy treatment and aspersions, rather than expose him to my indignation by revealing his delinquency. I have discovered very recently this motive for those secret interviews that so disturbed my mind, and now am lamenting with remorse, my detested jealousy. But how shall I endure her presence? At her feet, I will implore her pardon. I am posting to that quarter where she has fixed her retirement: fortunately I must pass through Bath to reach it. I shall see you by the way, and kiss my almost orphan little ones. Fare-

well! I dare not sign a name which my jealousy has made so criminal.

SCENE IV.

Mrs. Villars, Mr. Torrington, Harriet, Sophia, Caroline.

Har. So, papa, you are pleased with what we have told you?

Soph. And think us very much improved?

Mr. T. Yes, my children, I am charmed with every thing I have seen!

Car. As well as with the little letter of my writing? Was it not quite pretty?

Mr. T. Admirable! like yourself, my little Caroline! But where is your worthy governess? I wish to see and thank her.

Mrs. V. I see her coming this way. We will leave you with her. Come, my dears, come with me. *She goes out with the children.*

Enter Mrs. Torrington.

Mr. T. (*advancing towards her.*) Madam, let me ask your pardon!—But—whose features do I see?—Who is this?

Mrs. T. Well, sir, what causes this confusion! Are you surprised that I have the care and education of your children?

Mr. T. Surprised! Nothing in you ever should have made me wonder, had I but deserved the happiness of knowing you.—My Amelia!

Mrs. T. Why bestow that name on me? I have put it off.

Mr. T. You have, indeed; and therefore, kneeling at your feet, I shall implore you to resume it.

Mrs. T. What would you do, sir?

Mr. T. If you would not behold me die,—one word;—one single word!—one of those sweetly sounding accents that were wont to make me happy!

Mrs. T. Well, then, dearest husband, come to the embrace of your Amelia, who still loves you.

Mr. T. It is too much!—Too much!—I ask not for such a blessing!—Tell me only that you have ceased to hate me.

Mrs. T. It should be my punishment to ask your pardon, could such hatred ever come into my heart. Speak only of *my* happiness: I think of nothing in the world but *yours*. Come, then, and let us be happy in the conversation of our children.

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LETTER VII.

To Mrs. Villars.

Dear Madam,

I leave Bath with every sense of gratitude that the services which I have experienced from your friendship inspire, and fly to London, where I mean to furnish a new house for my Amelia. She will follow me some few days hence, and bring the children with her. I hope you, madam, will also come and take your portion in the happiness you have restored to, &c. ARTHUR TORRINGTON.

LETTER VIII.

My Dear Husband,

Instead of seeing me or any of the children, you will have a letter full of tears and lamentation. On the day after your departure, Harriet and Sophia complained of being feverish, and were attacked with such a head ache that they could not possibly keep up. We put them, therefore, instantly to bed. Towards evening, Caroline made the same complaint. All three are now quite covered with a very thick small-pox, of such a sort as I am told is very virulent. I must forget that I never had this dreadful malady myself. All night, as well as day, I keep my station by their bed, and every moment fear they will be suffocated. I have felt already a lassitude and heat in every limb! but my affection makes me stronger than I should be otherwise. Their love and tenderness sustain my courage. I perceive that, in the height of all their sufferings, they refrain, as much as possible, from complaint, for fear of giving me uneasiness. In the delirium of their fever, they pronounce your name and mine, with tones of voice so moving, that I cannot express them; and no earlier than this very morning, Caroline desired to see you. I replied that I could not send to London for you, lest you should catch her illness. "O, no, no, mamma," said she, "do not be afraid, I'll keep it all myself!"—"My child," replied I, "you might communicate the infection to him, without losing it yourself."—"So much the worse," said Caroline, and fainted with weakness; but

soon after, coming to herself, she called me, saying, "Dear mamma, you have the picture of papa about your neck; pray let me kiss it! There is no fear, I suppose, that *this* will catch the small-pox from me." ——Dearest children! should I lose you! Should I perhaps——I see about me the presages of a dreadful separation!—Arm yourself with resolution, my dear husband! our life in this world is but for a a moment. Harriet is afraid lest my letter should afflict you, and requests, with tears, that I would permit her writing something to console you. I am fearful such an effort may exhaust her, but more fearful to afflict her by a refusal; I am, therefore giving her my letter, and her trembling hand writes this:

My Dear Papa,

"We are all three extremely ill; but yet that is nothing, so do not grieve yourself. I hope——"

She cannot write another word. I find my strength forsake me too. I am seized all over with pain. I hear Sophia groan, and must go to her succour. Farewell, dearest friend! Take hope; or arm yourself with fortitude of mind in this distress, as possibly it may be needful. But particularly, whether life or death ensue, love always, your

AMELIA TORRINGTON.

LETTER IX.

To Mr. Torrington.

Dear Friend,

How shall I express the melancholy news of which you must be, notwithstanding its unwelcomeness, acquainted! Try to divine the matter; for my trembling hand hesitates to write it. Caroline still lives: but Harriet and Sophia—they, alas! are in the land of spirits. Your unhappy wife, as you may easily suppose, was overwhelmed beneath this twofold loss; for grief and watching so depressed her, that the infection which she received soon brought her to the last extremity. Believe me, my dear friend, I would have bought her life, could I have done so, with the half of mine! But what avail these empty wishes? I can keep the fatal secret no longer. At this moment they are tolling for her funeral. She was unable to survive her children many hours. Though you had flown to see her once again, you certainly would not have known her, so much had the violence of the disorder changed her features! I was with her constantly. I did not leave her bed a moment. I received her parting sighs, and closed her eyelids. It was altogether such a scene as will forever live in my mind. I shall find it difficult to represent her fortitude and resignation to God's will. It was not for herself that she sorrowed: her last words were a fervent supplication in behalf of Caroline and you. What consolation can I give you for her loss, of which my

heart has not as great a need as yours? She alone can soften your affliction. Read the inclosed, of which she wrote the first eight lines, and with a faltering accent dictated the rest. I join my voice to hers; and in the ardor of friendship, turn your recollection to the child that is still left you; and to whom you owe now, more than ever, all the love and tenderness that a father can show. I will send her to you, when she is perfectly recovered. Her endearing manner will console your bosom, and her education occupy your mind, which otherwise might yield to painful recollections. God be with you! I regret that I have nothing to offer but the melancholy language of condolence. Yours,

HORTENSIA VILLARS.

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LETTER X.

To Mr. Torrington.

'Dearest Husband,

I find myself expiring. I am going to my children, who, I imagine to myself, are holding out their arms that I should follow them; and we shall rest together in one tomb. Your life is mine. I give it my surviving infant. Caroline is left to represent me. Show her all your tenderness. Be her support; and may *she* prove your consolation! Life is short, and you will both ere long rejoin us, when we shall not fear a further separation. Think not of my loss so much, as of the happy place where I shall wait your coming. What I was in this life, I will still continue in another, your AMELIA.

KINDNESS AND COMPLAISANCE.

Emilia, Victoria, Juliet, and Sophia, had a governess who loved them with the fondness of a mother. This governess was called Mademoiselle Beaufoy.

Her greatest wish was, that her pupils should be virtuous in order to be happy; that a friendship for each other should increase the pleasures of their childhood; and that they should taste those pleasures without diminution or anxiety.

A kind indulgence, and exact degree of justice towards them were the constant motives of her conduct, whether she had any thing to pardon, to reward, or punish.

She enjoyed with infinite delight, the pleasing fruits of her instruction and example.

The four little girls began to be the happiest children upon earth. They told each other of their faults, forgave each other, shared each other's joys, and could not live without each other.

Alas! by what fatality do children poison the source of their own enjoyments, at the very moment when they begin to taste its charms; and how great is their happiness when they are placed under the eye of a person endowed with equal prudence and tenderness.

It happened that Mademoiselle Beaufoy was forced to leave her pupils for a time, as certain fam-

ily concerns obliged her to visit France. She left them with reluctance, made a sacrifice of some advantages to the desire of quickly settling her affairs, and hardly had a month expired when she returned in safety to her little flock.

They all received her with the greatest joy: but, alas! what an unhappy alteration did she soon perceive in these poor children!

If, as frequently it happened, any one among them asked the slightest favour of another, the latter ill-naturedly refused it, and hence followed discontent and quarrels:—the uncommon gaiety that hitherto had been remarkable in all their little sports, and made their work itself delightful, was now changed to peevishness and melancholy; and instead of those expressions dictated by peace and friendship, which were before heard in all their conversations, nothing now prevailed among them but incessant bickerings. Did either of them wish to take an hour's diversion in the garden? her sisters were sure to assign some reason for remaining in their chamber. And, in short, it was enough that any thing should meet the wish of one among them to displease the others.

It particularly chanced one day, that not contented to deny each other every sort of friendship and kindness, they mutually distressed each other with reproaches. Mademoiselle Beaufoy, who sat as a witness of this scene, was so affected by it as even to shed tears.

She could not speak a word; and pensively withdrew into her chamber, that she might the better think upon the means of rendering back to these un-

happy little ones the pleasure of their former friendship and reciprocal attachment.

She was still employed in this afflicting task, when the four young ladies entered her apartment, with a peevish and uneasy look, complaining that they could be no longer happy in each other's company. There was not one of them but charged the rest with causing it; and all together earnestly desired their governess to restore them, if possible, to their lost happiness.

The governess received them in a very serious manner, saying, I observe, my children, you obstruct each other in your pleasures; therefore, that this circumstance may never come to pass again, let each take up her corner in this very room, if she thinks proper, and divert herself in any way that she likes, but so as not to interfere with either of her sisters. You may have recourse to this new mode of recreation instantly, as you have leave to play till night; but each in her corner, remember, as I said just now.

The little girls were charmed with this proposal, took their places, and began to play.

Sophia entered into conversation with her doll, or rather told her many little stories; but her doll could not reply, and had no stories in her turn to tell. It was in vain to look for any entertainment from her sisters; they were playing, each asunder, in their corners.

Juliet took her battledore and shuttlecock, yet none applauded her dexterity; she would gladly have struck it across the room, but in that case there was

nobody to send it back. It was in vain to hope such service from her sisters: they were playing, each asunder, in their corners.

Emilia could have wished to pass the time that hung heavy on her at a game of which she was very fond, *hunt the slipper:* but, alas! who was there to pass the slipper from hand to hand? It was in vain to ask her sisters; they were playing, each asunder, in their corners.

And Victoria, who was very skilful as a little housewife, thought how she might give her friends an entertainment, and of course send out for many things to market. But who was to receive her orders? It was in vain to pitch upon her sisters; they were playing each asunder in their corners.

It was just the same with every other play. All of them supposed that it would be compromising matters to approach each other, and therefore they disdainfully continued in their solitude. At length the day concluded. They returned again to Mademoiselle Beaufoy, and begged her to show them a better sort of amusement than that which she had already recommended.

I can only think of one, my children, answered she, which you yourselves knew very well formerly, but which it seems you have now forgotten. Yet, if you wish to put it once more into practice, I can easily remind you of it.

O, we wish to recollect it with all our hearts, replied they; and stood all attention to seize with ardour the first word that their governess should utter.

It is, answered she, that reciprocal obligingness, that mutual friendship which sisters owe to each other. O, my dearest little friends! how miserable have you contrived to make yourselves and me, since you lost it!

She stopped short when she had uttered thsee few words, which yet were interrupted frequently by sighs.

The little girls appeared astonished and struck dumb with sorrow and confusion in her presence. She held out her arms; they rushed at once towards her, and sincerely promised that they would love each other for the future, and agree as they had done before she left them.

From that moment they betrayed no signs of peevishness to trouble their harmonious intercourse. Instead of bickerings and discontent, nothing now was known but mutual condescensions which delighted all who had the opportunity of being with them.

They preserve this amiable character at present in the world among their friends, of whom they are acknowledged to be the delight and ornament.

END OF VOL. 2.

CONTENTS

OF THE FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

	Page
The little Brother	7
The four Seasons	14
The Snow-Storm	17
The Children who would be their own Masters	24
The Bushes	32
Arthur	35
The Canary Bird	40
Joseph	47
Cecilia and Marian	51
The Pleasures of Employment	64
Little Jack	72
The Hen	90
The Death-Bed	98
God's Bird	112
A good Heart compensates for many Indiscretions	117
Priscilla and Marcus	143
The three Cakes	149
The great Garden	156
The Spirit of Contradiction	171
The two Apple-trees	177
The ugly Beauty	180
A small Pleasure exchanged for a great one	182
Matilda	194
The Deserter	197
The Watch	230
Blindman's Buff	242
The Ruffles and Garters	271
The Conjuring Bird	2[illegible]
The little Prisoner	

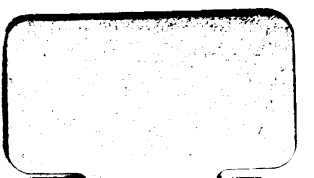
VOL. II.

	Page
The Little Fiddler	5
Maurice	32
Vanity Punished	59
The little Girl deceived by her Maid	75
The little Needlewomen	87
The Lamb	95
The Veteran dismissed with Honour	101
Two Heads better than one	128
The Bird's Nest	130
The Secret of Pleasure	134
Man is best as he is	138
Old Colin	157
The Vine Stump	165
The Silk Dress	168
The School for Stepmothers	177
The Man who rose to sudden Fortune	199
The young Sparrows	205
The Blacksmith, or two made happy	209
An old Man begging	211
The little Vixen	216
The Military Academy	219
The same, second part	241
The dirty Boots	262
The affectionate Mother	267
Kindness and Complaisance	295

VOL. III.

	Page
The Sword	5
Jonathan	20
Pascal, or the Graduate of Vice	23
The Farmer	24
The wild Geese	45
The little Gleaner	49
A love Quarrel	74
The Fathers reconciled by their Children	83
George and the Bird's-Egg	109
Cæsar and Pompey	117
The Hobgoblin	121
The frank Confession	123
The Scar : or the two Friends	126
The little Prater	129
The affectionate Present	134
The young Gamblers	139
James, the avaricious Boy	173
Money makes the Mare go	177
The Fire by Night	185
Philip	205
Alfred and Dorinda	209
Abel	211
The useful Disappointment	215
Foolish Frights	219
The Tatler	234
The provident Father	238
The Monkey	242
Amelia	245
The first Trial of Courage	248
Advantages of Sociability	253
The prudent Officer	255
A Game at Backgammon	259
The Adventures of a Journey	269
The borrowed Purse, or the proper Use of Time	296
The Flower that never fades	300
Old Lawrence	308
Elspy Campbell	310
Julian and Rosina	322
Policy	324

VOL. IV.

	Page
The good Son	5
The Masons on the Ladder	28
Physiognomy	31
The froward Girl	42
Fashionable Education	47
God sees you, if Men do not	82
The mountain Lute	89
Robin, or the spoilt Child	103
Narcissus and Hippolytus	108
Charlotte, the kind Girl	114
The Sloven	123
The Separation	128
Caroline	132
The Christmas Box	135
The Alps	167
Caroline	178
The Greyhound and the Ring	181
The New-Year's Wish	206
The generous Orphan	215
Euphrasia	217
The Commodore's Return	225
War and Peace	254
The Rose-Bush	267
The Nosegays	269
The Sun and Moon	272
The Tulips	280
The Page	283
Tom and his Dog	314

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